THE HISTORY OF Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN A SERIES of LETTERS.

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In SEVEN VOLUMES.

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HISTORY

OF

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THE

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OF

Sir Charles Grandiſon, Bart.

LETTER I.

Miſs HARRIET BYRON, *To Miſs* LUCY SELBY.

Friday, March 31.

YOU now, my dear friends, have before you this affecting ſtory, as far as Dr. Bartlett can give it. My Couſins expreſs a good deal of concern for your Harriet: So does Miſs Grandiſon: So doth my Lord and Lady L.: And the more, as I ſeem to carry off the matter with aſſumed bravery. This their kind concern for me looks, however, as if they thought me a hypocrite; and I ſuppoſe, therefore, that I act my part very aukwardly.

But, my dear, as this caſe is one of thoſe few in which a woman *can* ſhew a bravery of ſpirit, I think an endeavour after it is laudable; and the rather, as in my conduct I aim at giving a tacit example to Miſs Jervois.

The Doctor has whiſpered to me, that Lady Olivia is actually on her way to England; and that the intelligence Sir Charles received of her intention, was one of the things that diſturbed him, as the news of his beloved Signor Jeronymo's dangerous condition was another.

Lady Anne S. it ſeems, has not given up her hopes of Sir Charles. The two Siſters, who once favoured her above all the women they knew, have not been able to bring themſelves to acquaint a Lady of her rank and merit, that there can be no hopes; and they are ſtill more loth to ſay, that their Brother thinks himſelf under ſome obligations to a foreign Lady. Yet you know that this was always what we were afraid of: But who, now, will ſay *afraid*, that knows the merit of Clementina?

I wiſh, methinks, that this man were proud, vain, arrogant, and a boaſter. How eaſy then might one throw off one's ſhackles!

Lord G. is very diligent in his court to Miſs Grandiſon. His father and aunt are to viſit her this afternoon. She behaves whimſically to my Lord: Yet I cannot think that ſhe *greatly* diſlikes him.

The Earl of D. and the counteſs Dowager are both in town. The Counteſs made a viſit to my Couſin Reeves laſt Tueſday: She ſpoke of me very kindly: She ſays my Lord has heard ſo much of me, that he is very deſirous of ſeeing me: but ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, that ſince my heart was not diſengaged, ſhe ſhould be afraid of the conſequences of his viſit to himſelf.

My Grandmamma, tho' ſhe was ſo kindly fond of me, would not ſuffer me to live with her; becauſe ſhe thought that her contemplative temper might influence mine, and make me grave, at a time of life, when ſhe is always ſaying that chearfulneſs is moſt becoming: She would therefore turn over her girl to the beſt of Aunts. But now I fancy, ſhe will allow me

me to be more than two days in a week her attendant. My Uncle Selby would be glad to ſpare me. I ſhall not be able to bear a jeſt: and then what ſhall I be good for?

I have made a fine hand of coming to town, he ſays: And ſo I have: But if my heart is not quite ſo eaſy as it was, it is, I hope, a better, at leaſt, not a *worſe* heart than I brought up with me. Could I only have admired this man, my excurſion would not have been unhappy. But this gratitude, this *entangling*, with all its painful conſequences—But let me ſay, with my Grandmamma, the man is Sir Charles Grandiſon! The very man by whoſe virtues a Clementina was attracted. Upon my word, my dear, unhappy as ſhe is, I rank her with the firſt of women.

I have not had a great deal of Sir Charles Grandiſon's company; but yet more, I am afraid, than I ſhall ever have again. Very true — O heart! the moſt wayward of hearts, ſigh if thou wilt!

You have ſeen how ſeldom he was with us, when we were abſolutely in his reach, and when he, as we thought, was in ours. But ſuch a man cannot, ought not to be engroſſed by one family. Bleſs me, Lucy, when he comes into public life (for has not his country a ſuperior claim to him beyond every private one?) what moment can he have at liberty? Let me enumerate ſome of his preſent engagements that we know of.

The Danby family muſt have ſome further portion of his time.

The executorſhip in the diſpoſal of the 3000l. in charity, in France as well as in England, will take up a good deal more.

My Lord W. may be ſaid to be under his tutelege, as to the future happineſs of his life.

Miſs Jervois's affairs, and the care he has for her perſon, engage much of his attention.

He is his own ſteward.

He is making alterations at Grandiſon-hall; and

has a large genteel neighbourhood there, who long to have him reſide among them; and he himſelf is fond of that ſeat.

His eſtate in Ireland is in a proſperous way, from the works he ſet on foot there, when he was on the ſpot; and he talks, as Dr. Bartlett has hinted to us, of making another viſit to it.

His Siſter's match with Lord G. is one of his cares.

He has ſervices to perform for his friend Beauchamp, with his Father and Mother-in-law, for the facilitating his coming over.

The apprehended viſit of Olivia gives him diſturbance.

And the Bologna family in its various branches, and more eſpecially Signor Jeronymo's dangerous ſtate of health, and Signora Clementina's diſordered mind—O Lucy!—What leiſure has this man to be in love!—Yet how can I ſay ſo, when he is in love already? And with Clementina—And don't you think, that when he goes to France on the executorſhip account, he will make a viſit to Bologna?—Ah, my dear, to be ſure he will.

After he has left England therefore, which I ſuppoſe he will quickly do, and when I am in Northamptonſhire, what opportunities will your Harriet have to ſee him, except ſhe can obtain, as a favour, the power of obliging his Emily, in her requeſt to be with her? Then, Lucy, he may, on his return to England, once a year, or ſo, on his viſiting his Ward, ſee, and thank for her care and love of his Emily, his half-eſtranged Harriet! Perhaps Lady *Clementina Grandiſon* will be with him! God reſtore her! Surely I ſhall be capable, if ſhe be Lady Grandiſon, of rejoicing in her recovery!—

Fie upon it!—Why this involuntary tear? You would ſee it by the large blot it has made, if I did not mention it.

Excellent man! Dr. Bartlett has juſt been telling me

me of a morning visit he received, before he went out of town, from the two Sons of Mrs. Oldham.

One of them is about seven years old; the other about five; very fine children. He embraced them, the Doctor says, with as much tenderness, as if they were children of his own Mother. He enquired into their inclinations, behaviour, diversions; and engaged equally their love and reverence.

He told them, that, if they were good, he would love them; and said, he had a dear friend, whom he reverenced as his Father, a man with white curling locks, he told the children, that they might know him at first sight, who would now-and-then, as he happened to be in town, make enquiries after their good behaviour, and reward them, as they gave him cause. Accordingly he had desired Dr. Bartlett to give them occasionally his countenance; as also to let their Mother know, that he should be glad of a visit from her, and her three children, on his return to town.

The Doctor had been to see her when he came to me. He found all three with her. The two younger, impressed by the venerable description Sir Charles had given of him, of their own accord, the younger, by the elder's example, fell down on their knees before him, and begged his blessing.

Mr. Oldham is about eighteen years of age; a well-inclined, well-educated youth. He was full of acknowlegements of the favour done him in this invitation.

The grateful Mother could not contain herself. Blessings without number, she envoked on her benefactor for his goodness in taking such kind notice of her two Sons, as he had done; and said, he had been, ever since his gracious behaviour to her in Essex, the first and last in her prayers to heaven. But the invitation to herself, she declared, was too great an honour for her to accept of: She should not be able to stand in his presence. Alas! Sir,

ſaid ſhe, can the ſevereſt, trueſt penitence recal the guilty paſt?

The Doctor ſaid, That Sir Charles Grandiſon ever made it a rule with him to raiſe the dejected and humble ſpirit. Your birth and education, madam, intitle you to a place in the firſt company: And where there are two lights in which the behaviour of any perſon may be ſet, tho' there has been unhappineſs, he always remembers the moſt favourable, and forgets the other. I would adviſe you, madam, (as he has invited you) by all means to come. He ſpeaks with pleaſure of your humility and good ſenſe.

The Doctor told me, that Sir Charles had made enquiries after the marriage of Major O Hara with Mrs. Jervois, and had ſatisfied himſelf that they were actually man and wife. Methinks I am glad, for Miſs Jervois's ſake, that her Mother has changed her name. They lived not happily together ſince their laſt enterprize: For the man, who had long been a ſufferer from poverty, was in fear of loſing one half at leaſt of his wife's annuity, by what paſſed on that occaſion; and accuſed her of putting him upon the miſbehaviour he was guilty of; which had brought upon him, he ſaid, the reſentments of a man admired by all the world.

The attorney, who viſited Sir Charles from theſe people, at their requeſt, waited on him again, in their names, with hopes that they ſhould not ſuffer in their annuity, and expreſſing their concern for having offended him.

Mrs. O Hara alſo requeſted it as a favour to ſee her daughter.

Sir Charles commiſſioned the attorney, who is a man of repute, to tell them, that if Mrs. O Hara would come to St. James's Square next Wedneſday about five o'clock, Miſs Jervois ſhould be introduced to her; and ſhe ſhould be welcome to bring with her her huſband, and Captain Salmonet, that they might be convinced he bore no ill-will to either of them.

Adieu,

Adieu, till by-and-by. Miſs Grandiſon is come, in one of her uſual hurries, to oblige me to be preſent at the viſit to be made her this afternoon, by the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, his Siſter, a maiden Lady advanced in years, who is exceedingly fond of her Nephew, and intends to make him heir of her large fortune.

Friday Night.

THE Earl is an agreeable man: Lady Gertrude is a *very* agreeable woman. They ſaw Miſs Grandiſon with the young Lord's eyes; and were better pleaſed with her, as I told her afterwards, than *I* ſhould have been, or than *they* would, had they known her as well as I do. She doubted not, ſhe anſwered me, but I ſhould find fault with her; and yet ſhe was as good as for her life ſhe could be.

Such an archneſs in every motion! Such a turn of the eye to me on my Lord G's affiduities! Such a fear in him of her correcting glance! Such a half-timid, half-free parade when he had done any-thing that he intended to be obliging, and now-and-then an aiming at raillery, as if he were not *very* much afraid of her, and dared to ſpeak his mind even to *her!* On her part; on thoſe occaſions, ſuch an air, as if ſhe had a learner before her; and was ready to rap his knuckles, had nobody been preſent to mediate for him; that tho' I could not but love her for her very archneſs, yet in my mind, I could, for their ſakes, but more for her own, have ſeverely chidden her.

She is a charming woman; and every thing ſhe ſays and does becomes her. But I am ſo much afraid of what may be the caſe, when the lover is changed into the huſband, that I wiſh to myſelf now-and-then, when I ſee her ſo lively, that ſhe would remember that there was once ſuch a man as Captain Anderſon. But ſhe makes it a rule, ſhe ſays, to remember nothing that will vex her.

Is not my memory (ſaid he once) given me for my

benefit, and ſhall I make it my torment? No, Harriet, I will leave that to be done by you wiſe ones, and ſee what good you will get by it.

Why *this*, Charlotte, replied I, the wiſe ones may have a *chance* to get by it—They will very probably, by remembering paſt miſtakes, avoid many inconveniencies into which forgetfulneſs will run you lively ones.

Well, well, returned ſhe, we are not all of us born to equal honour. Some of us are to be ſet up for warnings, ſome for examples: And the firſt are generally of greater uſe to the world than the other.

Now, Charlotte, ſaid I, do you deſtroy the force of your own argument. Can the perſon who is ſingled out for the warning, be near ſo happy, as ſhe that is ſet up for the example?

You are right, as far as I know, Harriet: But I obey the preſent impulſe, and try to find an excuſe afterwards for what that puts me upon: And all the difference is this, as to the reward, I have a *joy*: You a *comfort*: But comfort is a poor word; and I can't bear it.

So Biddy in the Tender Huſband would have ſaid, Charlotte. But poor as the word is with you and her, give me *comfort* rather than *joy*, if they *muſt* be ſeparated. But I ſee not but that a woman of my Charlotte's happy turn may have *both*.

She tapped my cheek—Take that, Harriet, for making a Biddy of me. I believe, if you have not *joy* you have *comfort*, in your ſeverity.

My heart as well as my cheek glowed at the praiſes the Earl and the Lady both joined in (with a fervor that was creditable to their own hearts) of Sir Charles Grandiſon, while they told us what this man, and that woman, of quality or conſideration, ſaid of him. Who would not be good? What is life without reputation? Do we not wiſh to be remembered with honour after death? And what a ſhare of it has this excellent man in this life!--May nothing,

for

for the honour-ſake of human nature, to which he is ſo great an ornament, ever happen to tarniſh it!

They were extremely obliging to *me*. I could not but be pleaſed at ſtanding well in their opinion: But, believe me, my dear, I did not enjoy their praiſes of *me*, as I did thoſe they gave *him*. Indeed, I had the preſumption, from the approbation given to what they ſaid of him by my own heart, to imagine myſelf a ſharer in them, tho' not in his merits. Oh, Lucy, *ought* there not to have been a relation between us, ſince what I have ſaid, from what I found in myſelf on hearing him praiſed, is a demonſtration of a regard for him ſuperior to the Love of Self!

Adieu, my Lucy. I know I have all your prayers.

Adieu, my Dear!

LETTER II.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Sat. April 1.

DR. Bartlett is one of the kindeſt as well as beſt of men. I believe he loves me as if I were his own child: But good men muſt be affectionate men. He received but this morning a Letter from Sir Charles, and haſtened to communicate ſome of its contents to me, tho' I could pretend to no other motive but curioſity for wiſhing to be acquainted with the proceedings of his patron.

Sir Charles dined, as he had intended, with Sir Hargrave and his friends. He complains in his Letter of a riotous day: Yet I think, adds he, it has led me into ſome uſeful reflections. It is not indeed agreeable to be the ſpectator of riot; but how eaſy to ſhun being a partaker in it! How eaſy to avoid the too freely circling glaſs, if a man is known to have eſtabliſhed a rule to himſelf, from which he will not depart; and if it be not refuſed ſullenly, but

mirth and good humour the more ſtudiouſly kept up by the perſon; who would elſe indeed be looked upon as a ſpy on unguarded folly! I heartily pitied a young man, who, I dare ſay, has a good heart, but from falſe ſhame durſt not aſſert the *freedom* to which every Engliſhman would claim a right, in almoſt every other inſtance! He had once put by the glaſs, and excuſed himſelf on account of his health; but on being laughed at for a *ſober dog*, as they phraſed it, and aſked, if his *ſpouſe* had not lectured him before he came out, he gave way to the wretched raillery: Nor could I interfere at ſuch a noiſy moment with effect: They had laughed him out of his caution before I could be heard; and I left him there at nine o'clock trying with Bagenhall which ſhould drink the deepeſt.

I wiſh, my good Dr. Bartlett, you would throw together ſome ſerious conſiderations on this ſubject. You could touch it delicately, and ſuch a diſcourſe would not be unuſeful to ſome few of our neighbours even at Grandiſon-hall. What is it not, that, in this ſingle article, men ſacrifice to falſe ſhame and falſe glory! Reaſon, health, fortune, perſonal elegance, the peace and order of their families; and all the comfort and honour of their after-years. How peeviſh, how wretched, is the decline of a man worn out with intemperance! In a cool hour, reſolutions might be formed, that ſhould ſtand the attack of a boiſterous jeſt.

I obtained leave from Dr. Bartlett, to tranſcribe this part of the Letter. I thought my Uncle would be pleaſed with it.

It was near ten at night before Sir Charles got to Lord W's, tho' but three miles from Sir Hargrave's, My Lord rejoiced to ſee him; and, after firſt compliments, aſked him, if he had thought of what he had undertaken for him. Sir Charles told him, that he was the more deſirous of ſeeing him in his way to

the

the Hall, becauſe he wanted to know if his Lordſhip held his mind as to marriage. He aſſured him he did, and would ſign and ſeal to whatever he ſhould ſtipulate for him.

I wiſhed for a copy of this part of Sir Charles's Letter, for the ſake of my Aunt, whoſe delicacy would, I thought, be charmed with it. He has been ſo good as to ſay, he would tranſcribe it for me. I will incloſe it, Lucy; and you will read it here:

"I cannot, my Lord, ſaid Sir Charles, engage, that the Lady will comply with the propoſal I ſhall take the liberty to make to her Mother and her. She is not more than three or four-and-thirty: She is handſome: She has a fine underſtanding: She is brought up an oeconomiſt: She is a woman of a good family: She has not, however, tho' born to happier proſpects, a fortune worthy of your Lordſhip's acceptance. Whatever that is, you will perhaps chooſe to give it to her family.

With all my heart and ſoul, Nephew: But do you ſay, ſhe is handſome? Do you ſay, ſhe is of family? And has ſhe ſo many good qualities?—Ah, Nephew, ſhe won't have me, I doubt.—And is ſhe not too young, Sir Charles, to think of ſuch a poor decrepit ſoul as I am?

All I can ſay to this, my Lord, is, that the propoſals on your part muſt be the more generous—

I will leave all theſe matters to you, kinſman—

This, my Lord, I will take upon me to anſwer for, That ſhe is a woman of principle: She will not give your Lordſhip her hand, if ſhe thinks ſhe cannot make you a wife worthy of your utmoſt kindneſs: And now, my Lord, I will tell you who ſhe is, that you may make what other enquiries you think proper.

And then I named her to him, and gave him pretty near the account of the family, and the circumſtances

and

and affairs of it, that I ſhall by-and-by give you; tho' you are not quite a ſtranger to the unhappy caſe.

My Lord was in raptures: He knew ſomething, he ſaid, of the Lady's Father, and enough of the family, by hearſay, to confirm all I had ſaid of them; and beſought me to do my utmoſt to bring the affair to a ſpeedy concluſion.

Sir Thomas Mansfield was a very good man; and much reſpected in his neighbourhood. He was once poſſeſſed of a large eſtate; but his father left him involved in a law-ſuit to ſupport his title to more than one half of it.

After it had been depending ſeveral years, it was at laſt, to the deep regret of all who knew him, by the chicanery of the lawyers of the oppoſite ſide, and the remiſſneſs of his own, carried againſt him; and his expences having been very great in ſupporting for years his poſſeſſion, he found himſelf reduced from an eſtate of near three thouſand pounds a year, to little more than five hundred. He had ſix children: Four Sons, and two Daughters. His eldeſt ſon died of grief in two months after the loſs of the cauſe. The ſecond, now the eldeſt, is a melancholy man. The third is a cornet of horſe. The fourth is unprovided for; but all three are men of worthy minds, and deſerve better fortune.

The Daughters are remarkable for their piety, patience, good oeconomy, and prudence. They are the moſt dutiful of children, and moſt affectionate of ſiſters. They were for three years the ſupport of their Father's ſpirits, and have always been the conſolation of their Mother. They loſt their Father about four years ago: And it is even edifying to obſerve, how elegantly they ſupport the family-reputation in their fine old manſion-houſe, by the prudent management of their little income; for the Mother leaves every houſhold care to them; and they make it a rule to conclude the year with diſcharging every demand that can be made upon them,

and

and to commence the new year abſolutely clear of the world, and with ſome caſh in hand; yet were brought up in affluence, and to the expectation of handſome fortunes; for, beſides that they could have no thought of loſing their cauſe, they had very great and reaſonable proſpects from Mr. Calvert, an Uncle by their Mother's ſide; who was rich in money, and had beſides an eſtate in land of 1500 *l.* a year. He always declared, that for the ſake of his Siſter's children he would continue a ſingle man; and kept his word till he was upwards of ſeventy; when, being very infirm in health, and defective even to dotage in his underſtanding, Bolton his ſteward, who had always ſtood in the way of his inclination to have his eldeſt Niece for his companion and manager, at laſt contrived to get him married to a young creature under twenty, one of the ſervants in the houſe; who brought him a child at ſeven months; and was with child again at the old man's death, which happened in eighteen months after his marriage: And then a will was proved, in which he gave all he had to his wife and her children born, and to be born within a year after his demiſe. This ſteward and woman now live together as man and wife.

A worthy clergyman, who hoped it might be in my power to procure them redreſs, either in the one caſe or in the other, gave me the above particulars; and upon enquiry, finding every thing to be as repreſented, I made myſelf acquainted with the widow Lady and her Sons: And it was impoſſible to ſee them at their own houſe, and not reſpect the Daughters for their amiable qualities.

I deſired them, when I was laſt down, to put into my hands their titles, deeds, and papers; which they have done; and they have been laid before counſel, who gave a very hopeful account of them.

Being fully authorized by my Lord, I took leave of him over-night, and ſet out early in the morning, directly

directly for Mansfield-houſe. I arrived there ſoon after their breakfaſt was over, and was received by Lady Mansfield, her ſons (who happened to be all at home) and her two daughters, with politeneſs.

After ſome general converſation, I took Lady Mansfield aſide; and making an apology for my freedom, aſked her, If Miſs Mansfield were, to her knowlege, engaged in her affections?

She anſwered, ſhe was *ſure* ſhe was not: Ah, Sir, ſaid ſhe, a man of your obſervation muſt know, that the daughters of a decayed family of ſome note in the world, do not eaſily get huſbands. Men of great fortunes look higher: Men of ſmall muſt look out for wives to enlarge them; and men of genteel buſineſſes are afraid of young women better born than portioned. Every-body knows not that my girls can bend to their condition; and they muſt be contented to live ſingle all their lives; and ſo they will chooſe to do, rather than not marry creditably, and with ſome proſpect.

I then opened my mind fully to her. She was agreeably ſurpriſed: But who, Sir, ſaid ſhe, would expect ſuch a propoſal from the next heir to Lord W.?

I made known to her how much in earneſt I was in this propoſal, as well for my Lord's ſake, as for the young lady's. I will take care, madam, ſaid I, that Miſs Mansfield, if ſhe will conſent to make Lord W. happy, ſhall have very handſome ſettlements, and ſuch an allowance for pin-money, as ſhall enable her to gratify every moderate, every reaſonable, wiſh of her heart.

Was it poſſible, ſhe aſked, for ſuch an affair to be brought about? Would my Lord—There ſhe ſtopt.

I ſaid, I would be anſwerable for him: And deſired her to break the matter to her daughter directly.

I left Lady Mansfield, and joined the brothers, who were with their two Siſters; and ſoon after Miſs Mansfield was ſent for by her Mother.

After

After they had been a little while together, my Lady Mansfield ſent to ſpeak with me. They were both ſilent when I came in. The Mother was at a loſs what to ſay: The Daughter was ſtill in greater confuſion.

I addreſſed myſelf to the Mother. You have, I perceive, madam, acquainted Miſs Mansfield with the propoſal I made to you. I am fully authorized to make it. Propitious be your ſilence! — There never was, proceeded I, a treaty of marriage ſet on foot, which had not its conveniencies and inconveniencies. My Lord is greatly afflicted with the gout: There is too great a diſparity in years. Theſe are the inconveniencies which are to be conſidered of for the Lady.

On the other hand, if Miſs Mansfield can give into the propoſal, ſhe will be received by my Lord as a bleſſing; as one whoſe acceptance of him will lay him under an obligation to her. If this propoſal could not have been made with dignity and honour to the Lady, it had not come from me.

The conveniencies to yourſelves will more properly fall under the conſideration of yourſelves and family. One thing only I will ſuggeſt, that an alliance with ſo rich a man as Lord W. will perhaps make ſome people tremble, who now think themſelves ſecure.

But, madam (to the ſtill ſilent Daughter) let not a regard for me biaſs you: Your family may be ſure of my beſt ſervices, whether my propoſal be received or rejected.

My Lord (I muſt deal ſincerely with you) has lived a life of error. He thinks ſo himſelf. I am earneſt to have him ſee the difference, and to have an opportunity to rejoice with him upon it.

I ſtopt: But both being ſtill ſilent, the Mother looking on the Daughter, the Daugher glancing now-and-then her conſcious eye on the Mother. If, madam, ſaid I, you *can* give your hand to Lord W. I will take care, that ſettlements ſhall exceed your expectation.

pectation. What I have obſerved as well as heard of Miſs Mansfield's temper and goodneſs, is the principal motive of my application to her, in preference to all the women I know.

But permit me to ſay, that were your affections engaged to the loweſt honeſt man on earth, I would not wiſh for your favour to Lord W. And further, if, madam, you think you ſhould have but the ſhadow of a hope, to induce your compliance, that my Lord's death would be more agreeable to you than his life, then would I not, for your morality's ſake, wiſh you to engage. In a word, I addreſs myſelf to you, Miſs Mansfield, as to a woman of honour and conſcience: If your conſcience bids you *doubt*, reject the propoſal; and this not only for my Lord's ſake, but for your own.

Conſider, if, without too great a force upon your inclinations, you can behave with that condeſcenſion and indulgence to a man who has haſtened advanced age upon himſelf, which I have thought from your temper I might hope.

I have ſaid a great deal, becauſe you, Ladies, were ſilent; and becauſe explicitneſs in every caſe becomes the propoſer. Give me leave to retire for a few moments.

I withdrew, accordingly, to the Brothers and Siſter. I did not think I ought to mention to *them* the propoſal I had made: It might perhaps have engaged them all in its favour, as it was of ſuch evident advantage to the whole family; and that might have impoſed a difficulty on the Lady, that neither for her own ſake, nor my Lord's, it would have been juſt to lay upon her.

Lady Mansfield came out to me, and ſaid, I preſume, Sir, as we are a family which misfortune, as well as love, has cloſely bound together, you will allow it to be mentioned—

To the whole family, Madam!—By all means. I wanted

wanted only firſt to know, whether Miſs Mansfield's affections were diſengaged: And now you ſhall give me leave to attend Miſs Mansfield. I am party for my Lord W.: Miſs Mansfield is a party: Your debates will be the more free in our abſence. If I find her averſe, believe me, madam, I will not endeavour to perſuade her. On the contrary, if ſhe declare againſt accepting the propoſal, I will be her advocate, tho' every one elſe ſhould vote in its favour.

The Brothers and Siſters looked upon one another: I left the Mother to propoſe it to them; and ſtept into the inner parlour to Miſs Mansfield.

She was ſitting with her back to the door, in a meditating poſture. She ſtarted at my entrance.

I talked of indifferent ſubjects, in order to divert her from the important one, that had taken up her whole attention.

It would have been a degree of oppreſſion to her to have entered with her upon a ſubject of ſo much conſequence to her while we were alone; and when her not having giving a negative, was to be taken as a modeſt affirmative.

Lady Mansfield ſoon joined us,—My dear Daughter, ſaid ſhe, we are all unanimous. We are agreed to leave every thing to Sir Charles Grandiſon: And we hope *you* will.

She was ſilent. I will only aſk you, madam, ſaid I to her, if you have any wiſh to take time to conſider of the matter? Do you think you ſhall be eaſier in your mind, if you take time?—She was ſilent.

I will not at this time, my good Miſs Mansfield, urge you further. I will make my report to Lord W. and you ſhall be ſure of his joyful approbation of the ſteps I have taken, before your final conſent ſhall be aſked for. But that I may not be employed in a doubtful cauſe, let me be commiſſioned to tell my Lord, that you are diſengaged; and that you wholly reſign yourſelf to your Mother's advice.

She

She bowed her head.

And that *you*, madam, to Lady Mansfield, are not averſe to enter into treaty upon this important ſubject.

Averſe, Sir! ſaid the mother, bowing, and gratefully ſmiling.

I will write the particulars of our converſation to Lord W. and my opinion of ſettlements, and adviſe him (if I am not forbid) to make a viſit at Mansfield-houſe [I ſtopt: They were both ſilent.] If poſſible, I will attend my Lord in his firſt viſit. I hope, madam, to Miſs Mansfield, you will not diſlike him: I am ſure he will be charmed with you: He is far from being diſagreeable in his perſon: His temper is not bad. *Your* goodneſs will make *him* good. I dare ſay that he will engage your gratitude; and I defy a good mind to ſeparate love from gratitude.

We returned to the company. I had all their bleſſings pronounced at once, as from one mouth. The melancholy brother was enlivened: Who knows but the conſequence of this alliance may illuminate his mind? I could ſee by the pleaſure they all had, in beholding him capable of joy on the occaſion, that they *hoped* it would. The unhappy ſituation of the family affairs, as it broke the heart of the eldeſt Brother, fixed a gloom on the temper of this gentleman.

I was prevailed upon to dine with them. In the converſation we had at and after dinner, their minds opened, and their characters roſe upon me. Lord W. will be charmed with Miſs Mansfield. I am delighted to think, that my Mother's Brother will be happy, in the latter part of his life, with a wife of ſo muuh prudence and goodneſs, as I am ſure this Lady will make him. On one inſtance of her very obliging behaviour to me, I whiſpered her Siſter, Pray, Miſs Fanny, tell Miſs Mansfield, but not till I am gone, that ſhe knows not the inconveniencies which ſhe is bringing upon herſelf: I may, perhaps, hereafter,

have

have the boldneſs to look for the ſame favour from my Aunt, that I meet with from Miſs Mansfield.

If my Siſter, returned ſhe, ſhould ever miſbehave to her benefactor, I will deny my relation to her.

You will ſoon have another Letter from me, with an account of the ſucceſs of my viſit to Sir Harry Beauchamp and his Lady. *We* muſt have our Beauchamp among us, my dear friend: I ſhould rather ſay, *you* muſt among *you*; for I ſhall not be long in England. He will ſupply to you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, the abſence (it will not, I hope, be a long one) of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON."

SIR Charles, I remember, as the Doctor read, mentions getting leave for his Beauchamp to come over, who, he ſays, will ſupply his abſence to *him* —But, ah! Lucy! Who, let me have the boldneſs to aſk, ſhall ſupply it to your *Harriet?*—Time, my dear, will do *nothing* for me, except I could hear ſomething very much amiſs of this man.

I have a great ſuſpicion, that the firſt part of the Letter incloſed related to me. The Doctor looked *ſo* earneſtly at me, when he ſkipt two ſides of it; and, as I thought, with ſo *much* compaſſion!—To be ſure, it was about me.

What would I give to know as much of his mind as Dr. Bartlett knows! If I thought he pitied the poor Harriet—I ſhould ſcorn myſelf. I am, I *will* be, above his pity, Lucy. In this believe

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER III.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Sunday Night, April 2.

DR. Bartlett has received from Sir Charles an account of what paſſed laſt Friday between him, and Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp: By the Doctor's allowance, I incloſe it to you.

In this Letter, Lucy, you will ſee him in a new light; and as a man whom there is no reſiſting, when he reſolves to carry a point. But it abſolutely convinces me, of what indeed I before ſuſpected, that he has not a high opinion of our ſex in general: And this I will put down as a blot in his character. He treat us, in Lady Beauchamp, as perverſe, humourſome babies, loving power, yet not knowing how to uſe it. See him ſo delicate in his behaviour and addreſs to Miſs Mansfield, and carry in your thoughts his gaiety and adroit management to Lady Beauchamp, as in th s Letter, and you will hardly think him the ſame man. Could he be any-thing to me, I ſhould be more than half-afraid of him: Yet *this* may be ſaid in his behalf;—He but accommodates himſelf to the perſons he has to deal with:—He can be a man of gay wit, when he pleaſes to *deſcend*, as indeed his Siſter Charlotte has often found, as ſhe has given occaſion for the exerciſe of that talent in him;—yet, that virtue, for its *own ſake*, is his choice; ſince, had he been a free liver, he would have been a dangerous man.

But I will not anticipate too much: Read it here, if you pleaſe.

LET-

LETTER IV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

[*Incloſed in the preceding.*]

Grandiſon-hall, Friday Night, March 31.

I Arrived at Sir Harry Beauchamp's about twelve this day. He and his Lady expected me, from the Letter which I wrote and ſhewed you before I left the town; in which, you know, I acquainted Sir Harry with his Son's earneſt deſire to throw himſelf at his feet, and to pay his duty to his Mother, in England; and engaged to call myſelf, either this day or to-morrow, for an anſwer.

Sir Harry received me with great civility, and even affection. Lady Beauchamp, ſaid he, will be with us in a moment. I am afraid you will not meet with all the civility from her on the errand you are come upon, that a man of Sir Charles Grandiſon's character deſerves to meet with from all the world. We have been unhappy together, ever ſince we had your Letter. I long to ſee my Son: Your friendſhip for him eſtabliſhes him in my heart. But—And then he curſed the apron-ſtring tenure, by which, he ſaid, he held his peace.

You will allow me, Sir Harry, ſaid I, to addreſs myſelf in my own way to my Lady. You give me pleaſure, in letting me know, that the difficulty is not with you. You have indeed, Sir, one of the moſt prudent young men in the world for your Son. His heart is in your hand: You may form it as you pleaſe.

She is coming! She is coming! interrupted he. We are all in pieces: We were in the midſt of a feud, when you arrived. If ſhe is not civil to you—

In ſwam the Lady; her complexion raiſed; diſpleaſure in her looks to me, and indignation in her air

air to Sir Harry; as if they had not had their contention out, and she was ready to renew it.

With as obliging an air as I could assume, I paid my compliments to her. She received them with great stiffness; swelling at Sir Harry: Who fidled to the door, in a moody and sullen manner, and then slipt out.

You are Sir Charles Grandison, I suppose, Sir, said she: I never saw you before: I have heard much talk of you.—But, pray, Sir, are good men *always* officious men? Cannot they perform the obligations of friendship, without discomposing families?

You see me *now*, madam, in an evil moment, if you are displeased with me: But I am not used to the displeasure of Ladies: I do my utmost not to deserve it; and let me tell you, madam, that I will not suffer *you* to be displeased with me.

I took her half-reluctant hand, and led her to a chair, and seated myself in another near her.

I see, Sir, you have your arts.

She took the fire-screen, that hung by the side of the chimney, and held it before her face, now glancing at me, now turning away her eye, as if resolved to be displeased.

You come upon a hateful errand, Sir: I have been unhappy ever since your officious Letter came.

I am sorry for it, madam. While you are warm with the remembrance of a past misunderstanding, I will not offer to reason with you: But let me, madam, see less discomposure in your looks. I want to take my impressions of you from more placid features: I am a painter, madam: I love to draw Ladies pictures. Will you have this pass for a first sitting?

She knew not what to do with her anger: She was loth to part with it.

You are impertinent, Sir Charles—Excuse me—You are impertinent.

I do excuse you, Lady Beauchamp: And the rather,

as I am ſure you do not think me ſo. Your freedom is a mark of your favour; and I thank you for it.

You treat me as a child, Sir--

I treat all angry people as children: I love to humour them. Indeed, Lady Beauchamp, you muſt not be angry with me. *Can* I be miſtaken? Don't I ſee in your aſpect the woman of ſenſe and reaſon? —I never blame a Lady for her humorſomeneſs, ſo much as in my mind, I blame her Mother.

Sir! ſaid ſhe. I ſmiled. She bit her lip, to avoid returning a ſmile.

Her character, my dear friend, is not, you know, that of an ill-tempered woman, tho' haughty and a lover of power.

I have heard much of you, Sir Charles Grandiſon: But I am quite miſtaken in you: I expected to ſee a grave formal young man, his prim mouth ſet in plaits: But you are a joker; and a free man; a *very* free man, I do aſſure you.

I would be *thought* decently free, madam; but not *impertinent*. I ſee with pleaſure a returning ſmile. O that Ladies knew how much ſmiles become their features!—Very few cauſes can juſtify a woman's anger—Your Sex, madam, was given to delight, nor to torment us.

Torment you, Sir!—Pray, has Sir Harry—

Sir Harry cannot look pleaſed, when his Lady is *diſ*-pleaſed: I ſaw that you were, madam, the moment I beheld you. I hope I am not an unwelcome viſit to Sir Harry for one hour (I intended to ſtay no longer) that he received me with ſo diſturbed a countenance, and has now withdrawn himſelf, as if to avoid me.

To tell you the truth, Sir Harry and I have had a diſpute: But he always ſpeaks of Sir Charles Grandiſon with pleaſure.

Is he not offended with me, madam, for the contents of the Letter—

No, Sir, and I ſuppoſe you hardly think he is—But *I* am—

Dear madam, let me beg your intereſt in favour of the contents of it.

She took fire—roſe up—

I beſought her patience—Why ſhould you wiſh to keep abroad a young man, who is a credit to his family, and who *ought* to be, if he is *not*, the joy of his Father! Let him owe to your generoſity, madam, that recal, which he ſolicits: It will become your character: He cannot be always kept abroad: Be it your own generous work—

What Sir—Pray, Sir—With an angry brow—

You muſt not be angry with me, madam—(I took her hand)—You can't be angry in earneſt—

Sir Charles Grandiſon—You are—She withdrew her hand; *You are*, repeated ſhe—and ſeemed ready to call names—

I *am* the Grandiſon you call me; and I honour the maternal character. You muſt permit me to honour *you*, madam.

I *wonder*, Sir—

I will not be denied. The world reports miſunderſtandings between you and Mr. Beauchamp. That buſy world that will be medling, knows your power and his dependence. You muſt not let it charge you with an ill uſe of that power: If you do, *you* will have its blame, when you might have its praiſe: *He* will have its pity.

What, Sir, do you think your fine Letters, and ſmooth words, will avail in favour of a young fellow who has treated me with diſreſpect?

You are miſinformed, madam.—I am willing to have a greater dependence upon your juſtice, upon your good-nature, than upon any thing I can urge either by Letter or Speech. Don't let it be ſaid, that you are not to be prevailed on—A woman not to be prevailed on to join in an act of juſtice, of kindneſs; for the honour of the Sex, let it not be ſaid.

Honour

Honour of the Sex, Sir!—Fine talking!—Don't I know, that were I to conſent to his coming over, the firſt thing would be to have his annuity augmented out of my fortune? He and his Father would be in a party againſt me. Am I not already a ſufferer thro' him in his Father's love?—You don't know, Sir, what has paſſed between Sir Harry and me within this half-hour—But don't talk to me: I won't hear of it: The young man hates me: I hate him: And ever will.

She made a motion to go.

With a reſpectful air, I told her, ſhe muſt not leave me. My motive deſerved not, I ſaid, that both ſhe and Sir Harry ſhould leave me in diſpleaſure.

You know but too well, reſumed ſhe, how acceptable your officiouſneſs (I muſt call it ſo) is to Sir Harry.

And *does* Sir Harry, madam, favour, his Son's ſuit? You rejoice me: Let not Mr. Beauchamp know that he does; and do *you*, my dear Lady Beauchamp, take the whole merit of it to yourſelf. How will he revere you for your goodneſs to him! And what an obligation, if, as you ſay, Sir Harry is inclined to favour him, will you, by your generous firſt motion, lay upon Sir Harry!

Obligation upon Sir Harry! Yes, Sir Charles Grandiſon, I have laid too many obligations already upon him for his gratitude.

Lay this one more. You own you have had a miſunderſtanding this morning: Sir Harry is withdrawn, I ſuppoſe, with his heart full: Let me, I beſeech you, make up the miſunderſtanding. I have been happy in this way—Thus we will order it—We will deſire him to walk in. I will beg *your* intereſt with him in favour of the contents of the Letter I ſent. His compliance will follow as an act of obligingneſs to you. The grace of the action will be yours. I will be anſwerable for Mr. Beauchamp's

gratitude.—Dear madam, heſitate not. The young gentleman muſt come over one day: Let the favour of its being an early one, be owing entirely to you.

You are a ſtrange man, Sir: I don't like you at all: You will perſuade me out of my reaſon.

Let us, madam, as Mr. Beauchamp and I are already the deareſt of friends, begin a *family* underſtanding. Let St. James's Square, and Berkley Square, when you come to town, be a next-door-neighbourhood. Give me the conſideration of being the bondſman for the duty of Mr. Beauchamp to you, as well as to his Father.

She was ſilent: But looked vexed and irreſolute.

My Siſters, madam, are amiable women. You will be pleaſed with them, Lord L. is a man worthy of Sir Harry's acquaintance. We ſhall want nothing, if you will think ſo, but Mr. Beauchamp's preſence among us.

What I ſuppoſe you deſign your maiden Siſter for the *young fellow*—But if you do, Sir, you muſt aſk me for—There ſhe ſtopt.

Indeed I do not. He is not at preſent diſpoſed to marry. He never will without his Father's approbation, and let me ſay—*yours*. My Siſter is addreſſed to by Lord G. and I hope will ſoon be married to him.

And do you ſay ſo, Sir Charles Grandiſon?—Why then you are a more diſintereſted man, than I thought you in this application to Sir Harry. I had no doubt but that the *young fellow* was to be brought over to marry Miſs Grandiſon; and that he was to be made worthy of her at my expence.

She enjoyed, as it ſeemed, by her manner of pronouncing the words *young fellow*, that deſigned contempt, which was a tacit confeſſion of the conſequence he once was of to her.

I do aſſure you, madam, that I know not his heart, if he has at preſent any thoughts of marriage.

She

She ſeemed pleaſed at this aſſurance.

I repeated my wiſhes, that ſhe would take to herſelf the merit of allowing Mr. Beauchamp to return to his native country: And that ſhe would let me ſee her hand in Sir Harry's before I left them.

And pray, Sir, as to his place of reſidence, *were* he to come: Do you think he ſhall live under the ſame roof with me?

You ſhall govern that point, madam, as you approve or diſapprove of his behaviour to you.

His behaviour to me, Sir?—One houſe cannot, ſhall not, hold him and me.

I think, madam, that *you* ſhould direct in this article. I hope after a little while, ſo to order my affairs, as conſtantly to reſide in England. I ſhould think myſelf very happy, if I could prevail upon Mr. Beauchamp to live with *me*.

But I muſt ſee him, I ſuppoſe?

Not, madam, unleſs you ſhall think it right, for the ſake of the world's opinion, that you ſhould.

I can't conſent—

You *can*, madam! You *do!*—I cannot allow Lady Beauchamp to be one of thoſe women, who, having inſiſted upon a wrong point, can be convinced, yet not know how to recede with a grace.—Be ſo kind to *yourſelf*, as to let Sir Harry know, that you think it right for Mr. Beauchamp to return; but that it muſt be upon your own conditions: Then, madam, make thoſe conditions generous *ones*; and how will Sir Harry adore you! How will Mr. Beauchamp revere you! How ſhall I eſteem you!

What a ſtrange impertinent have I before me!

I love to be called names by a Lady. If undeſervedly, ſhe lays herſelf by them under obligation to me, which ſhe cannot be generous, if ſhe reſolves not to repay. Shall I endeavour to find out Sir Harry? Or will you, Madam?

Was you ever, Sir Charles Grandiſon, denied by any woman to whom you ſued for favour?

I think, madam, I hardly ever was: But it was becauſe I never ſued for a favour, that it was not for a Lady's honour to grant. This is the caſe now; and this makes me determine, that I will not be denied the grant of my preſent requeſt. Come, come, madam! How can a woman of your Ladyſhip's good ſenſe (taking her hand, and leading her to the door) ſeem to want to be perſuaded to do a thing ſhe knows in her heart to be right! Let us find Sir Harry.

Strange man!—Unhand me—*He* has uſed me unkindly—

Overcome him then by your generoſity. But dear Lady Beauchamp, taking both her hands, and ſmiling confidently in her face [I could my dear Dr. Bartlett, do ſo to Lady Beauchamp] will you make me believe, that a woman of your ſpirit (you have a charming ſpirit, Lady Beauchamp) did not give Sir Harry as much reaſon to complain, as he gave you?—I am ſure by his diſturbed countenance—

Now, Sir Charles Grandiſon, you are downright affronting. Unhand me!

This miſunderſtanding is owing to my officious Letter. I ſhould have waited on you in perſon. I ſhould from the firſt have put it in your power, to do a graceful and obliging thing. I aſk your pardon. I am not *uſed* to make differences between man and wife.

I touched firſt one hand, then the other, of the perverſe baby with my lips—Now am I forgiven: Now is my friend Beauchamp permitted to return to his native country: Now are Sir Harry and his Lady reconciled—Come, come, madam, it muſt be ſo—What fooliſh things are the quarrels of married people!—They muſt come to an agreement again; and the ſooner the better; before hard blows are ſtruck, that will leave marks—Let us, dear madam, find out Sir Harry—

And then with an air of vivacity, that women, whether in courtſhip or out of it, diſlike not, I was leading her once more to the door, and, as I intended, *to* Sir Harry, where-ever he could be found.

Hold, hold, Sir, reſiſting; but with features far more placid than ſhe had ſuffered to be before viſible—If I *muſt* be compelled—You are a ſtrange man, Sir Charles Grandiſon—If I muſt be compelled to ſee Sir Harry—But you are a ſtrange man—And ſhe rang the bell.

Lady Beauchamp, Dr. Bartlett, is one of thoſe who would be more ready to forgive an innocent freedom, than to be gratified by a profound reſpect; otherwiſe I had not treated her with ſo little ceremony. Such women are formidable only to thoſe who are afraid of their anger, or who make it a ſerious thing.

But when the ſervant appeared, ſhe not knowing how to condeſcend, I ſaid, Go to your maſter, Sir, and tell him, that your Lady requeſts the favour—

Requeſts the favour! repeated ſhe; but in a low voice: Which was no bad ſign.

The ſervant went with a meſſage worded with more civility than perhaps he was uſed to carry to his maſter from his Lady.

Now, dear Lady Beauchamp, for your own ſake; for Sir Harry's ſake; make happy; and be happy: Are there not, dear madam, unhappineſſes enow in life, that we muſt wilfully add to them?

Sir Harry came in ſight. He ſtalked towards us with a parade like that of a young officer wanting to look martial at the head of his company.

Could I have ſeen him before he entered, my work would have been eaſier. But his hoſtile air diſpoſed my Lady to renew hoſtilities.

She turned her face aſide, then her perſon; and the cloudy indignation with which ſhe entered at firſt, again overſpread her features. Ought wrath, Dr.

Bartlett, to be ſo ready to attend a female will?—Surely, thought I, my Lady's preſent airs, after what has paſſed between her and me, can be only owing to the fear of making a precedent, and being thought too eaſily perſuaded.

Sir Harry, ſaid I, addreſſing myſelf to him, I have obtained Lady Beauchamp's pardon for the officious Letter—

Pardon, Sir Charles Grandiſon! You are a good man, and it was kindly intended—

He was going on: Anger from his eyes flaſhed upon his cheek bones, and made them ſhine. My Lady's eyes ſtruck fire at Sir Harry, and ſhewed that ſhe was not *afraid* of him.

Better *intended*, than done, interrupted I, ſince my Lady tells me, that it was the occaſion of a miſunderſtanding—But, Sir, all will be right: My Lady aſſures me, that you are not diſinclined to comply with the contents; and ſhe has the goodneſs—

Pray, Sir Charles, interrupted the Lady—

To give me hopes that ſhe—

Pray, Sir Charles—

Will uſe her intereſt to confirm you in your favourable ſentiments—

Sir Harry cleared up at once—May I hope, madam—And offered to take her hand.

She withdrew it with an air. O Dr. Bartlett, I muſt have been thought an unpolite huſband, had ſhe been my wife!

I took her hand. Excuſe this freedom, Sir Harry—For heaven's ſake, madam, whiſpering, Do what I know you *will* do, with a grace—Shall there be a miſunderſtanding, and the huſband court a refuſed hand?—I then forced her half-unwilling hand into his, with an air that I intended ſhould have both freedom and reſpect in it.

What a man have we got here, Sir Harry? This cannot be the modeſt man, that you have praiſed to me

me—I thought a good man muſt of neceſſity be baſhful, if not ſheepiſh: And here your viſiter is the boldeſt man in England.

The righteous, Lady Beauchamp, ſaid Sir Harry, with an aſpect but half-conceding, *is bold as a lion.*

And *muſt* I compelled thus, and by ſuch a man, to forgive you, Sir Harry?—Indeed you were very unkind.

And you, Lady Beauchamp, were very cruel.

I did not think, Sir, when I laid my fortune at your feet—

O Lady Beauchamp! You ſaid cutting things! *Very* cutting things!

And did not you, Sir Harry, ſay it ſhould be ſo?—So *very* peremptorily—

Not, madam, till you *as* peremptorily—

A little recrimination, thought I, there muſt be, to keep each in countenance on their paſt folly.

Ah! Sir Charles—You may rejoice that you are not married, ſaid Sir Harry.

Dear Sir Harry, ſaid I, we muſt bear with Ladies. They are *meek* good creatures—They—

Meek! Sir Charles, repeated Sir Harry, with a half-angry ſmile, and ſhrugging, as if his ſhoulder had been hurt with his wife's meekneſs—I ſay *meek!*

Now, Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſaid my Lady, with an air of threatening—

I was deſirous either of turning the Lady's diſpleaſure into a jeſt, or of diverting it from the firſt object, in order to make her play with it, till ſhe had loſt it.

Women are of gentle natures, purſued I; and being accuſtomed to be humoured, oppoſition ſits not eaſy upon them. Are they not kind to us, Sir Harry, when they allow of our ſuperiority, by expecting us to bear with their pretty perverſeneſſes?

O Sir Charles Grandiſon! ſaid my Lady; both her hands lifted up.

Let us be contented, proceeded I, with ſuch their kind acknowledgments, and in pity to them, and in compliment to ourſelves, bear with their foibles.—See, madam, I ever was an advocate for the Ladies.

Sir Charles, I have no patience with you—

What can a poor woman do, continued I, when oppoſed? She can only be a little violent in *words*, and when ſhe has ſaid as much as ſhe chooſes to ſay, be perhaps a little ſullen. For my part, were I ſo happy as to call a woman mine, and ſhe *happened* to be in the wrong, I would endeavour to be in the right, and truſt to her good ſenſe to recover her temper: Arguments only beget arguments.—Thoſe reconciliations are the moſt durable, in which the Lady makes the firſt advances.

What doctrine is this, Sir Charles! You are not the man I took you for.—I believe, in my conſcience, that you are not near ſo good a man as the world reports you.

What, madam, becauſe I pretend to know a little of the Sex? Surely, Lady Beauchamp, a man of common penetration may ſee to the bottom of a woman's heart. A cunning woman cannot hide it: A good woman will not. You are not, madam, ſuch Myſteries, as ſome of us think you. Whenever you know your *own* minds, we need not be long doubtful: That is all the difficulty: And I will vindicate you, as to that—

As how, pray, Sir?

Women, madam, were deſigned to be *dependent*, as well as *gentle* creatures; and of conſequence, when left to their own wills, they know not what to reſolve upon.

I was hoping, Sir Charles, juſt now, that you would ſtay to dinner: But if you talk at this rate, I believe I ſhall be ready to wiſh you out of the houſe.

Sir Harry looked as if he were half-willing to be diverted at what paſſed between his Lady and me. It was

was better for *me* to ſay what he could not but ſubſcribe to by his feeling, than for him to ſay it. Tho' reproof ſeldom amends a determinate ſpirit, ſuch a one as this Lady's; yet a man who ſuffers by it, cannot but have ſome joy, when he hears his ſentiments ſpoken by a by-ſtander. This freedom of mine ſeemed to ſave the married pair a good deal of recrimination.

You remind me, madam, that I muſt be gone; riſing, and looking at my watch.

You muſt not leave us, Sir Charles, ſaid Sir Harry.

I beg excuſe, Sir Harry--Yours, alſo, madam, ſmiling—Lady Beauchamp muſt not twice wiſh me out of the houſe.

I will *not* excuſe you, Sir, replied ſhe—If you have a deſire to ſee the matter completed—She ſtopt—You muſt ſtay to dinner, be *that* as it will.

" Be that as it *will*," madam!—You ſhall not recede.

Recede! I have not yet complied—

O theſe women! they are ſo uſed to courtſhip, that they know not how to do right things without it—And, pardon me, madam, not always with it.

Bold man—Have I conſented—

Have you not, madam, given a *Lady*'s conſent? *That* we men expect not to be very explicit, very gracious—It is from ſuch *non*-negative conſents, that we men make ſilence anſwer all we wiſh.

I leave Sir Charles Grandiſon to manage this point, ſaid Sir Harry. In my conſcience, I think the common obſervation juſt: A ſtander-by ſees more of the game, than he that plays.

It ever will be ſo, Sir Harry—But I will tell you, My Lady and I have as good as agreed the matter—

I have agreed to nothing, Sir Harry—

Huſh, madam—I am doing you credit.—Lady Beauchamp ſpeaks *aſide* ſometimes, Sir Harry: You are not to hear any-thing ſhe ſays, that you don't like.

Then I am afraid I muſt ſtop my ears for eight hours out of twelve.

That was *aſide*, Lady Beauchamp—You are not to hear that.

To ſit, like a fool, and hear myſelf abuſed—A pretty figure I make! Sir Charles Grandiſon, let me tell you, that you are the firſt man that ever treated me like a fool.

Excuſe, madam, a little innocent raillery—I met you both, with a diſcompoſure on your countenances. I was the occaſion of it, by the Letter I ſent to Sir Harry. I will not *leave* you diſcompoſed. I think you a woman of ſenſe; and my requeſt is of ſuch a nature, that the granting of it will confirm to me, that you are ſo—But you *have* granted it.—

I have *not*.

That's charmingly ſaid—My Lady will not undervalue the compliment ſhe is inclined to make you, Sir Harry. The moment *you* aſk for her compliance, ſhe will not refuſe to your affection, what ſhe makes a difficulty to grant to the entreaty of an almoſt ſtranger.

Let it, let it be ſo! Lady Beauchamp, ſaid Sir Harry: And he claſped his arms about her as ſhe ſat—

There never was ſuch a man as this Sir Charles Grandiſon in the world!—It is a contrivance between you, Sir Harry—

Dear Lady Beauchamp, reſumed I, depreciate not your compliment to Sir Harry. There wanted not contrivance, I dare to hope (if there *did*, it had it not) to induce Lady Beauchamp to do a right, a kind, an obliging thing.

Let me, my deareſt Lady Beauchamp, ſaid Sir Harry—Let me requeſt—

At *your* requeſt, Sir Harry — But not at Sir Charles's.

This is noble, ſaid I. I thank you, madam, for the abſent youth. Both Huſband and Son will think them-

themſelves favoured by you; and the more, as I am ſure, that you will by the chearful welcome, which you will give the young man, ſhew that it is a ſincere compliment that you have made to Sir Harry.

This man has a ſtrange way of flattering one into acts of—of—what ſhall I call them?—But, Sir Harry, Mr. Beauchamp muſt not, I believe, live with us—

Sir Harry heſitated.

I was afraid of opening the wound. I have a requeſt to make to you both, ſaid I. It is this; That Mr. Beauchamp may be permitted to live with me; and attend you, madam, and his Father, as a viſiter, at your own command. My Siſter, I believe, will be very ſoon married to Lord G.

That is to be certainly ſo, interrupted the Lady.

It is, madam.

But what ſhall we ſay, my dear, reſumed Sir Harry—Don't fly out again—As to the proviſion for my Son?—Two hundred a year—What is two hundred a year—

Why then let it be three, anſwered ſhe.

I have a handſome and improveable eſtate, ſaid I. I have no demands but thoſe of reaſon upon me. I would not offer a plea for his coming to England (and I am ſure he would not have come if I had) without his Father's conſent: In which, madam, he hoped for yours. You ſhall not, Sir, allow him either the two or three hundred a year. See him with love, with indulgence (he will deſerve both); and think not of any-thing elſe for my Beauchamp.

There is no bearing this, my dear, ſaid Sir Harry; leaning upon his Lady's ſhoulder, as he ſat, tears in his eyes—My Son is already, as I have heard, greatly obliged to this his true friend—Do you, Do you, madam, anſwer for me, and for yourſelf.

She was overcome: Yet pride had its ſhare with generoſity. You *are*, ſaid ſhe, the Grandiſon I have heard of: But I will not be under obligations to you—not *pecuniary* ones, however. No, Sir Harry! Re-

cal

cal your Son: I will truſt to your love: Do for him what you pleaſe: Let him be independent on this *inſolent* man [She ſaid this with a ſmile, that made it obliging]; and if we are to be viſiters, friends, neighbours, let it be on an equal foot, and let him have nothing to reproach us with.

I was agreeably ſurpriſed at this emanation (ſhall I call it?) of goodneſs: She is really not a bad woman, but a perverſe one: In ſhort, one of thoſe whoſe paſſions, when rightly touched, are liable to ſudden and ſurpriſing turns.

Generous, charming Lady Beauchamp! ſaid I: Now *are* you the woman, whom I have ſo often heard praiſed for many good qualities: Now will the portrait be a juſt one!

Sir Harry was in raptures; but had like to have ſpoiled all, by making me a compliment on the force of example.

Be this, ſaid I, the reſult—Mr. Beauchamp comes over. He will be pleaſed with whatever you do: At your feet, madam, he ſhall acknowledge your favour: My home ſhall be his, if you permit it: On *me*, he ſhall *confer* obligations; from *you*, he ſhall receive them. If any conſiderations of family prudence (there *are* ſuch, and very juſt ones) reſtrain you from allowing him at preſent, what your generoſity would wiſh to do—

Lady Beauchamp's colour was heightened: She interrupted me—We are not, Sir Charles, ſo ſcanty in our fortune—

Well, my dear Lady Beauchamp, be all that as you pleaſe: Not one retroſpect of the paſt—

Yes, Sir Charles, but there ſhall: His allowance has been leſſened for ſome years; not from conſiderations of *family prudence*—But—Well, 'tis all at an end, proceeded ſhe—When the young man returns, you, Sir Harry, for my ſake, and for the ſake of this ſtrange unaccountable creature, ſhall pay him the whole arrear.

Now

Now, my dear Lady Beauchamp, ſaid I, lifting her hand to my lips, permit me to give you joy. All doubts and miſgivings ſo triumphantly got over, ſo ſolid a foundation laid for family harmony—What was the moment of your nuptials to this? Sir Harry, I congratulate you: You may be, and I believe you have been, as happy as moſt men; but now, you will be ſtill happier.

Indeed, Sir Harry, ſaid ſhe, you provoked me in the morning: I ſhould not elſe—

Sir Harry owned himſelf to blame; and thus the Lady's pride was ſet down ſoftly.

She deſired Sir Harry to write, before the day concluded, the invitation of return to Mr. Beauchamp; and to do her all the credit in it that ſhe might claim from the laſt part of the converſation; but not to mention any-thing of the firſt.

She afterwards abated a little of this right ſpirit, by ſaying, I think, Sir Harry, you need not mention any-thing of the *arrears*, as I may call them—But only the future 600 *l.* a year. One would ſurpriſe him a little, you know, and be twice thanked—

Surpriſes of ſuch a nature as this, my dear Dr. Bartlett; *pecuniary* ſurpriſes;—I don't love them—They are double taxes upon the gratitude of a worthy heart. Is it not enough for a generous mind to labour under a ſenſe of obligation?—Pride, vainglory, muſt be the motive of ſuch narrow-minded benefactors: A truly beneficent ſpirit cannot take delight in beholding the quivering lip indicating the palpitating heart; in ſeeing the downcaſt countenance, the up-lifted hands, and working muſcles of a fellow-creature, who, but for unfortunate accidents, would perhaps himſelf have had the *will*, with the *power*, of ſhewing a more graceful benevolence!

I was ſo much afraid of hearing *further* abatements of Lady Beauchamp's goodneſs; ſo willing to depart with favourable impreſſions of her for her own ſake; and

and at the ſame time ſo deſirous to reach the Hall that night; that I got myſelf excuſed, tho' with difficulty, ſtaying to dine; and accepting of a diſh of chocolate, I parted with Sir Harry and my Lady, both in equal good humour with themſelves and me.

Could you have thought, my dear friend, that I ſhould have ſucceeded ſo very happily, as I have done, in this affair, and at one meeting?

I think that the Father and Stepmother ſhould have the full merit with our Beauchamp of a turn ſo unexpected. Let him not therefore ever ſee this Letter, that he may take his impreſſion of the favour done him, from that which Sir Harry will write to him.

My Couſin Grandiſon, whom I hoped to find here, left the Hall on Tueſday laſt, tho' he knew of my intention to be down. I am ſorry for it. Poor Everard! He has been a great while pretty good. I am afraid he will get among his old acquaintance; and then we ſhall not hear of him for ſome months perhaps. If you ſee him in town, try to engage him, till I return. I ſhould be glad of his company to Paris, if his going with me will keep him out of harm's way, as it is called.

Saturday, April 1.

I HAVE had compliments ſent me by many of my neighbours, who had hoped I was come to reſide among them. They profeſſed themſelves diſappointed on my acquainting them, that I muſt go up early on Monday morning. I have invited myſelf to their Saturday Aſſembly at the Bowling-green-houſe.

Our reverend friend Mr. Dobſon has been ſo good as to leave with me the Sermon he is to preach tomorrow on the opening of the church: It is a very good diſcourſe: I have only exceptions to three or four compliments he makes to the patron in as many different places of it: I doubt not but he will have the goodneſs to omit them.

[I have already looked into all that has been done in the

the church, and all that is doing in the houſe and gardens. When both have had the direction and inſpection of my dear Dr. Bartlett, need I ſay, that nothing could have been better?

* *

HALDEN is juſt arrived from my Lord, with a Letter, which has enabled me to write to Lady Mansfield his Lordſhip's high approbation of all our proceedings; and that he intends ſome early day in next week to pay to her, and Miſs Mansfield, his perſonal compliments.

He has left to me the article of Settlements; declaring, that his regard for *my* future intereſt is all that he wiſhes may be attended to.

I have therefore written as from himſelf, that he propoſes a jointure of 1200 *l.* a year, penny-rents, and 400 guineas a year, for her private purſe; and that his Lordſhip deſires that Miſs Mansfield will make a preſent to her Siſter of whatever ſhe may be intitled to in her own right. Something was mentioned to me at Mansfield-houſe of a thouſand pounds left to her by a Godmother.

Halden being very deſirous to ſee his future Lady, I ſhall, at his requeſt, ſend the Letter I have written to Lady Mansfield by him early in the morning; with a line recommending him to the notice of that Lady as Lord W's principal ſteward.

Adieu, my dear Dr. Bartlett: I have joy in the joy of all theſe good people. If Providence graciouſly makes me inſtrumental to it, I look upon myſelf *but* as its *inſtrument*. I hope oſtentation has no ſhare in what draws on me more thanks and praiſes than I love to hear.

Lord W. has a right to be made happy by his next relation, if his next relation *can* make him ſo. Is he not my Mother's Brother? Would not her enlarged ſoul have rejoiced on the occaſion, and bleſſed her Son for an inſtance of duty to her, paid by his diſintereſted

tereſted regard for her Brother? Who, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is ſo happy, yet, who, in ſome caſes, ſo unhappy, as

Your CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTER V.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Monday, April 3.

THE Counteſs of D. and the Earl, her Son, have but juſt left us. The Counteſs ſent laſt night, to let my Couſin Reeves know of their intended morning viſit, and they came together. As the viſit was made to my Couſin, I did not think myſelf obliged to be in waiting for them below. I was therefore in my cloſet, comforting myſelf with my own *agreeable* reflections. They were there a quarter of an hour before I was ſent to.

Their talk was of me. I am uſed to recite my own praiſes, you know; and what ſignifies making a parade of apologies for continuing the uſe? I don't value myſelf ſo much as I once did on peoples favourable opinions. If I had a heart in my own keeping, I ſhould be glad it was thought a good one; that's all. Yet tho' it has littleneſſes in it that I knew nothing of formerly, I hope it is not a bad one.

My Lord D. by the whole turn of the partial converſation, was led to expect a very extraordinary young woman. The Lady declared, that ſhe would have her talk out, and hear all my two Couſins were inclined to ſay of me, before I was ſent up to, as I was not below when they came.

I was therefore to be ſeen only as a ſubject of curioſity. My Lord had declared, it ſeems, that he would not be denied an introduction to me by his Mother. But there were no thoughts of making any application to a girl whoſe heart was acknowledged

not

not to be her own. My Lord's honour would not allow of ſuch an intention. Nor ought it.

His impatience, however, haſtened the meſſage to me. The Counteſs met me half-way, and embraced me: My lovely girl, how do you?—My Lord, ſaid ſhe, turning to the Earl, I need not ſay This is Miſs Byron.

He bowed low, and made me a polite compliment; but it had ſenſe in it, tho' high, and above my merits. Girls, writing of themſelves on theſe occaſions, muſt be diſclaimers, you know: But, my dear Uncle, what care I *now* for compliments? The man, from whoſe mouth only they could be acceptable, is not at liberty to make me any.

The Counteſs engaged me in an eaſy general converſation; part of which turned upon Lord and Lady L. Miſs Grandiſon, and Miſs Jervois; and how I had paſſed my time at Colnebrook, in this wintry ſeaſon, when there were ſo many diverſions in town. But, ſaid ſhe, you had a man with you, who is the general admiration where-ever he goes.

Is there no making an acquaintance, ſaid my Lord, with Sir Charles Grandiſon? What I hear ſaid of him, every time he is mentioned in company, is enough to fire a young man with emulation. I ſhould be happy, did I deſerve to be thought of as a ſecond or third man to Sir Charles Grandiſon.

I dare ſay, returned I, your Lordſhip's acquaintance would be highly acceptable to him. He is eaſy of acceſs. Men of rank, if men of merit, muſt be of kindred, and recognize one another the moment they meet. But Sir Charles will ſoon leave England.

The fool ſighed: It was, you may believe, involuntarily. I felt myſelf bluſh, and was the more ſilly for that.

The Counteſs took my hand—One word with you, my dear—and led me out into the next room, and ſitting down, made me ſit on the ſame ſettee with her.

O that I could call you daughter! began she at once; and turning half round to me, put one arm about me, with the other hand taking one of mine, and earneſtly looking in my downcaſt face.

I was ſilent. Ah, Lucy! had Lady D. been the Mother of Sir Charles Grandiſon, with what pleaſure could I have liſtened to her!

You ſaid, my dear, that Sir Charles Grandiſon will ſoon leave England: —And then you ſighed—Will you be quite open-hearted?—May I aſk you a queſtion in hope that you will?

I was ſilent: Yet the word Yes was on my lips.

You have cauſed it to be told me, that your affections are engaged. This has been a cruel blow upon us. My Lord, nevertheleſs, has heard ſo much of you [He is really a good young man, my dear] that (againſt my advice, I own) he would have me introduce him into your company. I ſee by his looks, that he could admire you above all women. *He never was in love:* I ſhould be ſorry if he were diſappointed in his Firſt Love. I hope his *promiſed* prudence will be his guard, if there be no proſpect of his ſucceeding with you—She paused—I was ſtill ſilent—

It will be a mark of your frankneſs of heart, my dear, if, when you take my full meaning, you prevent me ſpeaking more than I need.—I would not oppreſs you, my ſweet love—Such a delicacy, and ſuch a frankneſs mingled, have I never ſeen in a young woman—But tell me, my dear, has Sir Charles Grandiſon made his addreſſes to you?

It was a grievous queſtion for me to anſwer—But *why* what is ſo, my Lucy, when all the hopes I ever had, proceeded from my own preſumption, confirmed (that's true, of late!) by his Siſter's partiality in my favour; and when his unhappy Clementina has ſuch a preferable claim?

What ſays Miſs Byron?

She ſays, madam, that ſhe reveres Lady D. and will

will anſwer any queſtions that ſhe puts to her, however affecting—Sir Charles Grandiſon has not.

Once I thought, proceeded ſhe, that I never would make a ſecond motion, were the woman a princeſs, who had confeſſed a prior Love, or even liking: But the man is Sir Charles Grandiſon, whom all women muſt eſteem; and the woman is Miſs Byron, whom all men muſt love. Let me aſk you, my dear—Have you any expectation, that the firſt of men (I will call him ſo) and the loveliеſt and moſt amiable-minded of women, can come together?—You ſighed, you know, when you mentioned that Sir Charles was ſoon to leave England; and you own that he has not made addreſſes to you—Don't be uneaſy, my love!—We women, in theſe tender caſes, ſee into each other's hearts from ſmall openings—Look upon me as your Mother—What ſay you, love?

Your Ladyſhip compliments me with delicacy and frankneſs—It is too hard a queſtion, if I have any of the firſt, to anſwer without bluſhes. A young woman to be ſuppoſed to have an eſteem for a man, who has made no declaration, and whoſe behaviour to her is ſuch only as ſhews a politeneſs to which he is accuſtomed, and only the ſame kind of tenderneſs, as he ſhews to his ſiſters;—and whom ſometimes he *calls* Siſter—as if—Ah, madam, how can one anſwer?

You *have* anſwered, my dear, and with that delicacy and frankneſs too, which make a principal part of your character. If my Son (and he ſhall not be encouraged in his hopes, if he ſees you not, mind as well as perſon, with his Mother's eyes) ſhould not be able to check himſelf by the apprehenſions he has had reaſon for, of being but a ſecond man in the favour of the object of his wiſhes [*We*, my dear, have our delicacies]; could you not allow him a ſecond place in your favour, that might, in time, as he ſhould merit, and as you ſhould ſubdue your prepoſſeſſions, give him a firſt?—Huſh—my dear, for

one

one moment—Your honour, your piety, are my juſt dependence, and will be his.—And now ſpeak: It is to *me*, my dear: Speak your whole heart: Let not any apprehended difficulty—I am a woman as well as you. And prepared to indulge—

Your *goodneſs*, madam, and nothing elſe, interrupted I, gives me difficulty.—My Lord D. ſeems to me to be a man of merit, and not diſagreeable in his perſon and manners. What he ſaid of Sir Charles Grandiſon, and of his emulation being fired by his example, gave him additional merit with me. He muſt have a good mind. I wiſh him acquainted with Sir Charles, for his own ſake, and for the ſake of the world, which might be benefited by his large power, ſo happily directed!—But as to myſelf, I ſhould forfeit the character of frankneſs of heart, which your Ladyſhip's goodneſs aſcribes to me, if I did not declare, that altho' I cannot, and, I think, *ought not* to, entertain a hope with regard to Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſince there is a Lady who deſerved him by ſevere ſufferings before I knew him; yet is my heart ſo wholly attached, that I cannot think it juſt to give the leaſt encouragement to any other propoſal.

You are an excellent young woman: But, my dear, if Sir Charles Grandiſon is engaged—your mind will, it *muſt* change. Few women marry their Firſt Loves. Your heart—

O madam! it is *already* a wedded heart: It is wedded to his merits; his merits will be *always* the object of my eſteem: I can never think of any *other*, as I *ought* to think of the man to whom I give my hand.

Like merits, my dear, as *perſon* is not the principal motive, may produce like attachments. My Lord D. will be, in your hands, another Sir Charles Grandiſon.

How good you are, my dear Lady D.! But allow me to repeat as the ſtrongeſt expreſſion I can uſe, be-

becauſe I mean it to carry all the force that can be given it, That my heart is already a wedded heart.

You have ſpoken with great force: God bleſs you, my dear, as I love you! The matter ſhall take its courſe. If my Lord ſhould happen to be a ſingle man ſome time hence (and, I can tell you, that your excellencies will make our choice difficult); and if your mind, from any accident, or from perſuaſion of friends, ſhould then have received alteration; you may ſtill be happy in each other. I will therefore only thank you for that openneſs of heart, which muſt ſet free the heart of my Son—Had you had the leaſt lurking inclination to coquetry, and could have taken pride in conqueſts, he might have been an undone man.—We will return to the company—But ſpare him, my dear: You muſt not talk much: He will love you, if you do, too fervently for his own peace. Try to be a little aukward—I am afraid for him: Indeed I am. O that you had never ſeen Sir Charles Grandiſon!

I could not anſwer one word. She took my hand; and led me in to the company.

Had I been ſilent, when my Lord directed his diſcourſe to me, or anſwered only No, or Yes, the Counteſs would have thought me very vain; and that I aſcribed to myſelf the conſequence ſhe ſo generouſly gave me, with reſpect to my Lord. I therefore behaved and anſwered unaffectedly; but avoided ſuch a promptneſs of ſpeech, as would have looked like making pretenſions to knowledge and opinion, tho' ſome of my Lord's queſtions were apparently deſigned to engage me into freedom of diſcourſe. The Counteſs obſerved me narrowly. She whiſpered to me, that ſhe *did*; and made me a very high compliment on my behaviour. How much, Lucy, do I love and reverence her!

My Lord was ſpoken too ſlightly of, by Miſs Grandiſon, in a former converſation. He is really a fine gentleman. Any woman who is not engaged in her af-

affections, may think herſelf very happy with him. His converſation was eaſy and polite, and he ſaid nothing that was low or trifling. Indeed, Lucy, I think Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick are as greatly inferior to Lord D. as Lord D. is to Sir Charles Grandiſon.

At parting, he requeſted of me, to be allowed to repeat his viſits.

My Lord, ſaid the Counteſs, before I could anſwer, you muſt not expect a mere ſtiff maiden anſwer from Miſs Byron: She is above all vulgar forms. She and her Couſins have too much politeneſs, and, I will venture to ſay, diſcernment, not to be glad of your acquaintance, *as* an acquaintance—But, for the reſt, you muſt look to your heart.

I ſhall be afraid, ſaid he, turning to the Counteſs, to aſk your Ladyſhip for an explanation. Miſs Byron, I hope, Sir, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Reeves, will not refuſe me her company, when I pay you my compliments. Then turning to me, I hope, madam, I ſhall not be puniſhed for admiring you.

My Lord D. replied I, will be intitled to every civility. I had ſaid more, had he not ſnatched my hand a little too eagerly, and kiſſed it.

And thus much for the viſit of the Counteſs of D. and the Earl.

* *

Did I tell you in my former Letter, that Emily is with me half her time? She is a moſt engaging young creature. Her manners are ſo pure! Her heart is ſo ſincere and open!—O Lucy! you would dearly love her. I wiſh I may be aſked to carry her down with me. Yet ſhe adores her Guardian: But her reverence for him will not allow of the innocent familiarity in thinking of him, that—I don't know what I would ſay. But to love with an ardor, that would be dangerous to one's peace, one muſt have more tenderneſs than reverence for the object: Don't you think ſo, Lucy?

Miſs

Miſs Grandiſon made me one of her flying viſits, as ſhe calls them, ſoon after the Counteſs and my Lord went away.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves told her all that had been ſaid before them by the Earl and Counteſs, as well before I went down to them, as after. They could not tell what had paſſed between that Lady and me, when ſhe took me aſide. I had not had time to tell *them*. They referred to me for that: But beſides that I was not in ſpirits, and cared not to ſay much, I was not willing to be thought, by my refuſal of ſo great an offer, to ſeem to faſten myſelf upon her Brother.

She pitied (Who but muſt?) Lady Clementina. She pitied her Brother alſo: And ſeeing me dejected, ſhe claſped her arms about me, and wetted my cheek with a ſiſterly tear.

Is it not ſtrange, Lucy, that Sir Charles's Father ſhould keep him ſo long abroad? Theſe free-living men! Of what abſurdities are they not guilty! What misfortunes to others do they occaſion? One might, with the excellent Clementina, aſk, What had Mr. Grandiſon to do in Italy? Or why, if he muſt go abroad, did he ſtay ſo long?

Travelling! Young men travelling! I cannot, my dear, but think it a very nonſenſical thing! What can they ſee, but the ruins of the gay, once buſy world, of which they have read?

To ſee a parcel of giddy boys under the direction of tutors or governors hunting after—What?—Nothing; or at beſt but ruins of ruins; for the imagination, aided by reflection, muſt be left, after all, to make out the greater glories, which the grave-digger Time has buried too deep for diſcovery.

And when this *grand tour* is completed, the travelled youth returns: And, what is his boaſt? Why, to be able to tell, perhaps his *letter*-taught friend, who has never been out of his native country, that

he has ſeen in ruins, what the other has a juſter idea of, from reading; and of which, it is more than probable, he can give a much better account than the traveller.

And are theſe, petulant Harriet (methinks, Lucy, you demand) all the benefits, that you will ſuppoſe Sir CHARLES GRANDISON has reaped from his travelling?

Why, no. But then, in turn, I aſk, Is every traveller a Sir Charles Grandiſon?—And does not even *he* confeſs to Dr. Bartlett, that he wiſhed he had never ſeen Italy? And may not the poor Clementina, and all her family, for *her* ſake, wiſh he never had?

If an opportunity offers, I don't know but I may aſk Sir Charles, Whether, in his conſcience, he thinks that, taking in every conſideration relating to time, expence, riſques of life, health, morals, this part of the faſhionable education of youth of condition is ſuch an indiſpenſable one, as ſome ſeem to ſuppoſe it? If Sir Charles Grandiſon give it not in favour of travelling, I believe it will be concluded, that ſix parts out of eight of the little maſters who are ſent abroad for improvement, might as well be kept at home; if, eſpecially, they would be *orderly*, and let their Fathers and Mothers know what to do with them.

O my Uncle! I am afraid of you: But ſpare the poor girl: She acknowledges her petulance, her preſumption. The occaſion you know, and will pity her for it! Neither petulance nor preſumption, however, ſhall make her declare as her ſentiments what really are not ſo in her unprejudiced hours; and ſhe hopes to have her heart always open to conviction.

For the preſent, Adieu, my Lucy.

P. S. Dr. Bartlett tells me, that Mr. Beauchamp is at Calais, waiting the pleaſure of his Father; and that Sir Harry has ſent expreſs for him, as at his Lady's motion.

LET-

LETTER IV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday, April 4.

SIR Charles Grandiſon came to town laſt night. He was ſo polite, as to ſend to enquire after my health; and to let Mr. Reeves know, that he would do himſelf the honour, as he called it, of breakfaſting with *him* this morning. Very ceremonious, either for his own ſake or for mine—Perhaps for both.

So I am in expectation of ſeeing within this half hour the noble Clementina's future—Ah Lucy!

The compliment, you ſee, is to Mr. Reeves—Shall I ſtay above, and ſee if he will aſk for *me?* He owes me ſomething for the emotion he gave me in Lord L's library. Very little of him ſince have I ſeen.

"Honour forbids me, ſaid he, then: Yet honour bids me—But I cannot be ungenerous, ſelfiſh"—Theſe words are ſtill in my ear.—What could he mean by them?—*Honour forbids me*—What! to explain himſelf? He had been telling me a tender tale: He had *ended* it. *What* did honour forbid him to do?—*Yet honour bids me!* Why then did he not follow the dictates of honour?

But *I cannot be unjuſt:*—To Clementina he means. Who *wiſhed* him to be ſo?—*Unjuſt!* I hope not. It is a diminution to your glory, Sir Charles Grandiſon, to have the word *unjuſt*, in this way of ſpeaking, in your thoughts! As if a good man had lain under a temptation to be *unjuſt*; and had but then recollected himſelf.

"*I cannot be ungenerous.*" To the noble Lady, I ſuppoſe? He *muſt* take compaſſion on her. And did he think himſelf under an obligation to my forwardneſs to make this declaration to me, as to one who *wiſhed* him to be *ungenerous* to ſuch a Lady for my

ſake!—I cannot bear the thought of this. Is it not as if he had ſaid, "Fond Harriet, I ſee what you "expect from me—But I muſt have compaſſion *for*, "I cannot be ungenerous *to*, Clementina?"—But, what a poor word is *compaſſion!* Noble Clementina, I grieve for you, tho' the man be indeed a generous man!—O defend me, my better genius, from wanting the compaſſion even of a Sir Charles Grandiſon!

But what means he by the word *ſelfiſh!*—He *cannot be ſelfiſh!*—I comprehend not the meaning of this word—Clementina has a very high fortune—Harriet but a very middling one. He cannot be *unjuſt*, *ungenerous* to Clementina—Nor yet *ſelfiſh*—This word confounds me, from a man that ſays nothing at random!

Well, but breakfaſt-time is come, while I am buſy in ſelf-debatings. I will go down, that I may not ſeem to affect parade. I will endeavour to ſee with indifference, him that we have all been admiring and ſtudying for this laſt fortnight, in ſuch a variety of lights—The Chriſtian: The Hero: The Friend:—Ah, Lucy! The lover of Clementina! The generous Kinſman of Lord W.: The modeſt and delicate Benefactor of the Mansfields: The free, gay, Raillier of Lady Beauchamp; and in her of all our Sex's Foibles!

But he is come! While I am prating to you with my pen, he is come—Why, Lucy, would you detain me?—Now muſt the fool go down in a kind of hurry: Yet ſtay till ſhe is ſent for.—And that is *now*.

LETTER VII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

O LUCY, I have ſuch a converſation to relate to you!—But let me lead to it.

Sir Charles met me at the opening of the door. He was all himſelf—Such an unaffected modeſty and politeneſs; yet ſuch an eaſe and freedom!

I thought by his addreſs, that he would have taken my hand; and both hands were *ſo emulatively* paſſive —How does he manage it to be ſo free in a firſt addreſs, yet ſo reſpectful that a princeſs could not blame him?

After breakfaſt, my Couſins being ſent for out to attend Sir John Alleſtree and his Niece, Sir Charles and I were left alone: And then, with an air equally ſolemn and free, he addreſſed himſelf to me.

The laſt time I had the honour of being alone with my good Miſs Byron, I told her a very tender tale. I was ſure it would raiſe in ſuch a heart as hers generous compaſſion for the nobleſt Lady on the Continent: And I preſumed, as my difficulties were not owing either to raſhneſs or indiſcretion, that ſhe would alſo pity the relater.

The ſtory did indeed affect you; yet, for my own ſake, as well as yours, I referred you to Dr. Bartlett, for the particulars of ſome parts of it, upon which I could not expatiate.

The Doctor, madam, has let me know the particulars which he communicated to you. I remember with pain the pain I gave to your generous heart in Lord L's ſtudy. I am ſure you muſt have ſuffered ſtill more from the ſame compaſſionate goodneſs on the communications he made you. May I, madam, however, add a few particulars to the ſame ſubject, which he then could not give you? Now you have been let into ſo conſiderable a part of my ſtory, I am deſirous to acquaint you, and that rather than any woman in the world, with all that I know myſelf of this arduous affair.

He ceaſed ſpeaking. I was in tremors. Sir, Sir— The ſtory, I muſt own, is a moſt affecting one. How much is the unhappy Lady to be pitied! You will do me honour in acquainting me with further particulars of it.

Dr. Bartlett has told you, madam, that the Biſhop of Nocera, ſecond Brother to Lady Clementina, has

very lately written to me, requeſting that I will make one more viſit to Bologna—I have the Letter. You read Italian, madam. Shall I—Or will you—He held it to me.

I took it. Theſe, Lucy, are the contents.

'The Biſhop aquaints him with the very melancholy way they are in. The Father and Mother declining in their healths. Signor Jeronymo worſe than when Sir Charles left them. His Siſter alſo declining in her health: Yet earneſt ſtill to ſee him.

'He ſays, That ſhe is at preſent at Urbino; but is ſoon to go to Naples to the General's. He urges him to make them one viſit more; yet owns, that his family are not unanimous in the requeſt: But that he and Father Mareſcotti, and the Marchioneſs, are extremely earneſt that this indulgence ſhould be granted to the wiſhes of his Siſter.

'He offers to meet him, at his own appointment, and conduct him to Bologna; where, he tells him, his preſence will rejoice every heart, and procure an unanimous conſent to the interview ſo much deſired: And ſays, that if this meaſure, which he is ſorry he has ſo long withſtood, anſwers not his hopes, he will adviſe the ſhutting up of their Clementina in a Nunnery, or to conſign her to private hands, where ſhe ſhall be treated kindly, but as perſons in her unhappy circumſtances are accuſtomed to be treated.'

Sir Charles then ſhewed me a Letter from Signor Jeronymo; in which he acquaints him with the dangerous way he is in. He tells him, 'That his life is a burden to him. He wiſhes it was brought to its period. He does not think himſelf in ſkilful hands. He complains moſt of the wound which is in his hip-joint; and which has hitherto baffled the art both of the Italian and French ſurgeons who have been conſulted. He wiſhes, that himſelf and Sir Charles had been of one country, he ſays,

'ſince the greateſt felicity he now has to wiſh for,
'is to yield up his life to the Giver of it, in the arms
'of his Grandiſon.'

He mentions not one word in this melancholy Letter of his unhappy Siſter: Which Sir Charles accounted for, by ſuppoſing, that ſhe not being at Bologna, they kept from him, in his deplorable way, every thing relating to her, that was likely to diſturb him.

He then read part of a Letter written in Engliſh, by the admired Mrs. Beaumont; ſome of the contents of which were, as you ſhall hear, extremely affecting:

'Mrs. Beaumont gives him in it an account of the
'ſituation of the unhappy young Lady; and excuſes
'herſelf for not having done it before, in anſwer to
'his requeſt, becauſe of an indiſpoſition under which
'ſhe had for ſome time laboured, which had hin-
'dered her from making the neceſſary enquiries.

'She mentions, that the Lady had received no be-
'nefit from her journeyings from place to place; and
'from her Voyage from Leghorn to Naples, and
'back again; and blames her attendants, who, to
'quiet her, unknown to their principals, for ſome
'time, kept her in expectation of ſeeing her Cheva-
'lier, at the end of each; for her more prudent Ca-
'milla, ſhe ſays, had been hindered by illneſs from at-
'tending her, in ſeveral of the excurſions.

'They had a ſecond time, at her own requeſt,
'put her into a Nunnery. She at firſt was ſo ſedate
'in it as gave them hopes: But the novelty going
'off, and one of the Siſters, to try her, having offi-
'ciouſly aſked her to go with her into the parlour,
'where, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would be allowed to converſe
'thro' the grate with a *certain* Engliſh gentleman,
'her impatience, on her diſappointment, made her
'more ungovernable than they had ever known her;
'for ſhe had been, for two hours before, meditating
'what ſhe ſhould ſay to him.

'For a week together, ſhe was vehemently intent 'upon being allowed to viſit England; and had en- 'gaged her Couſins Sebaſtiano and Juliano to pro- 'miſe to eſcort her thither, if ſhe could obtain leave.

'Her Mother brought her off this when nobody 'elſe could, only by entreating her, for *her* ſake, 'never to think of it more.

'The Marchioneſs then, encouraged by this in- 'ſtance of her obedience, took her under her own 'care: But the young Lady going on from flight to 'flight; and the way ſhe was in viſibly affecting the 'health of her indulgent Mother; a Doctor was 'found who was abſolutely of opinion, that nothing 'but harſh methods would avail: And in this ad- 'vice Lady Sforza, and her Daughter Laurana, and 'the General concurring, ſhe was told, that ſhe 'muſt prepare to go to Milan. She was ſo earneſt 'to be excuſed from going thither, and to be per- 'mitted to go to Florence to Mrs. Beaumont, that 'they gave way to her entreaties; and the Mar- 'quis himſelf, accompanying her to Florence, pre- 'vailed on Mrs. Beaumont to take her under her 'care.

'With her ſhe ſtaid three weeks: She was tole- 'rably ſedate in that ſpace of time; but moſt ſo, 'when ſhe was talking of England, and of the Che- 'valier Grandiſon, and his Siſters, with whom ſhe 'wiſhed to be acquainted. She delighted to ſpeak 'Engliſh, and to talk of the tenderneſs and goodneſs 'of her tutor; and of what he ſaid to her, upon 'ſuch and ſuch a ſubject.

'At the three weeks end, the General made her 'viſit, in company of Lady Sforza; and her talk 'being all on this ſubject, they were both highly 'diſpleaſed; and hinted, that ſhe was too much in- 'dulged in it; and, unhappily, ſhe repeated ſome 'tender paſſages that paſſed in the interview her 'Mother had permitted her to hold with the Cheva-

'lier

'lier, the General would have it, that Mr. Gran-
'diſon had deſignedly, from the firſt, ſought to give
'himſelf conſequence with her; and expreſſed him-
'ſelf, on the occaſion, with great violence againſt
'him.

'He carried his diſpleaſure to extremity, and ob-
'liged her to go away with his Aunt and him that
'very day, to her great regret; and as much to the
'regret of Mrs. Beaumont, and of the Ladies her
'friends; who tenderly loved the *innocent viſionary*,
'as ſometimes they called her. And Mrs. Beaumont
'is ſure, that the gentle treatment ſhe met with
'from them, would in time, tho' perhaps ſlowly,
'have greatly helped her.'

Mrs. Beaumont then gives an account of the harſh treatment the poor young Lady met with.

Sir Charles Grandiſon would have ſtopt reading here. He ſaid, he could not read it to me, without ſuch a change of voice, as would add to my pain, as well as to his own.

Tears often ſtole down my cheeks, when I read the Letters of the Biſhop and Signor Jeronymo, and as Sir Charles read a part of Mrs. Beaumont's Letter: And I doubted not but what was to follow would make them flow. Yet, I ſaid, Be pleaſed, Sir, to let *me* read on. I am not a ſtranger to diſtreſs. I can pity others, or I ſhould not deſerve pity myſelf.

He pointed to the place; and withdrew to the window.

Mrs. Beaumont ſays, 'That the poor Mother was
'prevailed upon to reſign her child wholly to the
'management of Lady Sforza, and her Daughter
'Laurana, who took her with them to their Palace
'in Milan.

'The tender parent, however, beſought them to
'ſpare all unneceſſary ſeverity; which they pro-
'miſed: But Laurana objected to Camilla's attend-
'ance. She was thought too indulgent; and her
'ſervant Laura, as a more manageable perſon, was

'taken in her place.' And O how cruelly, as you ſhall hear, did they treat her!

Father Mareſcotti, being obliged to viſit a dying relation at Milan, was deſired by the Marchioneſs to inform himſelf of the way her beloved daughter was in, and of the methods taken with her, Lady Laurana having in her Letters boaſted of both. The good Father acquainted Mrs. Beaumont with the following particulars:

'He was ſurpriſed to find a difficulty made of his 'ſeeing the Lady: But inſiſting on it, he found her 'to be wholly ſpiritleſs, and in terror; afraid to 'ſpeak, afraid to look, before her Couſin Laurana; 'yet ſeemed to want to complain to him. He took 'notice of this to Laurana—O Father, ſaid ſhe, we 'are in the right way, I aſſure you: When we had 'her firſt, her Chevalier, and an interview with him, 'were ever in her mouth; but now ſhe is in ſuch 'order, that ſhe never ſpeaks a word of him. But 'what, aſked the compaſſionate Father, muſt ſhe 'have ſuffered, to be brought to this?—Don't you, 'Father, trouble yourſelf about that, replied the 'cruel Laurana: The Doctors have given their opi-'nion, that ſome ſeverity was neceſſary. It is all for 'her good.

'The poor Lady expreſſed herſelf to him, with 'earneſtneſs, after the veil; a ſubject on which, it 'ſeems, they indulged her; urging, that the only 'way to ſecure her health of mind, if it could be re-'ſtored, was to yield to her wiſhes. Lady Sforza 'ſaid, that it was not a point that ſhe herſelf would 'preſs; but it was her opinion, that her Family ſin-'ned in oppoſing a divine dedication; and, perhaps, 'their Daughter's malady might be a judgment up-'on them, for it.'

The Father, in his Letter to Mrs. Beaumont, 'aſcribes to Lady Sforza ſelf-intereſted motives for 'her conduct: to Laurana, envy on account of Lady

'Cle-

'Clementina's ſuperior qualities: But nobody, he 'ſays, till now, doubted Laurana's love of her.'

Father Mareſcotti then gives a ſhocking inſtance of the barbarous Laurana's treatment of the noble ſufferer—*All for her good*—Wretch! how my heart riſes againſt her! Her ſervant Laura, under pretence of *confeſſing* to her Bologna Father, in tears, acquainted him with it. It was perpetrated but the day before.

'When any ſeverity was to be exerciſed upon 'the unhappy Lady, Laura was always ſhut out of 'her apartment. Her Lady had ſaid ſomething that 'ſhe was to be chidden for. Lady Sforza, who was 'not altogether ſo ſevere as her Daughter, was not 'at home. Laura liſtened in tears: She heard Lau-'rana in great wrath with Lady Clementina, and 'threatened her—and her young Lady break out to 'this effect—What have I done to you, Laurana, 'to be ſo uſed?—You are not the Couſin Laurana 'you uſed to be? You know I am not able to help 'myſelf: Why do you call me crazy, and frantic, 'Laurana? [Vile upbraider, Lucy!] If the Al-'mighty has laid his hand upon me, ſhould I not be 'pitied?—

'It is all for your good! It is all for your good, 'Clementina! You could not always have ſpoken 'ſo ſenſibly, Couſin.

'Cruel Laurana! You loved me once! I have 'no Mother as you have. My Mother was a good 'Mother: But ſhe is gone! Or I am gone, I know 'not which.

'She threatened her then with the Strait Waiſt-'coat, a puniſhment at which the unhappy Lady 'was always greatly terrified. Laura heard her beg 'and pray; but Laurana coming out, ſhe was forced 'to retire.

'The poor young Lady apprehending her cruel 'Couſin's return with the threatened waiſtcoat, and 'with the woman that uſed to be brought in when 'they were diſpoſed to terrify her, went down and

'hid herſelf under a ſtair-caſe, where ſhe was ſoon 'diſcovered by her cloaths, which ſhe had not been 'careful to draw in after her.'

O Lucy! how I wept! How inſupportable to me, ſaid Sir Charles, would have been my reflections, had my conſcience told me, that I had been the wilful cauſe of the noble Clementina's calamity!

After I had a little recovered, I read to myſelf the next paragraph, which related, 'that the cruel Lau-'rana dragged the ſweet ſufferer by her gown, from 'her hiding-place, inveighing againſt her, threaten-'ing her: She, all patient, reſigned, her hands croſſed 'on her boſom, praying for mercy, not by ſpeech, 'but by her eyes, which, however, wept not: And 'cauſing her to be carried up to her chamber, there 'puniſhed her with the Strait Waiſtcoat, as ſhe had 'threatened.

'Father Mareſcotti was greatly affected with Lau-'ra's relation, as well as with what he had himſelf 'obſerved: But on his return to Bologna, dreading 'to acquaint her Mother, for her own ſake, with 'the treatment her Clementina met with, he only 'ſaid, he did not quite approve of it; and adviſed 'her not to oppoſe the young Lady's being brought 'home, if the Biſhop and the General came into it: 'But he laid the whole matter before the Biſhop, who 'wrote to the General to join with him out of hand, 'to releaſe their Siſter from her preſent bondage: 'And the General meeting the Biſhop on a ſet day 'at Milan, for that purpoſe, the Lady was accord-'ingly releaſed.

'A breach enſued upon it, with Lady Sforza and 'her Daughter; who would have it, Clementina 'was much better for their management. They had 'by terror broken her ſpirit, and her paſſiveneſs was 'reckoned upon as an indication of amendment.

'The Marchioneſs being much indiſpoſed, the 'young Lady, attended by her Camilla, was carried

'to

'to Naples; where it is ſuppoſed ſhe now is. Poor 'young Lady, how has ſhe been hurried about!— 'But who can think of her Couſin Laurana without 'extreme indignation?

'Mrs. Beaumont writes, that the Biſhop would 'fain have prevailed upon his Brother the General 'to join with him in an invitation to Sir Charles 'Grandiſon to come over, as a laſt expedient, be-'fore they locked her up either in a Nunnery, or in 'ſome private houſe: But the General would by no 'means come into it.

'He aſked, What was propoſed to be the end of 'Sir Charles's Viſit, were all that was wiſhed from it 'to follow, in his Siſter's reſtored mind?—He never, 'he ſaid, would give his conſent that ſhe ſhould be 'the wife of an Engliſh proteſtant.

'The Biſhop declared, that he was far from wiſh-'ing her to be ſo: But he was for leaving that to 'after-conſideration. Could they but reſtore his Siſter 'to her reaſon, that reaſon, co-operating with her 'principles, might anſwer all their hopes.

'He might *try* his expedient, the General ſaid, 'with all his heart: But he looked upon the Cheva-'lier Grandiſon to be a man of art; and he was 'ſure he muſt have entangled his Siſter by methods 'imperceptible to her, and to them; but yet more 'efficacious to his ends, than an open declaration. 'Had he not, he aſked, found means to faſcinate 'Olivia, and as many women as he came into com-'pany with?—For his part, he loved not the Che-'valier. He had *forced* him by his intrepidity to be 'civil to him; But forced civility was but a tem-'porary one. It was his way to judge of cauſes by 'the effects: And this he knew, that he had loſt a 'Siſter who would have been a jewel in the crown 'of a prince: And would not be anſwerable for con-'ſequences, if he and Sir Charles Grandiſon were 'once more to meet, be it where it would.

'Father Mareſcotti, however, joining, as the

'Biſhop

'Biſhop writes, with him, and the Marchioneſs, in 'a deſire to try this expedient; and being ſure that 'the Marquis and Signor Jeronymo would not be 'averſe to it, he took a reſolution to write over to 'him, as has been related.'

This, Lucy, is the ſtate of the unhappy caſe, as briefly and as clearly as my memory will ſerve to give it. And what a *rememberer*, if I may make a word, is the heart!—Not a circumſtance eſcapes it.

And now it remained for me to know of Sir Charles, what anſwer he had returned.

Was not my ſituation critical, my dear? Had Sir Charles aſked my opinion, *before* he had taken his reſolutions, I ſhould have given it with my whole heart, that he ſhould fly to the comfort of the poor Lady. But then he would have ſhewn a ſuſpenſe unworthy of Clementina; and a compliment to me, which a good man, ſo circumſtanced, ought not to make.

My regard for him (yet what a poor affected word is *regard!*) was nevertheleſs as ſtrong as ever. Generoſity, or rather Juſtice, to Clementina, and that ſo often, to you, avowed regard to him, pulled my heart two ways. I thought I wanted to conſider with myſelf for a few moments, being deſirous to clear to my own heart the conduct that I was to ſhew on this trying occaſion, as well of precipitation as of affectation; and my Couſin Reeves juſt then coming in for ſomething ſhe wanted, I took the opportunity to walk to the other end of the room; and while a ſhort complimental diſcourſe paſſed between them, "Harriet Byron, ſaid I to myſelf, be not mean. Haſt "thou not the example of a Clementina before thee? "Her Religion and her Love, combating together, "have overturned the noble creature's reaſon. Thou "canſt not be called to ſuch a trial: But canſt thou "not ſhew, that if thou *wert*, thou couldſt have acted "greatly, if not *ſo* greatly?—Sir Charles Grandiſon "is juſt: He *ought* to prefer to thee the excellent "Clementina. Priority of claim, compaſſion for

"the

" the noble ſufferer, merits *ſo* ſuperior!—I love him " for *his* merits: Shall I not love merits, nearly as " great, in one of my *own Sex?* The ſtruggle will " coſt thee ſomething: But try to be above thyſelf. " Baniſhed to thy retirement, to thy pillow, thought " I, be all the *girl.* Often have I contended for the " dignity of my Sex; let me now be an example to " *myſelf*, and not unworthy in my own eyes (when " I come to reflect) of an union, could it have been " effected, with a man whom a Clementina looked " up to with hope."

My Couſin being withdrawn, and Sir Charles approaching me, I attempted to aſſume a dignity of aſpect, without pride; and I ſpoke, while ſpirit was high in me, and to keep myſelf up to it—My heart bleeds, Sir, for the diſtreſſes of your Clementina [Yes, Lucy, ſaid I, *your* Clementina]: Beyond expreſſion, I admire the greatneſs of her behaviour; and moſt ſincerely lament her diſtreſſes. What, that is in the power of man, cannot Sir Charles Grandiſon ſo? You have honoured me, Sir, with the title of *Siſter*: In the tenderneſs of that relation, permit me to ſay, that I dread the effects of the General's petulance: I feel next for you the pain that it muſt give to your humane heart to be once more perſonally preſent to the woes of the inimitable Clementina: But I am ſure you did not heſitate a moment about leaving all your friends here in England, and reſolving to haſten over to *try*, at leaſt, what can be done for the noble ſufferer.

Had he praiſed me highly for this my addreſs to him, it would have looked, ſuch was the ſituation on both ſides, as if he had thought this diſintereſted behaviour in me, an extraordinary piece of magnanimity and ſelf-denial; and, of conſequence, as if he had ſuppoſed I had views upon him, which he wondered I could give up. He is the moſt delicate of human minds.

He

He led me to my ſeat, and taking his by me, ſtill holding my paſſive hand—Ever ſince I have had the honour of Miſs Byron's acquaintance, I have conſidered her as one of the moſt excellent of women. My heart demands alliance with hers; and hopes to be allowed its claim, tho' ſuch are the delicacies of ſituation, that I ſcarcely dare truſt to myſelf to ſpeak upon the ſubject. From the firſt, I called Miſs Byron my Siſter; but ſhe is *more* to me than the deareſt Siſter; and there is a more tender friendſhip that I aſpire to hold with her, whatever may be the accidents on either ſide, to bar a further wiſh: And *this* I muſt hope, that ſhe will not deny me, ſo long as it ſhall be conſiſtent with her other attachments.

He pauſed. I made an effort to ſpeak: But ſpeech was denied me. My face, as I felt, glowed like the fire before me.

My heart, reſumed he, is ever on my lips. It is tortured when I cannot ſpeak all that is in it. Profeſſions I am not accuſtomed to make. As I am not conſcious of being unworthy of your friendſhip, I will *ſuppoſe* it; and further talk to you of my affairs and engagements, as that tender friendſhip may warrant.

Sir, you do me honour, was all I could ſay.

I had a Letter from the faithful Camilla. I hold not a correſpondence with her: But the treatment that her young Lady met with, of which ſhe had got ſome general intimations, and ſome words that the Biſhop ſaid to her, which expreſſed his wiſhes that I would make them one more viſit at Bologna, urged her to write, begging of me, for Heaven's ſake, to go over. But unleſs one of the family had written to me, and by conſent of others of it, what hope had I of a welcome, after I had been as often refuſed, as I had requeſted while I was in Italy, to be admitted to the preſence of the Lady, who was ſo deſirous of one interview more?—Eſpecially, as Mrs. Beaumont

gave

gave me no encouragement to go, but the contrary, from what ſhe obſerved of the inclinations of the family.

Mrs. Beaumont is ſtill of opinion, as in the concluſion of the Letter before you, that I ſhould not go, unleſs the General and the Marquis join their requeſts to thoſe of the Marchioneſs, the Biſhop, and Father Mareſcotti. But I had no ſooner peruſed the Biſhop's Letter, than I wrote, that I would moſt chearfully comply with his wiſhes: But that I ſhould be glad that I might not be under any obligation to go further than Bologna: where I might have the happineſs to attend my Jeronymo, as well as his Siſter.

I had a little twitch at my heart, Lucy. I was ſorry for it: But my judgment was intirely with him.

And now, madam, you will wonder, that you ſee not any preparations for my departure. All *is* prepared: I only wait for the company of one gentleman, who is ſettling his affairs with all expedition to go with me. He is an able, a ſkilful ſurgeon, who has had great practice abroad, and in the armies: And having acquired an eaſy fortune, is come to ſettle in his native country. My Jeronymo expreſſes himſelf diſſatiſfied with his ſurgeons. If Mr. LOWTHER can be of ſervice to him, how happy ſhall I think myſelf! And if my preſence can be a means to reſtore the noble Clementina — But how dare I hope it?—And yet I am perſuaded, that in her caſe, and with ſuch a temper of mind (unuſed to hardſhip and oppoſition as ſhe had been) the only way to recover her, would have been by complying with her in every thing that her heart or head was earneſtly ſet upon: For what controul was neceſſary to a young Lady, who never, even in the height of her malady, uttered a wiſh or thought that was contrary to her duty either to God, or her parents; nor yet to the honour of her name; and, allow me, madam, to ſay, to the *pride* of her Sex?

I am under an obligation to go to Paris, proceeded he, from the will of my late friend Mr. Danby. I ſhall ſtop there for a day or two only, in order to put things in a way for my laſt hand, on my return from Italy.

When I am in Italy, I ſhall perhaps be enabled to adjuſt two or three accounts that ſtand out, in relation to the affairs of my Ward.

This day at dinner I ſhall ſee Mrs. Oldham, and her Sons; and in the afternoon, at tea, Mrs. O Hara and her Huſband, and Captain Salmonet.

To-morrow, I hope for the honour of your company, madam, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves's at dinner; and be ſo good as to engage them for the reſt of the day. You muſt not deny me; becauſe I ſhall want your influence upon Charlotte, to make her fix Lord G's happy day, that I may be able to ſee their hands united before I ſet out: As my return will be uncertain—

Ah, Lucy! *more* twitches juſt then!—

Thurſday next is the day fixed for the triple marriage of the Danby's. I have promiſed to give Miſs Danby to Mr. Galliard, and to dine with them and their friends at Enfield.

If I can ſee my Lord W. and Charlotte happy before I go, I ſhall be highly gratified.

It is another of my wiſhes, to ſee my friend Beauchamp in England firſt, and to leave him in poſſeſſion of his Father's love, and of his Mother-in-law's civility. Dr. Bartlett and he will be happy in each other. I ſhall correſpond with the Doctor. He greatly admires you, madam, and will communicate to you all you ſhall think worthy of your notice, relating to the proceedings of a man who will always think himſelf honoured by your enquiries after him.

Ah, Lucy! Sir Charles Grandiſon then ſighed. He ſeemed to look more than he ſpoke. I will not promiſe for my heart, if he treats me with more than

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the tenderneſs of friendſhip: If he gives me room to think that he wiſhes—But what can he wiſh? He *ought* to be, he *muſt* be, Clementina's: And I will endeavour to make myſelf happy, if I can maintain the ſecond place in his friendſhip: And when he offers me this, ſhall I, Lucy, be ſo *little* as to be diſpleaſed with the man, who cannot be to me all that I had once hoped he could be? —No!—He ſhall be the ſame glorious creature in my eyes; I will admire his goodneſs of heart, and greatneſs of mind; and I will think him intitled to my utmoſt gratitude for the protection he gave me from a man of violence, and for the kindneſs he has already ſhewn me. Is not friendſhip the baſis of my Love? And does he not tender me *that?*

Nevertheleſs at the time, do what I could, I found a tear ready to ſtart. My heart was very untoward, Lucy; and I was guilty of a little female turn. When I found the twinkling of my eyes would not diſperſe the too ready drop, and felt it ſtealing down my cheek, I wiped it off—The poor Emily, ſaid I—*She* will be grieved at parting with you. Emily loves her Guardian.

And I love my Ward. I once had a thought, madam, of begging *your* protection of Emily: But as I have two Siſters, I think ſhe will be happy under their wings, and in the protection of my good Lord L. and the rather as I have no doubt of overcoming her unhappy Mother, by making her huſband's intereſt a guaranty for her tolerable, if not good, behaviour to her child.

I was glad to carry my thoughts out of myſelf, as I may ſay, and from my own concerns. We all, Sir, ſaid I, look upon Mr. Beauchamp as a future—

Huſband for Emily, madam? interrupted he—It muſt not be at *my* motion. My friend ſhall be intitled to ſhare with me my whole eſtate; but I will never ſeek to lead the choice of my WARD. Let Emily, ſome time hence, find out the huſband ſhe can be happy

happy with; Beauchamp the wife he can love; Emily, if I can help it, ſhall not be the wife of any man's convenience. Beauchamp is nice, and I will be as nice for my WARD. And the more ſo, as I hope ſhe herſelf wants not delicacy. There is a cruelty in perſuaſion, where the heart rejects the perſon propoſed, whether the urger be parent or guardian.

Lord bleſs me, thought I, what a man is this!

Do you expect Mr. Beauchamp ſoon, Sir?

Every day, madam.

And is it poſſible, Sir, that you can bring all theſe things to bear before you leave England, and go ſo ſoon?

I fear nothing but Charlotte's whimſies. Have you, madam, any reaſon to apprehend that ſhe is averſe to an alliance with Lord G.? His Father and Aunt are very importunate for an early celebration.

None at all, Sir.

Then I ſhall depend much upon yours, and Lord and Lady L's influence over her.

He beſought my excuſe for detaining my attention ſo long. Upon his motion to go, my two Couſins came in. He took even a ſolemn leave of me, and a very reſpectful one of them.

I had kept up my ſpirits to their utmoſt ſtretch: I deſired my Couſins to excuſe me for a few minutes: His departure from me was *too* ſolemn; and I hurried up to my cloſet; and after a few involuntary ſobs, a flood of tears relieved me. I beſought, on my knees, peace to the diſturbed mind of the excellent Clementina, calmneſs and reſignation to my own, and ſafety to Sir Charles. And then, drying my eyes at the glaſs, I went down ſtairs to my Couſins; and on their enquiries (with looks of deep concern) after the occaſion of my red eyes, I ſaid, All is over! All is over! my dear Couſins. I cannot blame him: He is all that is noble and good—I can ſay no more juſt now. The particulars you ſhall have from my pen.

I went up ſtairs to write: And except for one half hour at dinner, and another at tea, I ſtopt not till I had done.

And here, quite tired, uneaſy, vexed with myſelf, yet hardly knowing why, I laid down my pen.—Take what I have written, my dear Couſin Reeves: If you can read it, do: And then diſpatch it to my Lucy.

But, on ſecond Thoughts, I will ſhew it to the two Ladies, and Lord L. before it is ſent away. They will be curious to know what paſſed in a converſation, where the critical circumſtances both of us were in, required a delicacy which I am not ſure was ſo well obſerved on my ſide, as on his.

I ſhall, I know, have their pity: But let nobody who pities not the noble Clementina, ſhew any for

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday Night, April 4.

MISS Grandiſon came to me juſt as we had ſupped. She longed, ſhe ſaid, to ſee me; but was prevented coming before, and deſired to know what had paſſed between her Brother and me this morning. I gave her the Letter, which I had but a little before concluded. He had owned, ſhe ſaid, that he had breakfaſted with me; and ſpoke of me to her, and Lord and Lady L. with an ardor, that gave them pleaſure. She put my Letter into her boſom, I *may*, I hope, Harriet—If you pleaſe, madam, ſaid I.

If you pleaſe, madam, repeated ſhe; and with that *do lo-rous* accent too, my Harriet!—My Siſter and I have been in tears this morning: Lord L. had much ado to forbear. Sir Charles will ſoon leave us.

It can't be helped, Charlotte. Did you dine to-day in St. James's Square?

No,

No, indeed!—My Brother had a certain tribe with him; and the *woman* alſo. It is very difficult, I believe, Harriet, for good people to forbear doing ſomething *more* than goodneſs requires of them.

Could you not, Charlotte, have ſat at table with them for one hour or two?

My Brother did not aſk me. He did not expect it. He gives every-body their choice, you know. He told me laſt night who were to dine with him to-day, and ſuppoſed I would chooſe to dine with Lady L. or with *you*, he was ſo free as to ſay.

He did us an honour, which you thought too great a one. But if he *had* aſked you, Charlotte—

Then I ſhould have bridled. Indeed, I aſked him, If he did not over-do it.

What was his anſwer?

Perhaps he might—But I, ſaid he, may never ſee Mrs. Oldham again. I want to inform myſelf of her future intentions, with a view (*over-do* it again, Charlotte!) to make her eaſy and happy for life. Her children *are* in the world. I want to give her a credit that will make her remembered by them, as they grow up, with duty. I hope I am ſuperior to forms. She is conſcious. I can pity her. She is a gentlewoman; and intitled to a place at any man's table to whom ſhe never was a ſervant. She never was mine.

And what, Miſs Grandiſon, could you ſay in anſwer? aſked I.

What!—Why I put up my lip.

Ungracious girl!

I can't help it. That may become a man to do in ſuch caſes as this, that would not a woman.

Sir Charles wants not *delicacy*, my dear, ſaid I.

He muſt ſuppoſe, that I ſhould have ſat ſwelling, and been reſerved: He was right not to aſk me—So be quiet, Harriet—And yet, perhaps, you would be as tame to a huſband's miſtreſs, as you ſeem favourable to a Father's.

She then put on one of her arch looks—

The

The caſes differ, Charlotte—But do you know what paſſed between the generous man, and the mortified woman and her children; mortified as they *muſt* be by his goodneſs?

Yes, yes; I had curioſity enough to aſk Dr. Bartlett about it all.

Pray, Charlotte—

Dr. Bartlett is favourable to every-body, ſinners as well as ſaints—He began with praiſing the modeſty of her dreſs, the humility of her behaviour: He ſaid, that ſhe trembled and looked down, till ſhe was re-aſſured by Sir Charles. Such creatures have all their tricks, Harriet.

You, Charlotte, are not favourable to ſinners, and hardly to ſaints. But pray proceed.

Why, he re-aſſured the woman, as I told you: And then proceeded to aſk many queſtions of the elder Oldham—I pitied that young fellow—to have a Mother in his eye, whoſe very tenderneſs to the young ones kept alive the ſenſe of her guilt. And yet what would ſhe have been, had ſhe not been doubly tender to the innocents, who were born to ſhame from her fault? The young man acknowledged a military genius, and Sir Charles told him, that he would, on his return from a journey he was going to take, conſider whether he could not do him ſervice in the way he choſe. He gave him, it ſeems, a brief lecture on what he ſhould aim to be, and what avoid, to qualify himſelf for a man of true honour; and ſpoke very handſomely of ſuch gentlemen of the army as are real gentlemen. The young fellow, continued Miſs Grandiſon, may look upon himſelf to be as good as provided for, ſince my Brother never gives the moſt diſtant hope, that is not followed by abſolute certainty, the firſt opportunity, not that *offers*, but which he can *make*.

He took great notice of the little boys. He dilated their hearts, and ſet them a prating; and was pleaſed with

with their prate. The Doctor, who had never ſeen him before in the company of children, applauded him for his vivacity, and condeſcending talk to them. The tendereſt Father in the world, he ſaid, could not have behaved more tenderly, or ſhewed himſelf more delighted with his own children, than he did with thoſe brats of Mrs. Oldham.

Ah, Charlotte! And is it out of doubt, that you are the Daughter of Lady Grandiſon, and Siſter of Sir Charles Grandiſon? — Well, but I believe you are—Some children take after the Father, ſome after the Mother!—Forgive me, my dear.

But I won't. I have a great mind to quarrel with you, Harriet.

Pray don't; becauſe I could neither help, nor can be ſorry for, what I have ſaid.

Why he made preſents to the children. I don't know what they were; nor could the Doctor tell me. I ſuppoſe very handſome ones; for he has the ſpirit of a prince. He enquired very particularly after the circumſtances of the Mother; and was more kind to her than many people would be to their own Mothers.—*He* can account for this, I ſuppoſe—tho' *I* cannot. The woman, it is true, is of a good family, and ſo forth: But that enhances her crime. Natural children abound in the preſent age. Keeping is faſhionable. Good men ſhould not countenance ſuch wretches.—But my Brother and you are charitable creatures!—With all my heart, child. Virtue, however, has at leaſt as much to ſay on one ſide of the queſtion as on the other.

When the poor children are in the world, as your Brother ſaid—When the poor women are penitents, *true* penitents—Your Brother's treatment of Mrs. Giffard was different. He is in both inſtances an imitator of the Almighty; an humbler of the impenitent, and an encourager of thoſe that repent.

Well,

Well, well: He is undoubtedly a good ſort of young man, and Harriet, you are a good ſort of young woman. Where much is given, much is required: You have not given me ſuch a large quantity of charity as either of you may boaſt: And how can I help it? But however, the woman went away bleſſing and praiſing him; and that the Doctor ſays, more with her eyes, than ſhe was able to do in words. The elder youth departed in rapturous reverence: The children hung about *his* knees, on *theirs*. The Doctor will have it, that it was without bidding—Perhaps ſo—He raiſed them by turns to his arms, and kiſſed them.—Why, Harriet; your eyes gliſten, child. They would have run over, I ſuppoſe, had you been there! Is it, that your heart is weakened with your preſent ſituation? I hope not. No, you are a good creature! And I ſee that the mention of a behaviour greatly generous, however ſlightly made, will have its force upon a heart ſo truly benevolent as yours. You *muſt* be Lady Grandiſon, my dear: *Indeed* you muſt.—Well, but I muſt be gone. You dine with us to-morrow, my Brother ſays.

He did aſk me; and deſired me to engage my Couſins. But he repeated not the invitation when he went away.

He depends upon your coming: and ſo do we. He is to talk to me before you, it ſeems: I can't tell about what: But by his hurrying on every-thing, it it is plain he is preparing to leave us.

He is, madam.

"He is, madam!" And with that dejected air, and mendicant voice—Speak up like a woman!—The ſooner he ſets out, if he *muſt* go, the ſooner he will return. Come, come, Harriet, you *ſhall* be Lady Grandiſon ſtill—*Ah!* and that *ſigh* too! Theſe love-ſick folks have a language that nobody elſe can talk to them in: And then ſhe affectedly ſighed—Is that right, Harriet?—She ſighed again—No, it is not:

I never knew what a ſigh was, but when my Father vexed my Siſter; and that was more for fear he ſhould one day be as cruel to me, than for her ſake. We can be very generous for others, Harriet, when we apprehend that one day we may want the ſame pity ourſelves. Our beſt paſſions, my dear, have their mixtures of ſelf-love.

You have drawn a picture of human nature, Charlotte, that I don't like.

It *is* a likeneſs for all that.

She aroſe, ſnatched my hand, hurried to the door —Be with us, Harriet, and Couſin Reeves, as ſoon as you can to-morrow. I want to talk to you, my dear (to me) of a hundred thouſand things before dinner. Remember we dine early.

Away ſhe fluttered—Happy Miſs Grandiſon! What charming ſpirits ſhe has!

LETTER IX.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday, April 5.

MISS Jervois came to me this morning by ſix; impatient, as ſhe ſaid, to communicate good news to me. I was in my cloſet writing. I could not ſleep.

I have ſeen my Mother, ſaid ſhe; and we are good friends. Was ſhe ever unkind to me, madam?

Dear creature! ſaid I, and claſped her to my boſom, you are a ſweet girl! Oblige me with the particulars.

Let me, Lucy, give you, as near as I can recollect, the amiable young creature's words and actions on this occaſion.

Sit down, my love, ſaid I.—What! when I am talking of a reconciled Mother! And to dear Miſs Byron!—No, indeed.

She often held out one open hand, while the forefinger of the other, in full action, patted it; as

at

at other times both were ſpread, with pretty wonder and delight: And thus ſhe began:

Why, you muſt know, it was about ſix o'clock yeſterday afternoon, that my Mother and her huſband, and Captain Salmonet, came. I was told of their viſit, but two hours before: And when the coach ſtopped, and I at the window ſaw them alight, I thought I ſhould have fainted away. I would have given half I was worth in the world to have been a hundred miles off.

Dr. Bartlett was there, and received them. My Guardian was unexpectedly engaged in anſwering a Letter ſent him by Lord W. for which a gentleman waited: But they had not been there a quarter of an hour, when he entered, and made apologies to them in his uſual gracious manner. Never, the Doctor ſays, did any-body look ſo reſpectful as the Major and the Captain; and they would have made apologies to my Guardian, for their laſt behaviour to him; but he would not let them. And my Mother, the Doctor ſays, from the very firſt, behaved prettily.

The moment ſhe aſked for me, my Guardian himſelf condeſcended to come up to me, and took my hand—Was not that very good of him?—My dear, ſaid he, as he led me down ſtairs (and ſpoke *ſo* kindly) don't tremble ſo: Am I not with you?—Your Mother is very calm and compoſed: You muſt aſk her bleſſing. I ſhall eaſe your tender heart of every pang. I ſhall hint to you what to do, and how to behave to the gentlemen, as occaſions ariſe.

He had no ſooner ſaid the words, but the drawing-room-door gave way to his hand, and I was in the room with him.

Down on my knees dropt I—as I now do to you: But I could not ſpeak. Thus I did [And ſhe kiſſed my hand, and bowed her face upon it]. And my Mother raiſed me—*You* muſt raiſe me, madam—Yes, juſt ſo—And ſhe kiſſed me *too*, and wept on my neck; and called me pretty names; and encouraged me,

and ſaid ſhe loved me, as ſhe loved her own *ſoul*—And I *was* encouraged.

My Guardian then, with the air and manner of a gracious prince, took my hand, and preſented it firſt to the Major, then to the Captain; and they each kiſſed my hand, and ſpoke in my praiſe, I can't tell how many fine things.

Major, ſaid my Guardian, when he preſented me to him, you muſt excuſe the dear child's weakneſs of ſpirits: She wiſhes you all happineſs on your nuptials: She has let me know, that ſhe is very deſirous to do you ſervice for her Mother's ſake.

The Major ſwore by his ſoul, I was an angel!—Captain Salmonet ſaid, that, by his ſalvation, I was a charming young Lady!

My Mother wept—O Sir, ſaid ſhe to my Guardian: And dropping down in a chair by the window, not a word more could ſhe ſpeak.

I ran to her, and claſped my arms about her. She wept the more: I wiped her eyes with her own handkerchief: I told her, it went to my heart to ſee her cry: I begged ſhe would ſpare me *this* grief.

She claſped her arms then about me, and kiſſed my cheek and my forehead. O thought I, it is very good of you, my dear Mother.

Then came my Guardian to us, and he kindly took my Mother's hand, and conducted her to the fire-ſide; and he led me, and placed me by her, at the tea-table: And he made the Major and the Captain ſit down by him: *So* much graciouſneſs in his countenance. O madam, I ſhall be an idolater, I am afraid. And he ſaid, Emily, my dear, you will make tea for us. My Siſter dined abroad, madam, to my Mother.—Yes, Sir, I will, ſaid I: And I was as lively as a bird.

But before the ſervants came in, Let me tell you, madam, ſaid he, what Miſs Jervois has propoſed to me.—They were in ſilent expectation.

She

She has desired that you, Major, will accept from her, for your mutual use, of an additional 100 *l.* a year; which I shall order to be paid you quarterly, during Mrs. O Hara's life, not doubting but you will make her as happy as it is in your power to make her.

My Mother bowed, coloured with gratitude, and looked obliged.

And she begs of you, madam, turning to my Mother, that you will accept, as from the *Major*, another 100 *l.* a year, for pin-money, which he, or which *you*, madam, will draw upon me for; also quarterly, if you choose not to *trouble him* to do it: For this 100 *l.* a year must be appropriated to your sole and separate use, madam; and not be subject to your controul, Major O Hara.

Good God! Sir! said the Major—What a wretch was I, the last time I was here!—There is no bearing of this!

He got up, and went to the window: And the Captain said, Blessed Jesu! and something else, which I could not mind; for I was weeping like a baby.

What, Sir, said my Mother! 400 *l.* a year! Do you mean so?—I do, madam—And, Sir, to be so generously paid me my 100 *l.* of it, as if I received it not from my child, but from my husband!—Good God! how do you overpower me, Sir! What shame, what remorse do you strike into my heart!

And my poor Mother's tears ran down as fast as mine.

O madam, said the dear girl to me, clasping her arms about me, how your tender heart is touched!—It is well you were not there!

Dr. Bartlett came in to tea. My Guardian would not permit Antony, who offered himself, to wait. Antony had been my own Papa's servant, when my Mother was not so good.

Nothing but blessings, nothing but looks and words of admiration and gratitude, passed all the tea-time.

How their hearts rejoiced, I warrant!—Is it not a charming thing, madam, to make peoples hearts glad?—To be ſure it is! How many hearts has my Guardian rejoiced! You muſt bid him be croſs to me, or I ſhall not know what to do with myſelf!—But then, if he were, I ſhould only get by myſelf, and cry and be angry with myſelf, and think *he* could not be to blame.

O my love, my Emily! ſaid I, take care of your gratitude: That drew in your true friend.

Well, but how can it be helped, madam? Can a right heart be ungrateful? Dr. Bartlett ſays, There is no ſuch thing as true happineſs in this life: And is it not better to be unhappy from good men and women, than from bad?—Dear madam, why *you* have often made me unhappy, becauſe of your goodneſs to me; and becauſe I knew, that I neither could deſerve nor return it.

The dear prater went on—My Guardian called me aſide, when tea was over: My Emily, ſaid he [I do love he ſhould call me *his* Emily!—But all the world is *his* Emily, I think]. Let me ſee what you will do with theſe two notes; giving me two Bank-notes of 25*l.* each.—Preſent pin-money and caſh may be wanted. We will ſuppoſe that your Mother has been married a quarter of a year. Her pin-money and the additional annuity may commence from the 25th of December laſt. Let me, Emily, when they go away, ſee the graceful manner in which you will diſpoſe of the notes: And from Mr. O Hara's behaviour upon it, we ſhall obſerve whether he is a man with whom your Mother, if it be not her own fault (now *you* have made it their intereſt to be kind to each other) may live well: But let the motion be all your own.

How *good* this was! I could have kiſſed the hand that gave me the notes, if I thought it would not have looked too free.

I underſtand you, Sir, ſaid I.

And

And when they went away, pouring out their very hearts in grateful joy, I addreſſed myſelf to Mr. O Hara: Sir, ſaid I, it is proper that the payment of the additional annuity ſhould have a commencement: Let it be from Chriſtmas laſt. Accept of the firſt payment from my own hands—And I gave him one 25*l.* note: And, looking at my Mother, with a look of duty, for fear he ſhould miſtake, and diſcredit himſelf in the eyes of the deepeſt diſcerner in the world, gave him the other.

He looked firſt upon one, then upon the other note, with ſurprize—And then bowing to the ground to me, and to my Guardian, he ſtept to my Mother, and preſented them both to her—You, madam, ſaid he, muſt *ſpeak*: I cannot as I ought: God ſend me with a whole heart out of this houſe! He hurried out, and when he was in the hall, wiped his eyes, and ſobbed like a child, as one of the ſervants told my Anne.

My Mother looked upon one note, as her huſband had done, and upon the other; and, lifting up her eyes, embraced me--And would have ſaid ſomething to my Guardian, but he prevented her, by ſaying—Emily will be always dutiful to you, madam, and reſpectful to Mr. O Hara: May you be happy together!

And he led her out—Was ever ſuch a condeſcenſion! He led her out to her huſband, who, being a little recovered, was juſt about to give ſome money to the ſervant, who was retiring from the offer—Nobody, ſaid my Guardian, graciouſly ſmiling, pays my ſervants but myſelf, Mr. O Hara. They are good people, and *merit* my favour.

And he went to the very door with my Mother. I could not. I ran back, crying for joy, into the drawing-room, when *they* went out of it. I could not bear myſelf. How could I, you know, madam?—Captain Salmonet all the time wiped his eyes, ſhrugged his ſhoulders, lifted up his hands, and cried out upon Jeſu; and once or twice he croſſed himſelf: But all

the time my Guardian looked and acted, as if those actions and praiſes were nothing to be proud of.

When he came in to me, I aroſe, and threw myſelf at his feet: but could only ſay, Thank you, Sir, for your goodneſs to my Mother. He raiſed me. He ſat down by me: See, child (ſaid he, and he took my hand: My heart was ſenſible of the favour, and throbbed with joy) what it is in the power of people of fortune to do. You have a great one. Now your Mother is married, I have hopes of her. They will at leaſt keep up appearances to each other, and to the world. They neither of them want ſenſe. *You* have done an act of duty and benevolence both in one. The man who would grudge them this additional 200 *l.* a year out of your fortune, to make your Parent happy, ſhall not have my Emily—Shall he?

Your Emily, your *happy* Emily, Sir, has not, cannot have a heart, that is worth notice, if it be not implicitly guided by you.—This I ſaid, madam; and it is true.

And did he not, ſaid I, claſp his Emily to his generous boſom, when you ſaid ſo?

No, madam; that would have been too great an honour: But he called me, Good child! And ſaid, You ſhall never be put to pay me an *implicit* regard: Your own reaſon (and he called me *child* again) ſhall always be the judge of my conduct to you, and direct your obſervances of my advice. Something like this he ſaid; but in a better manner than I can ſay it.

He calls me oftener *child*, madam, than any-thing elſe, when we are alone together; and is not quite ſo free, I think, at ſuch times, in his behaviour to me (yet is *vaſtly* gracious, I don't know how) as when we are in company—Why is that?—I am ſure, I equally reſpect *him*, at one time as at another—Do you think, madam, there is any thing in the obſervation? is there any *reaſon* for it? I *do* love to ſtudy him, and to find out the meaning of his very looks as well

well as his words. Sir Charles Grandiſon's heart is the book of heaven—May I *not* ſtudy it?

Study it, my Love, while you have an opportunity. But he will ſoon leave us: He will ſoon leave England.

So I fear: And I will love and pity the poor Clementina, whoſe heart is ſo much wounded and oppreſſed. But my Guardian ſhall be nobody's but yours. I have prayed night and day, the firſt thing, and the laſt thing, ever ſince I have heard of Lady Clementina, that you, and nobody but you, may be Lady Grandiſon: And I will continue my prayers.—But, will you forgive me? I always conclude them with praying, that you will both conſent to let the poor Emily live with you.

Sweet girl! The *poor* Emily, ſaid ſhe?—I embraced her, and we mingled tears, both our hearts full, each for the other; and each perhaps for herſelf.

She hurried away. I reſumed my pen—Run off what had paſſed, almoſt as ſwift as thought. I quit it, to prepare to attend my Couſins to St. James's Square.

LETTER X.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday Night, April 5.

MISS Grandiſon, as I told you, took with her my Letter of yeſterday. As ſoon as my Couſin Reeves's and I entered Sir Charles's houſe, the two Siſters conducted us into the drawing-room adjoining to the dining-parlour, and congratulated me on the high compliment their Brother had made me, tho' in preference to themſelves, and his communicativeneſs and tender behaviour to me. Lord L. joined us, and he, having read the Letter, congratulated me alſo—On what, Lucy?—Why on the *poſſibility*, that if the unhappy Clementina ſhould die; or if ſhe

ſhould be buried for life in a nunnery; or if ſhe ſhould be otherwiſe diſpoſed of; why then, that your Harriet may have room given her to hope for a *civil* huſband in Sir Charles Grandiſon, and *half* a heart: Is not this the ſum of theſe humbling congratulations?

Sir Charles, when we came, was in his Study with Mr. Lowther, the ſurgeon, whom he had engaged to go abroad with him: But he juſt came out to welcome us; and then returned—He had alſo with him two phyſicians eminent for their knowledge in diſorders of the head, to whom he had before communicated the caſe of the unhappy Clementina; and who brought to him in writing their opinions of the manner in which ſhe ought to be treated, according to the various ſymptoms of her diſorder.

When he joined us, he told us this; and ſaid very high things at the ſame time in praiſe of the Engliſh ſurgeons; and particularly of this gentleman: And added, that as nervous diſorders were more frequent in England, than in any country in the world, he was willing to hope, that the Engliſh phyſicians were more ſkilful than thoſe of any other country in the management of perſons afflicted with ſuch maladies: And as he was now invited over, he was determined to furniſh himſelf with all the means he could think of, that were likely to be uſeful in reſtoring and healing friends ſo dear to him.

Miſs Grandiſon told him, that we were all in ſome apprehenſions, on his going to Italy, of that fierce and wrong-headed man the General. Miſs Byron ſaid ſhe, has told us, that Mrs. Beaumont adviſes not your going over.

The young Marquis della Porretta, ſaid he, is haſty; but he is a gallant man, and loves his Siſter. His grief on the unhappy ſituation they are in, demands allowance. It is natural in a heavy calamity to look out of ourſelves for the occaſion. I have not any apprehenſions from him, or from any-body elſe.

The

The call upon me is a proper one. The iſſue muſt be left where it ought to be left. If my viſit will give comfort to any *one* of the family, I ſhall be rewarded: If to *more* than one, happy—And, whatever be the event, ſhall be eaſier in myſelf, than I could be, were I not to comply with the requeſt of the Biſhop, were *he* only to have made it.

Lord L. aſked Sir Charles, whether he had fixed the day of his ſetting out?

I have, ſaid he, within this half-hour. Mr. Lowther has told me, that he ſhall be ready by the beginning of next week; and on Saturday-ſevennight I hope to be at Dover, on my way.

We looked upon one another. Miſs Grandiſon told me afterwards, that my colour went and came ſeveral times, and that ſhe was afraid for me. My heart was *indeed* a little affected. I believe I muſt not think of taking leave of him when he ſets out. Ah, Lucy! Nine days hence!—Yet in leſs than nine days after that, I ſhall be embraced by the tendereſt relations that ever creature had to boaſt of.

Sir Charles taking his Siſter aſide, I want, ſaid he, to ſay a few words to you, Charlotte. They were about half an hour together; and then returning, I am encouraged to think, ſaid he, that Charlotte will give her hand to Lord G. She is a woman of honour, and her heart muſt therefore go with it.—I have a requeſt to make to her, before all you, our common friends—The Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, Lord G. all join in one ſuit: It is, that I may be allowed to give my Siſter to Lord G. before I leave England.

I have told you, Brother, that it is impoſſible, if you go away in nine or ten days time.

Sir Charles particularly requeſted my influence. I could have no doubt, I ſaid, but Miſs Grandiſon would oblige her Brother.

She vehemently oppoſed ſo early a day.

In a moſt affectionate manner, yet with an air of ſerioufneſs, he urged his requeſt. He ſaid, that it was

very proper for him to make ſome diſpoſitions of his affairs before he went abroad. He ſhould leave England with much more pleaſure, if he ſaw his Charlotte the wife of a man ſo worthy as Lord G.: Lord G. ſaid he, adores you: You *intend* to be his: Reſolve to oblige your Brother, who, tho' he cannot be happy himſelf, wiſhes to ſee you ſo.

O Sir Charles! ſaid ſhe, you ruin me by your ſolemnity, and by your goodneſs.

The ſubject is not a light one. I am greatly in earneſt, Charlotte. I have many affairs on my hands, My heart is in this company; yet my engagements will permit me but few opportunities to enjoy it between this and Tueſday next. If you deny me now, I muſt acquieſce: If you have more than punctilio to plead, ſay you have; and I will not urge you further.

And ſo this is the laſt time of aſking, Sir?—A little archly—

Not the laſt time of my Lord G's—But of mine—But I will not allow you now to anſwer me lightly. If you can name a day before Tueſday, you will greatly oblige me. I will leave you to conſider of it. And he withdrew.

Every one then urged her to oblige her Brother. Lady L. very particularly. She told her, that he was *intitled* to her compliance; and that he had ſpoken to *her* on this ſubject in a ſtill more earneſt manner. She ſhould hardly be able to excuſe her, ſhe ſaid, if the ſerious hint he had given about ſettling his affairs before he went abroad, had not weight with her. You know, Charlotte, continued ſhe, that he can have no motive but your good; and you have told me, that you intend to have Lord G. and that you eſteem his Father, his Aunt, and every one of his family, whom you have ſeen; and they are highly pleaſed with you. Settlements are ready drawn: That my Brother told you laſt night. Nothing is wanting but your day.

I wiſh he was in half the hurry to be married himſelf.

So he would be, I dare ſay, Charlotte, if marriage were as much in his power, as it is in yours.

What a duce, to be married to a man in a week's time, with whom I have quarrelled every day for a fortnight paſt!—Pride and petulance muſt go down by degrees, Siſter. A month, at leaſt, is neceſſary, to bring my features to ſuch a placidneſs with him, as to allow him to ſmile in my face.

Your Brother has hinted, Charlotte, ſaid I, that he loves you for your vivacity; and ſhould ſtill more, if you conſulted *time* and *occaſion*.

He has withdrawn, Siſter, ſaid Lord L. with a reſolution, if you deny him, to urge you no further.

I *hate* his peremptorineſs.

Has he not told you, Charlotte, ſaid I, and that in a manner ſo ſerious, as to affect every-body, that there is a kind of neceſſity for it?

I don't love this Clementina, Harriet: All this is owning to her.

Juſt then a rapping at the door ſignified viſitors; and Emily ran in—Lord G. the Earl, and Lady Gertrude, believe me!

Miſs Grandiſon changed colour. A contrivance of my Brother's!—Ah! Lord! now I ſhall be beſet!—I will be ſullen, that I may not be ſaucy.

Sullen you can't be, Charlotte, ſaid Lady L.: But *ſaucy* you can. Remember, however, my Brother's earneſtneſs, and ſpare Lord G. before his Father and Aunt, or you will give me, and every-body, pain.

How can I? Our laſt quarrel is not made up: But adviſe him not to be either impertinent or ſecure.

Immediately entered Sir Charles, introducing the Earl and Lady Gertrude. After the firſt compliments, Pray Sir Charles, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, drawing him aſide, towards me, and whiſpering, tell me truly: Did not you know of this viſit!

I *invited* them, Charlotte, whiſpered he. I meant not however to ſurpriſe you. If you comply, you will give me great pleaſure: If you do not, I will not be *diſ* pleaſed with my Siſter.

What *can* I do? Either be leſs good to me, Sir, or leſs hurrying.

You have ſacrificed enough to female punctilio, Charlotte. Lord G. has been a zealous courtier. You have no doubt of the ardour of his paſſion, nor of your own power. Leave the day to me. Let it be Tueſday next.

Good heaven! I can't bear you, after ſuch a— And ſhe gaſped, as if for breath; and he turning from her to me, ſhe went to Lady Gertrude, who, riſing, took her hand, and withdrew with her into the next room.

They ſtaid out till they were told dinner was ſerved: And when they returned, I thought I never ſaw Miſs Grandiſon look ſo lovely. A charming fluſh had overſpread her cheeks: A ſweet conſciouſneſs in her eyes gave a *female* grace to her whole aſpect, and ſoftened, as I may ſay, the natural majeſty of her fine features.

Lord G. looked delighted, as if his heart were filled with happy preſages. The Earl ſeemed no leſs pleaſed.

Miſs Grandiſon was unuſually thoughtful all dinner-time. She gave me great joy to ſee her ſo, in the hope, that when the Lover becomes the huſband, the over-lively miſtreſs will be ſunk in the obliging wife —And yet, now-and-then, as the joy in my Lord's heart overflowed at his lips, I could obſerve *that* archneſs riſing to her eye, that makes one both love and fear her.

After dinner, the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, deſired a conference with Sir Charles and Lady L. They were not long abſent, when Sir Charles came in, and carried out Miſs Grandiſon to them. Lord G's complexion varied often.

Sir

Sir Charles left them together, and joined us. We were ſtanding; and he ſingled me out—I hope, madam, ſaid he, that Charlotte may be prevailed upon for Tueſday next: But I will not urge it further.

I thought he was framing himſelf to ſay ſomething particular to me, when Lady L. came in, and deſired him and me to ſtep to her Siſter, who had retired from the Earl and Lady Gertrude by conſent.

Ah! my Harriet! ſaid ſhe, pity me, my dear!—Debaſement is the child of pride!—Then turning to Sir Charles, I acknowledge myſelf overcome, ſaid ſhe, by your earneſtneſs, as you are ſo ſoon to leave us, and by the importunities of the Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and my Siſter—Unprepared in mind, in cloaths, I am reſolved to oblige the beſt of Brothers. Do you, Sir, diſpoſe of me as you think fit.

My Siſter conſents Sir, ſaid Lady L. for next Tueſday.

Chearfully, I hope. If Charlotte balances whether, if ſhe took more time, ſhe ſhould have Lord G. at all, let her take it. Lord L. in my abſence, will be to her all that I wiſh to be, when ſhe ſhall determine.

I balance *not*, Sir: But I thought to have had a month's time, at leaſt, to look about me, and having treated Lord G. too flippantly, to give him by degrees ſome fairer proſpects of happineſs with me, than hitherto he has had.

Sir Charles embraced her. She was all his Siſter, he ſaid. Let the alteration *now* begin. Lord G. would rejoice in it, and conſider all that had paſſed, as trials only of his love for her. The obliging wife would baniſh from his remembrance the petulant miſtreſs. And now allow me, my dear Siſter, to preſent you to the Earl and Lady Gertrude.

He led her in to them. Lady L. took my hand, and led me in alſo.—Charlotte, my Lord, yields to yours and Lady Gertrude's importunities. Next

Tueſ-

Tueſday will give the two families a near and tender relation to each other.

The Earl ſaluted her in a very affectionate manner: So did Lady Gertrude: who afterwards ran out for her Nephew; and, leading him in, preſented him to Miſs Grandiſon.

She had juſt time to whiſper me, as he approached her; Ah, Harriet! now comes the worſt part of the ſhew.—He kneeled on one knee, kiſſed her hand; but was too much overjoyed to ſpeak; for Lady Gertrude had told him, as ſhe led him in, that Tueſday was to be his happy day.

It is impoſſible, Lucy, but Sir Charles Grandiſon muſt carry every point he ſets his heart upon. When he ſhall appear before the family of Porretta in Italy, *who* will be able to withſtand him!—Is not his conſequence doubled, *more* than doubled, ſince he was with them? The man whoſe *abſence* they wiſhed for, they now *invite* to come among them. They have tried every experiment to reſtore their Clementina: He has a noble eſtate now in poſſeſſion. The fame of his goodneſs is gone out to diſtant countries. O my dear! all oppoſition muſt fly before him. And if it be the will of heaven to reſtore Clementina, all her friends muſt concur in giving her to him upon the terms he has propoſed; and from which, having *himſelf* propoſed them, Sir Charles Grandiſon cannot recede.

His heart, it is evident, is at Bologna. Well, and ſo it *ought* to be. And yet I could not forbear being ſenſibly touched by the following words, which I overheard him ſay to Lord L. in anſwer to ſomething my Lord ſaid to him:

'I am impatient to be abroad. Had I not waited 'for Mr. Lowther, the laſt Letters I received from 'Italy ſhould have been anſwered in perſon.'

But as honour, compaſſion, Love, *friendſhip* (ſtill nobler than Love!) have demands upon him, let him

him obey the call. He has ſet me high in his eſteem. Let me be worthy of his friendſhip. Pangs I ſhall occaſionally feel; but who that values one perſon above the reſt of the world, does not?

Sir Charles, as we ſat at tea, mentioned his Couſin Grandiſon to Lord L.: It is ſtrange, my Lord, ſaid he, that we hear nothing of our Couſin Everard, ſince he was ſeen at White's. But whenever he *emerges*, Charlotte, if I am abſent, receive him without reproaches: Yet I ſhould be glad that he could have rejoiced with us. Muſt I leave England, and not ſee him?

It has been, it ſeems, the way of this unhappy man, to ſhut himſelf up with ſome woman in private lodgings, for fear his Couſin ſhould find him out; and in two or three months, when he has been tired of his wicked companion, *emerge*, as Sir Charles called it, to notice, and then ſeek for his Couſin's favour and company, and live for as many more months in a ſtate of contrition. And Sir Charles, in his great charity, believes, that till ſome new temptation ariſes, he is in earneſt in his penitence; and hopes, that in time he will ſee his errors.

O, Lucy! what a poor, creeping, mean wretch is a libertine, when one looks *down* upon him, and *up* to ſuch a glorious creature as Sir Charles Grandiſon!

Sir Charles was led to talk of his engagement for to-morrow, on the triple marriage in the Danby family. We all gave him joy of the happy ſucceſs that had rewarded his beneficent ſpirit, with regard to that family. He gave us the characters of the three couples greatly to their advantage, and praiſed the families on both ſides, which were to be ſo cloſely united on the morrow; nor forgetting to mention kindly *honeſt* Mr. Silveſter the attorney.

He told us, that he ſhould ſet out on Friday early for Windſor, in order to attend Lord W. in his firſt

viſit

firſt viſit to Mansfield-houſe. You Lady L. will have the trouble given you, ſaid he, of cauſing to be new-ſet the jewels of the late Lady W. for a preſent to the future bride. My Lord ſhewed them to me (among a great number of other valuable trinkets of his late wife's) in my laſt return from the Hall. They are rich, and will do credit to his quality. You, my Lord L. you, my Siſters, will be charmed with your new Aunt, and her whole family. I have joy on the happineſs in proſpect that will gild the latter days of my Mother's Brother; and at the ſame time be a means of freeing from oppreſſion an ancient and worthy family.

Tears were in every eye. There *now*, thought I, ſits this princely man, rejoicing every one that ſees him, and hears him ſpeak: But where will he be nine days hence? And *whoſe* this-day-twelvemonth?

He talked with particular pleaſure of the expected arrival of his Beauchamp. He pleaſed himſelf, that he ſhould leave behind him a man who would delight every-body, and ſupply to his friends *his* abſence.—What a character did he give, and Dr. Bartlett confirm, of that amiable friend of his!

How did the Earl, and Lady Gertrude, dwell upon all he ſaid! They prided themſelves on the relation they were likely ſo ſoon to ſtand in to ſo valuable a man.

In your laſt Letter, you tell me, Lucy, that Mr. Greville has the confidence to throw out menaces againſt this excellent man—Sorry wretch!—How my heart riſes againſt him!—He—But no more of ſuch an earth-born creature.

LET-

LETTER XI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Thurſday Morning, April 6.

MISS Grandiſon, accompanied by Miſs Jervois, has juſt left us. Lady L. has undertaken, ſhe ſays, to ſet all hands at work, to have things in tolerable order, early as the day is, for Tueſday next. Miſs Grandiſon (would you believe it?) owns, that ſhe wants *ſpirits* to order any-thing. What muſt be the ſolemnity of that circumſtance, when near, that ſhall make Charlotte Grandiſon want ſpirits?

She withdrew with me to my apartment. She threw herſelf into a chair: 'Tis a folly to deny it, Harriet, but I am very low, and very ſilly: I don't like next Tueſday by any means.

Is your objection only to the day, my dear?

I do not like the man.

Is there any man whom you like better?

I can't ſay that neither. But this Brother of mine makes me think contemptibly of all other men. I would compound for a man but half ſo good—Tender, kind, humane, polite, and even chearful in affliction!—O Harriet! where is there ſuch another man?

No-where.—But you don't by marriage loſe, on the contrary, you further engage and ſecure, the affection of this Brother. You will have a good-natured, worthy man for your huſband, a man who loves you; and you will have your Brother beſides.

Do you think I can be happy with Lord G.?

I am ſure you may, if it be not your own fault.

That's the thing: I may perhaps bear with the man; but I cannot honour him.

Then don't *vow* to honour him. Don't meet him at the altar.

Yet

Yet I muſt. But I believe I *think* too much: And conſideration is no friend to wedlock.—Would to heaven that the ſame hour that my hand and Lord G's were joined, yours and my Brother's were alſo united!

Ah, Miſs Grandiſon! If you love me, try to wean me; and not to encourage hopes of what never, never can be.

Dear creature! you will be greater than Clementina, and that is greater than the greateſt, if you can conquer a paſſion, which overturned her reaſon.

Do not, my Charlotte, make compariſons in which the conſcience of your Harriet tells her ſhe muſt be a ſufferer. There is no occaſion for me to deſpiſe myſelf, in order to hold myſelf inferior to Clementina.

Well, you are a noble creature! — But, the approaching Tueſday—I cannot *bear* to think of it.

Dear Charlotte!

And dear Harriet too!—But the officiouſneſs, the aſſiduities of this trifling man, are diſguſtful to me.

You don't hate him?—

Hate him—True—I don't *hate* him—But I have been ſo much accuſtomed to treat him like a fool, that I cant help thinking him one. He ſhould not have been ſo tame to ſuch a ſpirit as mine. He ſhould have been angry when I played upon him. I have got a knack of it, and ſhall never leave it off, that's certain.

Then I hope he *will* be angry with you. I hope that he *will* reſent your ill treatment of him.

Too late, too late to begin, Harriet. I won't take it of him now. He has never let me ſee that his face can become two ſorts of features. The poor man can look ſorrowful; that I know full well: But I ſhall always laugh when he attempts to look angry.

You *know* better, Charlotte. You may give him ſo much cauſe for anger, that you may make it habitual to him, and then would be glad to ſee him pleaſed. Men have a hundred ways that women have

have not, to divert themſelves abroad, when they cannot be happy at home. This I have heard obſerved by—

By your Grandmother, Harriet. Good old Lady! In *her* reign it might be ſo; but you will find, that women now have as many ways to divert themſelves abroad as the men. Have you not obſerved this yourſelf, in one of your Letters to Lucy? Ah, my dear! We can every hour in the twenty-four be up with our monarchs, if they are undutiful.

But Charlotte Grandiſon will not, cannot—

Why that's true, my dear—But I ſhall not *then* be a Grandiſon. Yet the man will have ſome ſecurity from my Brother's goodneſs. He is not only good himſelf, but he makes every one related to him, either for fear or ſhame, good likewiſe. But I think that when one week or fortnight is happily over, and my ſpirits are got up again from the depreſſion into which this abominable hurry puts them, I could fall upon ſome inventions that would make every one laugh, except the perſon who might take it into his head that he may be a ſufferer by them: And who can *laugh*, and be *angry*, in the ſame moment?

You ſhall not marry, Charlotte, till this wicked vein of humour and raillery is ſtopt.

I hope it will hold me till fifty.

Don't ſay ſo, Charlotte—Say rather that you hope it will hold you ſo long only as it may be thought innocent or inoffenſive, by the man whom it will be your duty to oblige; and ſo long as it will bring no diſcredit to yourſelf.

Your ſervant, Goody Gravity!—But what *muſt* be, muſt. The man is bound to ſee it. It will be all his own ſeeking. He will ſin with his eyes open. I think he has ſeen enough of me to take warning. All that I am concerned about is for the next week or fortnight. He will be king all that time.—Yet perhaps not *quite* all neither. And I ſhall be his ſo-

vereign

vereign ever after, or I am miſtaken. What a duce, ſhall a woman marry a man of talents not ſuperior to her own, and forget to reward herſelf for her condeſcenſion?—But, high-ho!—There's a ſigh, Harriet. Were I at home, I would either ſing you a ſong, or play you a tune, in order to raiſe my own heart.

She beſought me then, with great earneſtneſs, to give her my company till the day arrived, and *on* the day. You ſee, ſaid ſhe, that my Brother has engagements till Monday. Dear creature, ſupport, comfort me—Don't you ſee my heart beat thro' my ſtays?—If you love me, come to me to-morrow to breakfaſt; and leave me not for the whole time—Are you not my Siſter, and the friend of my heart? I will give you a month for it, upon demand. Come, let us go down, I will aſk the conſent of both your Couſins.

She did: And they, with their uſual goodneſs to me, chearfully complied.

Sir Charles ſet out this morning to attend the triple marriages; dreſt charmingly, his Siſter ſays. I have made Miſs Grandiſon promiſe to give me an account of ſuch particulars, as, by the help of Saunders, and Sir Charles's own relation, ſhe can pick up. All we ſingle girls, I believe, are pretty attentive to ſuch ſubjects as theſe; as what one day may be our own concern.

LETTER XII.

Miſs GRANDISON, *To Miſs* BYRON.

Thurſday Night.

UNreaſonable, wicked, cruel Byron! To expect a poor creature, ſo near her execution, to write an account of other peoples behaviour in the ſame tremendous circumſtances! The matrimonial nooſe has hung over my head for ſome time paſt; and now

it

it is actually fitted to my devoted neck.—Almoſt choaked, my dear! — This moment done hearing read, the firſt, ſeconds, thirds, fourths, to near a dozen of them—Lord be merciful to us!—And the villainous lawyer rearing up to me his ſpectacled noſe, as if to ſee how I bore it! Lord G. inſulting me, as I thought, by his odious leers. Lady Gertrude ſimpering; little Emily ready to bleſs herſelf—How will the dear Harriet bear theſe abominable recitatives?—But I am now up ſtairs from them all, in order to recover my breath, and obey my Byron.

Well, but what am I now to ſay about the Danby's? Saunders has made his report; Sir Charles has told us ſome things: Yet I will only give you heads: Make out the reſt.

In the firſt place, my Brother went to Mrs. Harrington's (Miſs Danby's Aunt): *She* did every-thing but worſhip him. She had with her two young Ladies, relations of her late huſband, dainty damſels of the city, who had procured themſelves to be invited, that they might ſee the man, whom they called, A wonder of generoſity and goodneſs. Richard heard one of them ſay to the other, Ah, Siſter! this is a king of a man! What pity there are not many ſuch! But, Harriet, if there were a hundred of them, we would not let *one* of them go into the city for a wife; would we, my dear?

Sir Charles praiſed Miſs Danby. She was full of gratitude; and of humility, I ſuppoſe. Meek, modeſt, and humble, are qualities of which men are mighty fond in women. But matrimony, and a ſenſe of obligation, are equally great humblers even of ſpirits prouder than that of Miſs Danby; as your poor Charlotte can teſtify.

The young gentlemen, with the reſt, were to meet Sir Charles, the Bride, and theſe Ladies, at St. Helen's, I think the church is called.

As if wedlock were an honour, the Danby girl, in reſpect to Sir Charles, was to be firſt yoked. He gave her

her away to the Son Galliard. The Father Galliard gave his Daughter to Edward Danby: But firſt Mr. Hervey gave his Niece to the elder.

One of the brides, I forget which, fainted away: another half-fainted—Saved by timely Salts: The third, poor ſoul, wept heartily—as I ſuppoſe I ſhall do, on Tueſday.

Never, ſurely, was there ſuch a matrimony-promoter, as my Brother. God give me ſoon my revenge upon him in the ſame way!

The proceſſion afterwards was triumphant—Six coaches, four ſilly ſouls in each; and to Mr. Pouſſin's at Enfield they all drove. There they found another large company.

My Brother was all chearfulneſs; and both men and women ſeemed to contend for his notice: But they were much diſappointed at finding he meant to leave them early in the evening.

One married Lady, the wife of Sir——Somebody (I am very bad at remembering the names of city Knights) was reſolved, ſhe ſaid, ſince they could not have Sir Charles to open the Ball, to have one dance before dinner with the handſomeſt man in England. The muſic was accordingly called in: and he made no ſcruple to oblige the company on a day ſo happy.

Do you know, Harriet, that Sir Charles is ſuppoſed to be one of the fineſt dancers in England? Remember, my dear, that on Tueſday—[Lord help me! I ſhall then be ſtupid, and remember nothing] you take him out yourſelf: And then you will judge for yourſelf of his excellence in this ſcience—May we not call dancing a ſcience? If we judge by the *few* who perform gracefully in it, I am ſure we may; and a difficult one too.

O!—And remember, Harriet, that you get ſomebody to call upon him to ſing.—*You* ſhall play—I believe I ſhall forget in that only agreeable mo-

ment

ment of the day (for you have a ſweet finger, my Love) that I am the principal fool in the play of the evening.

O Harriet!—how *can I*, in the circumſtances I am in, write any more about theſe ſoft ſouls, and ſilly? Come to me by day-dawn, and leave me not till — I don't know when. Come, and take my part, my dear: I ſhall hate this man: He does nothing but hop, ſkip, and dance about me, grin, and make mouths: and every-body upholds him in it.

Muſt this (I hope not!) be the laſt time that I write myſelf to you

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON?

LETTER XIII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

St. James's Square, Friday Morn. April 7.

SIR Charles Grandiſon ſet out early this morning for Lord W's, in his way to Lady Mansfield's. I am here with this whimſical Charlotte.

Lady L. Miſs Jervois, myſelf, and every female of the family, or who do buſineſs for both Siſters out of it, are buſy in ſome way or other, preparatory to the approaching Tueſday.

Miſs Grandiſon is the only idle perſon. I tell her, ſhe is affectedly ſo.

The Earl has preſented her, in his Son's name, with ſome very rich trinkets. Very valuable jewels are alſo beſpoke by Lord G. who takes Lady L's advice in every-thing; as one well read in the faſhions. New equipages are beſpoke; and gay ones they will be.

Miſs Grandiſon confounded me this morning by an inſtance of her generoſity. She was extremely urgent with me to accept, as her third Siſter, of her

ſhare of her Mother's jewels You may believe, that I abſolutely refuſed ſuch a preſent. I was angry with her; and told her, ſhe had but one way of making it up with me; and that was, that ſince ſhe would be ſo completely ſet out from her Lord, ſhe would unite the two halves, by preſenting hers to Lady L. who had refuſed jewels from her Lord on her marriage; and who then would make an appearance, occaſionally, as brilliant as her own.

She was pleaſed with the hint; and has actually given them (unknown to any-body but me) to her jeweller; who is to diſpoſe them in ſuch figures, as ſhall anſwer thoſe ſhe herſelf is to have, which Lady L. has not. And by this contrivance, which will make them in a manner uſeleſs to herſelf, ſhe thinks ſhe ſhall oblige her Siſter, however reluctant, to accept of them.

Lady Gertrude is alſo preparing ſome fine preſents for her Niece-elect: But neither the delighted approbation of the family ſhe is entering into, nor the ſatisfaction expreſſed by her own friends, give the perverſe Charlotte any viſible joy, nor procure for Lord G. the diſtinction which ſhe ought to think of beginning to pay him. But, for his part, never was man ſo happy. He would, however, perhaps, fare better from her, if he could be more moderate in the outward expreſſion of his joy; which ſhe has taken it into her head to call an inſult upon her.

She does not, however, give the ſcope ſhe did before the day was fixt, to her playful captiouſneſs. She is not quite ſo arch as ſhe was. Thoughtfulneſs, and a ſeeming careleſſneſs of what we are all employ'd in, appear in her countenance. She ſaunters about, and affects to be diverted by her harpſichord only. What a whimſical thing is Charlotte Grandiſon? But ſtill ſhe keeps Lord G. at diſtance. I told her an hour ago, that ſhe knows not how to condeſcend to him with that grace which is ſo natural to her in her whole behaviour to every-body elſe.

I have been talking to Dr. Bartlett, about Sir Charles's journey to Italy. No-body knows, he ſays, what a bleeding heart is covered by a countenance ſo benign and chearful. Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſaid he, has a prudence beyond that of moſt young men; but he has great ſenſibilities.

I take it for granted, Sir, ſaid I, that he will for the future be more an Italian than an Engliſhman.

Impoſſible, madam! A *prudent* youth, by travelling, reaps this advantage—From what he ſees of other countries, he learns to prefer his own. An *imprudent* one the contrary. Sir Charles's country is endeared to him by his long abſence from it. Italy in particular is called, The Garden of Europe; but it is rather to be valued for what it *was*, and *might be*, than what *it is*. I need not tell a Lady who has read and converſed as you have done, to what that incomparable difference is owing. Sir Charles Grandiſon is greatly ſenſible of it. He loves his country, with the judgment of a wiſe man; and wants not the partiality of a patriot.

But, Doctor, he has offered, you know, to reſide —There I ſtopt.

True, madam—And he will not recede from his offers, if they are claimed. But this uncertainty it is that diſturbs him.

I pity my patron, proceeded he. I have often told you he is not happy. What has indiſcretion to expect, when diſcretion has ſo much to ſuffer? His only conſolation is, that he has nothing to reproach himſelf with. Inevitable evils he bears as a man ſhould. He makes no oſtentation of his piety: But, madam, Sir Charles Grandiſon is a CHRISTIAN.

You need not, Sir, ſay more to me to exalt him: And, let me add, that I have no ſmall pleaſure in knowing that Clementina is a Lady of ſtrict piety, tho' a Roman Catholic.

And let me aſſure you, madam, that Sir Charles's regard for Miſs Byron (his *more* than regard for her,

why ſhould I not ſay? ſince every-body ſees it) is founded upon her piety, and upon the amiable qualities of her mind. Beauty, madam, is an accidental and tranſient good. No man knows better how to diſtinguiſh between *admiration* and *love*, than my patron. His virtue is virtue upon *full proof*, and againſt ſenſibilities, that it is heroic to overcome. Lady Olivia knows this: And here I muſt acknowledge myſelf a debtor to you for three articles out of your ten. I hope ſoon to diſcharge the obligation.

Your own time, Doctor: But I *muſt* ſay, that whenever you give me Lady Olivia's ſtory, I ſhall be pained, if I find that a Clementina is conſidered by a beauty of an *unhappier* turn, as *her* rival in the love of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Lady Olivia, madam, *admires* him for his virtues, but ſhe cannot, as *he* has made it his ſtudy to do, divide *Admiration* from *Love*. What offers has ſhe not refuſed?—But ſhe declares, that ſhe had rather be the *friend* of Sir Charles Grandiſon, than the Wife of the greateſt prince on earth.

This ſtruck me: Have not *I* ſaid ſomething like it? But ſurely with innocence of heart. But here the Doctor ſuggeſts, that Olivia has put his virtue to the proof: Yet I hope not.

The FRIEND, Dr. Bartlett!—I hope that no woman who is not quite given up to diſhonour, will pollute the ſacred word, by affixing ideas to it, that cannot be connected with it. A *Friend* is one of the higheſt characters that one human creature can ſhine in to another. There may be *Love*, that tho' it has no view but to honour, yet even in wedlock, ripens not into friendſhip. How poor are all ſuch attachments! How much beneath the exalted notion I have of that nobleſt, that moſt delicate union of ſouls! You wonder at me, Dr. Bartlett. Let me repeat to you, Sir (I have it by heart) Sir Charles Grandiſon's ten-

der

der of friendſhip to the poor Harriet Byron, which has given me ſuch exalted ideas of this diſintereſted paſſion; but you muſt not take notice that I have. I repeated thoſe words beginning, "My heart demands "alliance with hers"—and ending with theſe—"So "long as it ſhall be conſiſtent with her other at-"tachments (*a*)."

The Doctor was ſilent for a few moments: At laſt, What a delicacy is there in the mind of this excellent man! Yet how conſiſtent with the exacteſt truth! The friendſhip he offers you, madam, is *indeed* friendſhip. What you have repeated can want no explanation: Yet it is expreſſive of his uncertain ſituation. It is—

He ſtopt of a ſudden.

Pray, Doctor, proceed: I love to hear you talk.

My *good* young Lady!—I may ſay too much. Sir Charles in theſe nice points muſt be left to himſelf. It is impoſſible for any-body to expreſs his thoughts as *he* can expreſs them. But let me ſay, that he juſtly, as well as greatly, admires Miſs Byron.

My heart roſe againſt itſelf. Bold Harriet, thought I, how dareſt thou thus urge a good man to ſay more than he has a mind to ſay of the ſecrets of a friend, which are committed to his keeping? Content thyſelf with the *hopes* that the worthieſt man in the world would wiſh to call thee his, were it not for an invincible obſtacle. And noble, thrice noble Clementina, be thine the preference even in the heart of Harriet Byron, becauſe juſtice gives it to thee; for, Harriet, haſt thou not been taught to prefer right and juſtice to every other conſideration? And, wouldſt thou abhor the thought of a common theft, yet ſteal a heart that is the property, and that by the deareſt purchaſe, of another?

(*a*) See p. 62. of this Volume.

LETTER XIV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Friday Evening.

WE have had a great debate about the place in which the nuptial ceremony is to be performed.

Charlotte, the perverſe Charlotte, inſiſted upon not going to church.

Lord G. dared not to give his opinion; tho' his Father and Lady Gertrude, as well as every other perſon, were againſt her.

Lord L. ſaid, that if fine Ladies thought ſo ſlightly of the office, as that it might be performed any-where, it would be no wonder, if fine gentlemen thought ſtill more ſlightly of the obligation it laid them under.

Being appealed to, I ſaid, that I thought of marriage as one of the moſt ſolemn acts of a woman's life.

And if of a woman's, of a *man*'s, ſurely, interrupted Lady L. If your whimſey, Charlotte, added ſhe, ariſes from modeſty, you reflect upon your Siſter; and, what is worſe, upon your Mother.

Charlotte put up her pretty lip, and was unconvinced.

Lady Gertrude laid a heavy hand upon the affectation; yet admires her Niece-elect. She diſtinguiſhed between Chamber Vows and Church Vows. She mentioned the word *decency*. She ſpoke plainer, on Charlotte's unfeeling perverſeneſs. If a bride meant a compliment by it to the bridegroom, that was another thing; but then let her declare as much; and that ſhe was in a hurry to oblige him.

Charlotte attempted to kill her by a look—She gave a worſe to Lord G.—And why, whiſpered ſhe

to

to him, as he ſat next her, muſt thou ſhew all thy teeth, man? — As Lady Gertrude meant to ſhame her, I thought I could as ſoon forgive that Lady, as her who was the occaſion of the freedom of ſpeech.

But ſtill ſhe was perverſe: She would not be married at all, ſhe ſaid, if ſhe were not complied with.

I whiſpered her, as I ſat on the other ſide of her, I wiſh, Charlotte, the knot were tied: Till then, you will not do even right things, but in a wrong manner.

Dr. Bartlett was not preſent: He was making a kind viſit to my Couſin Reeves's. When he came in, the debate was referred to him. He entered into it with her, with ſo much modeſty, good ſenſe, propriety, and ſteadineſs, that at laſt the perverſe creature gave way: But hardly would neither, had he not aſſured her, that her Brother would be entirely againſt her; and that he himſelf muſt be excuſed performing the ſacred office, but in a ſacred place. She has ſet her heart on the Doctor's marrying her.

The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, as alſo Lord and Lady L. went away, not diſſatisfied with Charlotte's compliance: She is the moſt ungraciouſly graceful young woman I ever knew in her compliances: But Lord G. was to pay for all: She and I got together in the Study: In bolted Lord G. perhaps with *too* little ceremony. She coloured—Hey-day, Sir! Who expected you? His countenance immediately fell. He withdrew precipitately. Fie, Charlotte! ſaid I: Recollect yourſelf—and riſing, ſtept to the door, My Lord—calling after him.

He came back, but in a little ferment—I hoped, I hoped, madam, as you were not in your own apartment, that I might, that I might, have been—

Where-ever Ladies are by themſelves, it is a Lady's apartment, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, with a haughtineſs that ſat better on *her* features, than they would upon almoſt any other woman's.

He looked, as if he knew not whether he ſhould ſtay or go. Sit down, my Lord, ſaid I; we are not particularly engaged. He came nearer, his hat under his arm, bowing to her, who ſat as ſtately as a princeſs on her throne: But yet looked diſobliged. You give yourſelf pretty airs, my Lord—don't you?

Pretty airs, madam!—Pretty airs!—By my ſoul, I think, madam—And with ſuch a glow on your face, madam—Taking his laced hat from under his arm, and with an earneſt motion ſwinging it backwards and forwards, as unknowing what he did—

What, Sir, am I to be buffeted, Sir!—

He put his hat under his arm again—*Buffeted*, madam!—Would to heaven—

What has heaven to do with your odd ways, Lord G?

I beg pardon for intruding, madam — But I thought—

That you had a privilege, Sir—But marriage itſelf, Sir, ſhall not give you a privilege to break into my retirements. You *thought* Sir—You could *not think*—So much the worſe if you did—

If I have really offended—I will be more circumſpect for the future—I beg pardon, madam—Miſs Byron I hope will forgive me too.

He was going, in great diſcompoſure, and with an air of angry humility.

Charlotte, whiſpered I—Don't be ſilly—

Come, come, now you *have* broken in upon us, you may ſtay—But another time, when you know me to be retired with a friend ſo dear to me, let it enter into your head, that no third perſon, unſent for, can be welcome.

Poor man!—How he loves her!—His countenance changed at once to the humble placid: He looked as if he had rather be in fault than ſhe.

Oh! how *little* did ſhe make him look!

But he has often, as well as in this inſtance, let her

her ſee her power over him. I am afraid ſhe will uſe it. I now ſee it is and will be his misfortune, that ſhe can vex him without being vexed herſelf: And what may he expect, who can be treated with feigned diſpleaſure, which, while it ſeems to be in earneſt to him, will be a jeſt to his wife?

I was very angry with her, when we were alone; and told her, that ſhe would be an enemy, I was afraid, of her own happineſs. But ſhe only laughed at me: Happineſs, my dear! ſaid ſhe: *That* only is happineſs which we think ſo. If I can be as happy in my way, as you can be in yours, ſhall I not purſue it? Your happineſs, child, is in the ſtill life. I love not a dead calm: Now a tempeſt, now a refreſhing breeze, I ſhall know how to enjoy the difference—My Brother will not be here to turn jeſt into earneſt; as might perhaps be the effect of his mediation—But, high-ho, Harriet! that the firſt week were over, and I had got into my throne!

She ended with an Italian air, contraſted with another High-ho; and left me for a few moments.

Poor Lord G.! ſaid I, looking after her.

She returned ſoon. *Poor Lord G.!* repeated ſhe: Thoſe were the piteous words you threw after me—But if I ſhould provoke him, do you think he would not give me a cuff, or ſo? You know he can't return joke for joke; and he muſt revenge himſelf ſome way—If that ſhould be the caſe, *Poor Charlotte*, I hope you would ſay—

Not if you deſerved it.

Deſerve a *cuff*, Harriet!—Well, but I am afraid I ſhall.

Remember next Tueſday, Charlotte!—You muſt vow obedience—Will you break your vow!—This is not a jeſting matter.

True, Harriet. And that it is *not*, was perhaps one of the reaſons that made me diſinclined to go to ſo ſolemn a place as the church with Lord G.—Don't

you think it one with thoſe who inſiſt upon being married in their own chamber?

I believe great People, ſaid I, think they muſt not do right things in the common way: That ſeems to me to be one of their fantaſtic reaſons: But the vow is the vow, Charlotte: God is every-where.

Now you are ſo ſerious, Harriet, it is time to have done with the ſubject.

I HAVE no ſleep in my eyes; and muſt go on. What keeps me more wakeful is, my real concern for this naughty Miſs Grandiſon, and my pity for Lord G.; for the inſtance I have given you of her petulance is nothing to what I have ſeen: But I thought, ſo near the day, ſhe would have changed her behaviour to him. Surely, the ſituation her Brother is in, without any fault of his own, might convince her, that ſhe need not go out of her path to pick up ſubjects for unhappineſs.

Such a kitteniſh diſpoſition in her, I called it; for it is not ſo much the love of power that predominates in her mind, as the love of playfulneſs: And when the fit is upon her, ſhe regards not whether it is a China cup, or a cork, that ſhe pats or toſſes about: But her *ſport* will certainly be the *death* of Lord G.'s happineſs. Pity that Sir Charles, who only has power over her, is obliged to go abroad ſo ſoon! But ſhe has principles: Lady Grandiſon's Daughter, Sir Charles Grandiſon's Siſter, muſt have principles. The ſolemnity of the occaſion; the office; the church; the altar;—muſt ſtrike her: The vow—Will ſhe not regard the vow ſhe makes in circumſtances ſo aweful? Could but my Lord G. aſſume dignity, and mingle raillery with it, and be able to laugh *with* her, and ſometimes *at* her, ſhe would not make *him* her ſport: She would find ſomebody elſe: A butt ſhe muſt have to ſhoot at: But I am afraid he will be too ſenſible of her ſmartneſs: And ſhe will have her jeſt, let who will ſuffer by it.

Some

Some of the contents of your laſt are very agreeable to me, Lucy. I will begin in earneſt to think of leaving London. Don't let me look ſilly in your eyes, my dear, when I come. It was not ſo *very* preſumptuous in me (was it?) to hope—When all his relations—When he himſelf—Yet what room for hope did he, *could* he give me? He was honeſt; and I cheated myſelf: But then all you, my deareſt friends, encouraged the cheat: Nay, pointed my wiſhes, and my hopes, by yours. Before I had dared (or ſhall I ſay, condeſcended?) to own them to myſelf.

You may let that Greville know, if you pleaſe, that there is no room for his *If*'s, nor, of conſequence, any for his *menaces*. You may own, that I ſhall ſoon be in Northamptonſhire. This may prevent his and Fenwick's threatened journey to town.

But, Lucy, tho' my heart has been ever *dutifully*, as I may ſay, open to the venerable domeſtic circle; tho' it would not have been an honeſt heart, could it, circumſtanced as I was, have concealed itſelf from Lady D.; and muſt have been an impenetrable one indeed, if it could have been diſguiſed to the two Siſters here—yet I beſeech you, my dear, almoſt on my knees I beſeech you, let not the audacious, the inſulting Greville, have ground given him to ſuſpect a weakneſs in your Harriet, which indelicate minds know not how to judge of delicately. For Sex-ſake, for Example-ſake, Lucy, let it not be known to any but the partial, friendly few, that our Grand-mamma Shirley's child, and Aunt Selby's Niece, has been a volunteer in her affections. How many ſtill more forward girls would plead Mrs. Shirley's approbation of the haſty affection, without conſidering the circumſtances, and the object! So the next girl that run away to a dancing-maſter, or an enſign, would reckon herſelf one of Harriet's School.

Poor Mr. Orme! I am ſorry he is not well. It is cruel in you, Lucy, at *this* time, to ſay (ſo undoubtingly) that his illneſs is owing to his Love of me. You

knew that ſuch a ſuggeſtion would pain me. Heaven reſtore Mr. Orme.

But I am vexed, as it cannot be to purpoſe, that Sir Charles Grandiſon and I have been named together, and talked of in your neighbourhood!—He will be gone abroad: I ſhall return to Northamptonſhire: And ſhall look *ſo* ſilly! So like a refuſed girl!

'Every-body gives me to him, you ſay'—So much the worſe. I wonder what buſineſs this Every-body has to trouble itſelf about me.

One conſolation, however, I ſhall have in my return; and that is, in my Nancy's recovered health; which was ſo precarious when I ſet out for London.

But I ſhall have nothing to entertain you with when I am with you: Sir Charles Grandiſon, Lord and Lady L. Lady G. (as now in three or four days ſhe will be) my dear Miſs Jervois, Dr. Bartlett, will be all my ſubject. And have not I exhauſted that by pen and ink? O no! The Doctor promiſes to correſpond with me; and he makes no doubt but Sir Charles will correſpond with him, as uſual.

What can the unuſually tender friendſhip be called which he profeſſed for me, and, as I may ſay, claimed in return from me? I know that he has no notion of the love called *Platonic*. Nor have I: I think it, in general, a dangerous allowance; and, with regard to our Sex, a very unequal one; ſince, while the man has nothing to fear, the woman has every thing, from the privileges that may be claimed, in an *acknowledged* confidence, eſpecially in preſence. Miſs Grandiſon thus interprets what he ſaid, and ſtrengthens her opinion by ſome of Dr. Bartlett's late intimations that he really loves me; but not being at liberty to avow his Love, he knew not what to ſay; and ſo went as near to a declaration as was poſſible to do in his circumſtances.

But might I not expect, from ſuch a profeſſion of friendſhip in Sir Charles, an offer of correſpondence

in

in abſence? And if he made the offer, ought I to decline it? Would it not indicate too much on *my* ſide, were I to do ſo?—And does it not on *his*, if he make not the offer? He correſponds with Mrs. Beaumont: No-body thinks that any-thing can be meant by that correſpondence on *either* ſide; becauſe Mrs. Beaumont muſt be at leaſt forty: Sir Charles but ſix or ſeven and twenty: But if he makes not the requeſt to Harriet, who is but little more than twenty; what after ſuch profeſſions of a friendſhip ſo tender, will be inferred from his forbearance?

But I ſhall puzzle myſelf, and you too, Lucy, if I go on with this ſort of reaſoning; becauſe I ſhall not know how to put all I mean into words. Have I not already puzzled you? I think my expreſſion is weak and perplexed—But this offered and accepted friendſhip between two perſons not indelicate, muſt be perplexing; ſince he is the only young man in the world, from whom a woman has no diſhonour to fear—Ah, Lucy!—It would be vanity in me, would it not? to ſuppoſe that he had more to fear from Harriet, than ſhe has from him; as the virtue of either, I hope, is not queſtionable? But the event of his Italian viſit will explain and reconcile every-thing.

I will encourage a drowſy fit that ſeems to be ſtealing upon me. If I have not written with the perſpicuity I always aim at, allow, Lucy, for the time of night; for ſpirits not high; and for the ſubject, which having its delicacies, as well as uncertainties, I am not able to write clearly upon it.

LETTER XV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Sunday Night, April 9.

SIR Charles is already returned: He arrived at Windſor on Friday morning; but found that Lord W.

W. had ſet out the afternoon of the day before, for the houſe of his friend Sir Joſeph Lawrence, which is but fifteen miles from Mansfield-houſe.

Upon this intelligence, Sir Charles, wanting to return to town as ſoon as he could, followed him to the Knight's: And having time enough himſelf to reach Mansfield-houſe that night, he, by his Uncle's conſent, purſued his journey thither; to the great joy of the family; who wiſhed for his perſonal introduction of my Lord to Miſs Mansfield.

My Lord arrived by breakfaſt-time unfatigued, and in high ſpirits: Staid at Mansfield-houſe all day; and promiſed ſo to manage, as to be in town to-morrow, in order to be preſent at his Niece's nuptials on Tueſday.

As for Sir Charles, he made the Mansfield family happy in his company the whole Friday evening; enquiring into their affairs relating to the oppreſſion they lay under; pointing out meaſures for redreſs; encouraging Miſs Mansfield; and informing the Brothers, that the Lawyers he had conſulted on their deeds, told him, that a new trial might be hoped for; the reſult of which, probably, would be a means to do them juſtice, ſo powerfully protected and aſſiſted as they would be now; for new lights had broken in upon them, and they wanted but to recover a deed, which they underſtood was in the hands of two gentlemen, named Hartley, who were but lately returned from the Indies. Thus prepared, the Mansfields alſo were in high ſpirits the next morning; and looked, Sir Charles ſaid, on each other, when they met, as if they wanted to tell each other their agreeable dreams.

Sir Charles, in his way, had looked in upon Sir Harry Beauchamp and his Lady. He found Sir Harry in high ſpirits, expecting the arrival of his Son; who was actually landed from Calais, having met there his Father's Letter, allowing him to return to England,

land, and wiſhing in his own, and in Lady Beauchamp's name, his ſpeedy arrival.

Sir Charles's impatience to ſee his friend, permitted him only to breakfaſt with my Lord and the Mansfields; and to know the opinion each party formed of the other, on this firſt interview; and then he ſet out to Sir Harry Beauchamp's. What an activity!—Heaven reward him with the grant of his own wiſhes, whatever they be, and make him the happieſt of men!

My Lord is greatly taken with the Lady, and her whole family. Well he may, Sir Charles ſays. He bleſſed him, and called himſelf bleſſed in his Siſter's Son, for his recommendation of each to the other. The Lady thinks better of him, as her Mother owned to Sir Charles, than ſhe thought ſhe ſhould, from report.

I begin to think, Lucy, that thoſe who ſet out for happineſs are moſt likely to find it, when they live ſingle till the age of *fancy* is over. Thoſe who marry while it laſts, are often diſappointed of that which they propoſe ſo largely to themſelves: While thoſe who wed for convenience, and deal with tolerable honeſty by each other, are at a greater certainty. *Tolerable*, I repeat, ſince, it ſeems, we are to expect that both parties will turn the beſt ſide of the old garment outward. Hence ariſes conſolation to old maidens, and cautions againſt precipitation——Expatiate, my dear, on this fruitful ſubject: I would, were I at leiſure.

Sir Charles ſays, that he doubts not but Lord W. will be as happy a man as he wiſhes to be, in leſs than a month.

The duce is in this Brother of mine, whiſpered Miſs Grandiſon, to me, for huddling up of marriages! He don't conſider, that there may be two chances for one, that his honeſt folks may, in half a year's time, bleſs him the contrary way.

Sir Charles told us, that he had deſired Lord W. to

to give out every-where (that the adverſaries of the Mansfield family might know it) his intended alliance; and that he and his Nephew were both determined to procure a retroſpection of all former proceedings.

Sir Charles got to Sir Harry Beauchamp's a little before his friend arrived. Sir Harry took him aſide at his alighting, and told him that Lady Beauchamp had had clouds on her brow all the day; and he was afraid, would not receive his Son with the graciouſneſs that once he hoped for from her: But that he left *him* to manage with her. She never, ſaid he, had ſo high an opinion either of man or woman as ſhe has of you.

Sir Charles addreſſed himſelf to her, as not doubting her goodneſs upon the foot of their former converſation; and praiſed her for the graces that however appeared but faintly in her countenance, till his compliments lighted them up, and made them ſhine full out in it. He told her, that his Siſter and Lord G. were to be married on the following Tueſday. He himſelf, he ſaid, ſhould ſet out for Paris on Friday after: But hoped to ſee a family intimacy begun between his Siſters and Lady Baauchamp; and between their Lords, and Sir Harry, and Mr. Beauchamp. He applauded her on the generoſity of her intentions, as declared to him in their former conference; and congratulated her on the power ſhe had, of which ſhe made ſo noble a uſe, of laying at the ſame time an obligation on the tendereſt of Huſbands, and the moſt deſerving of Sons: Whoſe duty to her he engaged for.

All this ſet her in high good humour; and ſhe took to herſelf, and *bridled* upon it, to expreſs myſelf in Charlotte's manner, the praiſes and graces this adroit manager gave her, as if they were her unqueſtionable due.

This agreeable way they were all in, Sir Harry tranſ-

tranſported with his Lady's goodneſs, when Mr. Beauchamp arrived.

The young gentleman bent his knee to his Step-mother, as well as to his Father; and thanked her for the high favours which, his Father had ſignified to him by Letter, he owed to her goodneſs. She confirmed them; but Sir Charles obſerved, with an oſtentation that ſhewed ſhe thought very highly of her own generoſity.

They had a very chearful evening. Not one cloud would hang on Lady Beauchamp's brow, tho' once or twice it ſeemed a little overſhadowed, as Mr. Beauchamp diſplayed qualities for which his Father was too ready to admire him. Sir Charles thought it neceſſary to caution Sir Harry on this ſubject; putting it in this light, that Lady Beauchamp loved her Huſband ſo well, that ſhe would be too likely to dread rivalry in his affection from a Son ſo very accompliſhed. Sir Harry took the hint kindly.

Mr. Beauchamp was under a good deal of concern at Sir Charles's engagements to leave England ſo ſoon after his arrival; and aſked his Father's leave to attend him. Sir Harry declared, that he could not part with him. Sir Charles chid his friend, and ſaid, It was not quite ſo handſome a return as might have been expected from his Beauchamp, to the joyful reception he had met with from his Father, and Lady Beauchamp. But ſhe excuſed the young gentleman, and ſaid, ſhe wondered not, that any-body who was favoured with *his* friendſhip, ſhould be unwilling to be ſeparated from him.

Sir Charles expreſſes great ſatisfaction in Mr. Beauchamp's being arrived before his departure, that he may preſent to us himſelf, a man with whom he is ſure we ſhall all be delighted, and leave *him* happy in the beloved ſociety which he himſelf is obliged to quit.

A repining temper, Lucy, would conſider only the hard-

hardſhip of meeting a long-abſent friend, juſt to feel the uneaſineſs of a ſecond parting: But this man views every-thing in a right light. When his own happineſs is not to be attained, he lays it out of his thoughts, and, as I have heretofore obſerved, rejoices in that of others. It is a pleaſure to ſee how Sir Charles ſeems to enjoy the love which Dr. Bartlett expreſſes for this friend of them both.

Sir Charles addreſſed himſelf to me, on ſeveral occaſions, in ſo polite, in ſo tender a manner, that every one told me afterwards, they are ſure he loves me. Dr. Bartlett at the time, as he ſat next me, whiſpered, on the regret expreſſed by all on loſing him ſo ſoon—Ah, madam!—I know and pity, my patron's ſtruggles!—*Struggles*, Lucy! What could the Doctor mean by this whiſper to *me!* But I hope he gueſſes not at mine! If he does, would he have whiſpered his pity of Sir Charles to me?—Come, Lucy, this is ſome comfort, however; and I will endeavour to be brave upon it, that I may not, by my weakneſs, leſſen myſelf in the Doctor's good opinion.

It was agreed for Charlotte (whoſe aſſent was given in theſe words—'Do as you will—or, rather, as my 'Brother will—What ſignifies oppoſing *him?*') that the nuptials ſhall be ſolemnized, as privately as poſſible, at St. George's Church. The company is to drop in at different doors, and with as few attendants as may be. Lord W. the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, Lord and Lady L. Miſs Jervois, and your Harriet, are to be preſent at the ceremony. I was very earneſt to be excuſed, till Miſs Grandiſon, when we were alone, dropt down on one knee, and held up her hands, to beg me to accompany her. Mr. Everard Grandiſon, if he can be found, is to be alſo there, at Sir Charles's deſire.

Dr. Bartlett, as I before hinted, at *her* earneſt requeſt, is to perform the ceremony. Sir Charles wiſhed it to be at his own Pariſh-church: But Miſs Grandiſon

diſon thought it too near to be private. He was indifferent, as to the place, he ſaid—So it was at *church*; for he had been told of the difficulty we had to get Charlotte to deſiſt from having it performed in her chamber; and ſeemed ſurpriſed—Fie Charlotte! ſaid he—An office ſo ſolemn!—Vows to receive and pay as in the Divine Preſence—

She was glad, ſhe told me, that ſhe had not left that battle to be fought with *him*.

Monday, April 10.

Lord W. is come. Lord and Lady L. are here. They, and Miſs Grandiſon, received him with great reſpect. He embraced his Nieces in a very affectionate manner. Sir Charles was abſent. Lord W. is in perſon and behaviour a much more agreeable man than I expected him to be. Nor is he ſo decrepid with the gout, as I had ſuppoſed. He is very careful of himſelf, it ſeems. This world has been kind to him; and I fanſy he makes a great deal of a little pain, for want of ſtronger exerciſes to his patience; and ſo is a ſufferer by ſelf-indulgence. Had I not been made acquainted with his free living, and with the inſults he bore from Mrs. Giffard, with a ſpirit ſo poor and ſo low, I ſhould have believed I ſaw not only the man of quality, but the man of ſenſe, in his countenance. I endeavoured, however, as much as I could, to look upon him as the Brother of the late Lady Grandiſon. Had he been worthy of that relation, how ſhould I have reverenced him!

But whatever I thought of *him*, he expreſſed himſelf highly in *my* favour. He particularly praiſed me for the modeſty which he ſaid was viſible in my countenance. Free-livers, Lucy, taken with that grace in a woman, which they make it their pride to deſtroy! But all men, good and bad, admire modeſty in a woman: And I am ſometimes out of humour with our Sex, that they do not as generally like modeſty in men. I am ſure that this grace in Sir Charles Grandiſon, is

one

one of his principal glories with me. It emboldens one's heart, and permits one to behave before him with eaſe; and, as I may ſay, with *ſecurity*, in the conſciouſneſs of a right intention.

But what were Lord W's praiſes of his Nephew! He called him, The glory of his Sex, and of human nature. How the cheeks of the dear Emily glowed at the praiſes given to her guardian!—She was the taller for them: When ſhe moved, it was on tiptoe; ſtealing, as it were, croſs the floor, leſt ſhe ſhould loſe anything, that was ſaid on a ſubject ſo delightful to her.

My Lord was alſo greatly pleaſed with her. He complimented her as the beloved Ward of the beſt of Guardians. He lamented, with us, the occaſion that called his Nephew abroad. He was full of his own engagements with Miſs Mansfield, and declared that his Nephew ſhould guide and govern him as he pleaſed in every material caſe, reſpecting either the conduct of his future life, or the management and diſpoſition of his eſtate; adding, that he had made his will, and, excepting only his Lady's Jointure, and a few Legacies, had left every-thing to him.

How right a thing, even in policy, is it, my dear, to be good and generous!

I muſt not forget, that my Lord wiſhed, *with all his ſoul*, that was his expreſſion, that he might have the honour of giving to his Nephew *my* hand in marriage.

I could feel myſelf bluſh. I half-ſuppreſſed a ſigh: I would have wholly ſuppreſſed it, if I could. I recovered the little confuſion, his too plainly expreſſed wiſh gave me, by repeating to myſelf the word CLEMENTINA.

This Charlotte is a great coward. But I dare not tell her ſo, for fear of a retort. I believe I ſhould be as great a one in her circumſtances, ſo few hours to one of the greateſt events of one's life? But I *pretend* not to bravery: Yet hope, that in the cauſe of virtue or honour I ſhould be found to have a Soul.

I write now at my Couſins. I came hither to make an alteration in my dreſs. I have promiſed to be with the ſweet Bully early in the morning of her important day.

LETTER XVI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday Night,
Wedneſday Morning, } *April* 11, 12.

MISS Grandiſon is no longer to be called by that name. She is Lady G. May ſhe make Lord G. as happy as I dare ſay he will make her, if it be not her own fault!

I was early with her, according to promiſe. I found her more affected than ſhe was even laſt night with her approaching change of condition. Her Brother had been talking to her, ſhe ſaid; and had laid down the duties of the ſtate ſhe was about to enter into, in ſuch a ſerious manner, and made the performance of them of ſo much importance to her happineſs, both here and hereafter, that ſhe was terrified at the thoughts of what ſhe was about to undertake. She had never conſidered matrimony in that formidable light before. He had told her, that he was afraid of her vivacity; yet was loth to diſcourage her chearfulneſs, or to ſay any-thing that ſhould lower her ſpirits. All he beſought of her was, to regard times, tempers, and occaſions; and then it would be impoſſible but her lively humour muſt give delight not only to the man whom ſhe favoured with her hand, but to every-one who had the pleaſure of approaching her. If, Charlotte, ſaid he, you would have the world around you reſpect your Huſband, *you* muſt ſet the example. While the Wife gives the leaſt room to ſuſpect, that ſhe deſpiſes her Huſband, ſhe will find, that ſhe ſubjects him to double contempt, if he reſents it not; and if he does, can

you

you be happy? Aggreſſors lay themſelves open to ſevere repriſals. If you differ, you will be apt to make by-ſtanders judges over you. They will remember when you are willing to forget; and your fame will be the ſport of thoſe beneath you, as well in underſtanding as degree.

She believed, ſhe told me, that Lord G. had been making ſome complaints of her. *If he had*—

Huſh, my dear, ſaid I—Not one word of threatening: Are you more ſolicitous to conceal your fault, than to amend it?

No—But you know, Harriet, for a man, before he has experienced what ſort of a Wife I ſhall make, to complain againſt me for foibles in courtſhip, when he can help himſelf if he *will*, has ſomething ſo very little—

Your conſcience, Charlotte, tells you, that he had *reaſon* for complaint; and therefore you think he *has* complained. Think the beſt of Lord G. for *your own* reputation's ſake, ſince you thought fit to go thus far with him. You have borne nothing from *him*: He has borne a great deal from *you*.

I am fretful, Harriet; I won't be chidden: I will be comforted by you: You *ſhall* ſooth me: Are you not my Siſter? She threw her arms around me, and kiſſed my cheek.

I ventured to railly her, tho' I was afraid of her retort, and met with it: But I thought it would divert her. I am glad, my dear, ſaid I, that you are capable of this tenderneſs of temper: You bluſtering girls—But Fear, I believe, will make cowards loving.

Harriet, ſaid ſhe, and flung from me to the window, remember *this*: May I ſoon ſee you in the ſame ſituation! I will then have no mercy upon you.

THE ſubject, which Sir Charles led to at breakfaſt, was the three weddings of Thurſday laſt. He ſpoke honour-

honourably of marriage, and made ſome juſt compliments to Lord and Lady L.; concluding them with wiſhes, that his Siſter Charlotte and Lord G. might be neither more nor leſs happy than they were. Then turning to Lord W. he ſaid, He queſtioned not his Lordſhip's happineſs with the Lady he had ſo lately ſeen; for I cannot doubt, ſaid he, of your Lordſhip's affectionate gratitude to her, if ſhe behaves as I am ſure ſhe will.

My Lord had tears in his eyes. Never man had ſuch a Nephew as I have, ſaid he. All the joy of my preſent proſpects, all the comforts of my future life, are and will be owing to you.

Here had he ſtopt, it would have been well: But turning to me, he unexpectedly ſaid, Would to God, madam, that *you* could reward him! I cannot; and no-body *elſe* can.

All were alarmed for me; every eye was upon me. A ſickiſhneſs came over my heart—I know not how to deſcribe it. My head ſunk upon my boſom. I could hardly ſit; yet was leſs able to riſe.

Sir Charles's face was overſpread with bluſhes. He bowed to my Lord. May the man, ſaid he, who ſhall have the honour to call Miſs Byron his, be, if *poſſible*, as deſerving as *ſhe* is! Then will they live together the life of angels.

He gracefully looked down; not at me; and I got a little courage to look up: Yet Lady L. was concerned for me: So was Lord L.: Emily's eye dropt a tear upon her bluſhing cheek.

Was it not, Lucy, a ſevere trial?—Indeed it was.

My Lord, to mend the matter, lamented very pathetically, that Sir Charles was under an obligation to go abroad; and ſtill more, that he could not ſtay to be preſent at the celebration of his nuptials with Miſs Mansfield.

The Earl, Lord G. Lady Gertrude, and the Doctor, were to meet the Bride and us at church. Lord and

Lady

Lady L. Sir Charles, and Emily, went in one coach: Miſs Grandiſon and I in another.

As we went, I don't like this affair at all, Harriet, ſaid ſhe. My Brother has long made all other men indifferent to me. Such an infinite difference!

Can any-body be happier than Lord and Lady L. Charlotte? Yet Lady L. admires her Brother as much as you can do.

They happy!—And ſo they are. But Lady L. ſoft ſoul! fell in love with Lord L. before my Brother came over. So the foundation was laid: And it being a firſt flame with her, ſhe, in compliment to *herſelf*, could not but perſevere. But the ſorry creature Anderſon, proving a ſorry creature, made me deſpiſe the ſex: And my Brother's perfections contributed to my contempt of all other men.

Indeed, my dear, you are wrong. Lord G. loves you: But were Sir Charles *not* your Brother, it is not very certain, that he would have returned your Love.

Why, that's true. I believe he would not, in that caſe, have choſen *me*. I am ſure he would not, if he had known *you*: But for the man one loves, one can *do* any-thing, *be* every-thing, that he would wiſh one to be.

Do you think you cannot love Lord G.?—For Heaven's ſake, Charlotte, tho' you are now almoſt within ſight of the church, do not think of giving your hand, if you cannot reſolve to make Lord G. as happy, as I have no doubt he will make you, if it be not your own fault.

What will my Brother ſay?—What will—

Leave that to me. I will engage Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett to lend me their ear in the veſtry; and I am ſure your Brother, if he knows that you have an antipathy to Lord G. or that you think you cannot be happy with him, will undertake your cauſe, and bring you off.

Anti-

Antipathy! That's a ſtrong word, Harriet. The man is a good-natured ſilly man—

Silly! Charlotte!—Silly then he muſt be for loving you ſo well, who, really, have never yet given him an opportunity to ſhew his importance with you.

I do pity him ſometimes.

The coach ſtopt:—Ah, Lord! Harriet! The church! The church!

Say, Charlotte, before you ſtep out—Shall I ſpeak to your Brother, and Dr. Bartlett, in the veſtry?

I ſhall look like a fool either way.

Don't *act* like one, Charlotte, on this ſolemn occaſion. Say, you will deſerve, that you will *try* to deſerve Lord G's love.

Sir Charles appeared. Lord help me!—My Brother!—I'll try, I'll try, what can be done.

He gave each his hand in turn: In we flew: The people began to gather about us. Lord G. all rapture, received her at the entrance. Sir Charles led me: And the Earl and Lady Gertrude received us with joy in their countenances. I overheard the naughty one ſay, as Lord G. led her up to the altar, You don't know what your are about, man. I expect to have all my way: Remember that's one of my articles before marriage.

He returned her an anſwer of fond aſſent to her condition. I am afraid, thought I, poor Lord G. you will be more than *once* reminded of this previous article.

When ſhe was led to the altar, and Lord G. and ſhe ſtood together, ſhe trembled. Leave me not, Harriet, ſaid ſhe.—Brother! Lady L.!—

I am ſure ſhe looked *fillier* than Lord G. at that inſtant.

The good Doctor began the office. *No dearly beloveds*, Harriet! whiſpered ſhe, as I had ſaid, on a really terrible occaſion. I was offended with her in my heart: Again, ſhe whiſpered ſomething againſt

the office, as the Doctor proceeded to give the reaſons for the inſtitution. Her levity did not forſake her even at that ſolemn moment.

When the ſervice was over, every one (Sir Charles in a ſolemn and moſt affectionate manner) wiſhed her happy. My Lord G. kiſſed her hand with a bent knee.

She took my hand. Ah! Lord, what have I done? —And am I married? whiſpered ſhe—And can it never be undone?—And is that the man, to whom I am to be obedient?—Is *he* to be my Lord and Maſter?

Ah, Lady G. ſaid I, it is a ſolemn office. *You* have vowed: *He* has vowed.—It is a ſolemn office.

Lord G. led her to the firſt coach. Sir Charles led me into the ſame. The people, to my great confuſion, whiſpered, That's the Bride! What a charming couple! Sir Charles handed Miſs Emily next. Lord G. came in: As he was entering, Harkee, friend, ſaid Charlotte, and put out her hand, You miſtake the coach: You are not of our company.

The whole world, replied my Lord, ſhall not now divide us: And took his ſeat on the ſame ſide with Emily.

The man's a rogue, Harriet, whiſpered ſhe: See! He gives himſelf airs already!

This, ſaid Lord G. as the coach drove on, taking one hand, and eargerly kiſſing it, is the hand that bleſſed me.

And that, ſaid ſhe, puſhing him from her with the other, is the hand that repulſes your forwardneſs. What came you in here for?—Don't be ſilly.

He was in raptures all the way.

When we came home, every one embraced and wiſhed joy to the Bride. The Earl and Lady Gertrude were in high ſpirits. The Lady re-ſaluted her Niece, as her *dear* Niece: The Earl recognized his beloved daughter.

But prepare to hear a noble action of Lord W.

When

When he came up to compliment her—My deareſt Niece, ſaid he, I wiſh you joy with all my ſoul. I have not been a kind Uncle. There is no faſtening any thing on your Brother. Accept of this [and he put a little paper into her hand—It was a Bank-note of 1000 *l.*]: *My* Siſter's daughter, and *your* Brother's Siſter, merits more than this.

Was not this handſomely preſented, Lucy?

He then, in a manner becoming Lady Grandiſon's Brother, ſtept to Lady L. My Niece Charlotte is not my *only* Niece. I wiſh you, my dear, as if this was *your* day of marriage, all happineſs: Accept theſe two papers [The one, Lucy, was a Note for 1000 *l.* and the other for 100 *l.*]: And he ſaid, The leſſer note is due to you for intereſt on the greater.

When the Ladies opened their notes, and ſaw what they were, they were at firſt at a loſs what to ſay.

It was moſt gracefully done: But ſee, Lucy, the example of a good and generous man can ſometimes alter natures; and coveteous men, I have heard it obſerved, when their hearts are opened, often act nobly.

As ſoon as Lady G. (ſo now I muſt call her) recovered herſelf from the ſurprize into which my Lord's preſent and addreſs had put her, ſhe went to him: Allow me, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, and bent one knee to him, to crave your bleſſing; and at the ſame time to thank you for your paternal preſent to your ever obliged Charlotte.

God bleſs you, my dear! ſaluting her—But thank your noble Brother: You delight me with your graceful acceptance.

Lady L. came up. My Lord, you overcome me by your bounty.—How ſhall I—

Your Brother's princely ſpirit, Lady L. ſaid he, makes this preſent look mean. Forgive me only, that it was not done before. And he ſaluted her.

Lord L. came up. Lady L. ſhewed him the open

ed notes—See here, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, what Lord W. has done: And he calls this the intereſt due on that.

Your Lordſhip oppreſſes me with your goodneſs to your Niece, ſaid Lord L. May health, long-life, and happineſs, attend you in your own nuptials!

There, there, ſaid Lord W. pointing to Sir Charles, (who had withdrawn, and then entered) make your acknowlegement: His noble ſpirit has awakened mine: It was only aſleep. My late Siſter's Brother wanted but the force of ſuch an example. That Son is all his Mother.

Sir Charles joining them, having heard only the laſt words—If I am thought a Son not unworthy of the moſt excellent of Mothers, ſaid he, and by *her* Brother, I am happy.

Then you *are* happy, replied my Lord.

Her memory, reſumed Sir Charles, I cheriſh; and when I have been tempted to forget myſelf, that memory has been a means of keeping me ſteady in my duty. Her precepts, my Lord, were the guide of my early youth. Had I not kept them in mind, how much more blameable than moſt young men had I been!—My Charlotte! have that Mother in your memory, on this great change of your condition! You will not be called to her tryals.—His eyes gliſtened. Tender be our remembrance of my Father.—Charlotte, be worthy of your Mother.

He withdrew with an air *ſo* noble!—But ſoon returning, with a chearful look, he was told what Lord W. had done—Your Lordſhip was *before*, ſaid he, intitled to our duty, by the ties of blood: But what is the relation of body to that of mind? You have bound me for my Siſters, and that ſtill more by the manner than by the act, in a bond of gratitude that never can be broken!

Thank yourſelf, thank yourſelf, my noble Nephew.

En-

Encourage, my Lord, a family intimacy between your Lady, and her Nieces and Nephew. You will be delighted, my Sisters, with Miss Mansfield; but when she obliges my Lord with her hand, you will reverence your Aunt. I shall have a pleasure, when I am far distant, in contemplating the family union. Your Lordship must let me know your Day in time; and I will be joyful upon it, whatever, of a contrary nature, I may have to struggle with on my own account.

My Lord wept—My *Lord* wept, did I say?—Not *one* of us had a dry eye!—This was a solemn scene, you will say, for a wedding-day: But how delightfully do such scenes dilate the heart?

The day, however, was not forgotten as a day of festivity. Sir Charles himself, by his vivacity and openness of countenance, made every one joyful: And, except that now-and-then a sigh, which could not be checked, stole from some of us, to think that he would so soon be in another country (far distant from the friends he now made happy) and engaged in difficulties; perhaps in dangers; every heart was present to the occasion of the day.

O Charlotte! Dear Lady G! Hitherto it is in your power, to make every *future* day worthy of *this!* —'Have your Mother, your noble Mother, in your 'memory, my dear:' And give credit to the approbation of such a Brother.

I should have told you, that my Cousin Reeves's came about two, and were received with the utmost politeness by every-body.

Sir Charles was called out just before dinner; and returned introducing a young gentleman, dressed as if for the day—This is an earlier favour, than I had hoped for, said Sir Charles; and leading him to Lady G. This, Sir, is the Queen of the Day. My dear Lady G. welcome (The house is yours—Welcome) the man I love: Welcome my Beauchamp.

Every one, except Emily and me, crouded about Mr. Beauchamp, as Sir Charles's avowedly beloved friend, and bid him cordially welcome; Sir Charles preſenting him to each by name.

Then leading him to me—I am half aſhamed, Lucy, to repeat—But take it as he ſpoke it—Revere, ſaid he, my dear friend, that excellent young Lady: But let not your admiration ſtop at her Face and Perſon: She has a Mind as exalted, my Beauchamp, as your own: Miſs Byron, in honour to my Siſter, and to us all, has gilded this day by her preſence.

Mr. Beauchamp approached me with polite reſpect. The Lady whom Sir Charles Grandiſon admires, as he does you, madam, muſt be the firſt of women.

I might have ſaid, that he, who was ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed as the friend of Sir Charles Grandiſon, muſt be a moſt valuable man: But my ſpirits were not high. I courteſied to his compliment; and was ſilent.

Sir Charles preſented Emily to him.—My Emily, Beauchamp. I hope to live to ſee her happily married. The man whoſe heart is but half ſo worthy as hers, muſt be an excellent man.

Modeſty might look up, and be ſenſible to compliments from the lips of ſuch a man. Emily looked at me with pleaſure, as if ſhe had ſaid, Do you hear, madam, what a fine thing my guardian has ſaid of me?

Sir Charles aſked Mr. Beauchamp, how he ſtood with my Lady Beauchamp?

Very well, anſwered he. After ſuch an introduction as you had given me to her, I muſt have been to blame, had I *not*. She is my Father's Wife: I muſt reſpect her, were ſhe ever ſo unkind to me: She is not without good qualities. Were every family ſo happy as to have Sir Charles Grandiſon for a mediator when miſunderſtandings happened, there would be very few laſting differences among relations. My Fa-

Father and Mother tell me, that they never ſit down to table together, but they bleſs you: And to me they have talked of nobody elſe: But Lady Beauchamp depends upon your promiſe of making her acquainted with the Ladies of your family.

My Siſters, and their Lords, will do honour to my promiſe in my abſence. Lady L. Lady G. let me recommend to you Lady Beauchamp as more than a common viſiting acquaintance. Do you, Sir, to Mr. Beauchamp, ſee it cultivated.

Mr. Beauchamp is an agreeable, and when Sir Charles Grandiſon is not in company, a handſome and genteel man. I think, my dear, that I do but the ſame juſtice that every-body would do, in this exception. He is chearful, lively, yet modeſt, and not too full of words. One ſees both love and reſpect in every look he caſts upon his friend; and that he is delighted when he hears him ſpeak, be the ſubject what it will.

He once ſaid to Lord W. who praiſed his Nephew to him, as he does to every-body near him; The univerſal voice, my Lord, is in his favour where-ever he goes. Every one joins almoſt in the *ſame* words, in different countries, allowing for the different languages, that for ſweetneſs of manners, and manly dignity, he hardly ever had his equal.

Sir Charles was then engaged in talk with his Emily; ſhe before him; he ſtanding in an eaſy genteel attitude, leaning againſt the wainſcot, liſtening, ſmiling, to her prattle, with looks of indulgent love, as a Father might do to a child he was fond of; while ſhe looked back every now-and-then towards me, *ſo* proud, poor dear! of being ſingled out by her guardian.

She tript to me afterwards, and, leaning over my ſhoulder, as I ſat, whiſpered—I have been begging of my guardian to uſe his intereſt with you, madam, to take me down with you to Northamptonſhire.

And what is the reſult?

She pauſed.

Has he denied your requeſt?

No, madam.

Has he allowed you to go, my dear, if I comply? turning half round to her with pleaſure.

She pauſed, and ſeemed at a loſs. I repeated my queſtion.

Why, no, he has not conſented neither—But he ſaid ſuch charming things, ſo obliging, ſo kind, both of you, and of me, that I forgot to repeat my queſtion, tho' it was ſo near my heart: But I will aſk him again.

And thus, Lucy, can he decline complying, and yet ſend away a requeſter ſo much delighted with him, as to forget what her requeſt was.

Miſs Grandiſon—Lady G. I would ſay—ſingled me out ſoon after—This Beauchamp is really a very pretty fellow, Harriet.

He is an agreeable man, anſwered I.

So I think.

She ſaid no more of him at that time.

Between dinner and tea, at Lady L's motion, they made me play on the harpſichord; and, after one leſſon, they beſought Sir Charles to ſing to my playing. He would not, he ſaid, deny any requeſt that was made him on that day.

He ſung. He has a mellow manly voice, and great command of it.

This introduced a little concert. Mr. Beauchamp took the violin; Lord L. the baſs-viol; Lord G. the German-flute; and moſt of the company joined in the chorus. The ſong was from Alexander's Feaſt: The words;

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the good *deſerves the fair*;

Sir Charles, though himſelf equally *brave* and *good*, preferring the latter word to the former.

Lady L. had always inſiſted upon dancing at her Siſter's wedding. We were not company enough for Country-dances: But muſic having been ordered, and the performers come, it was inſiſted upon that we ſhould have a dance, tho' we were engaged in a converſation, which I thought infinitely more agreeable.

Lord G. began by dancing a minuet with his Bride: She danced charmingly! But, on my telling her ſo afterwards, ſhe whiſpered me, that ſhe ſhould have performed better, had ſhe danced with her Brother. Lord G. danced extremely well.

Lord L. and Lady Gertrude, Mr. Beauchamp and Mrs. Reeves, Mr. Reeves and Lady L. danced all of them very agreeably.

The Earl took me out: But we had hardly done, when, aſking pardon for diſgracing me, as he too modeſtly expreſſed himſelf: he, and all but my Couſins and Emily, called out for Sir Charles to dance with me.

I was abaſhed at the general voice calling upon us both: But it was obeyed.

He deſerved all the praiſes that Miſs Gran—Lady G. I would ſay, gave him in her Letter to me.

Lord bleſs me, my dear, this man is every-thing: But his converſation has ever been among the politeſt people of different nations.

Lord W. wiſhed himſelf able, from his gout, to take out Miſs Jervois.

The Bridegroom was called upon by Sir Charles: And he took out the good girl, who danced very prettily. I fanſied that he choſe to call out Lord G. rather than Mr. Beauchamp. He is the moſt delicate and conſiderate of men.

Sir Charles was afterwards called upon by the Bride herſelf: And ſhe danced then with a grace indeed! I

was pleaſed that ſhe *could* perform ſo well at her own wedding.

Supper was not ready till twelve. Mr. Reeves's coach came about that hour; but we got not away till two.

Perhaps the company would not have broke up ſo ſoon, had not the Bride been perverſe, and refuſed to retire.

Was ſhe not at home? ſhe aſked Lady L. who was put upon urging her: And ſhould ſhe leave her company?

She would make me retire with her. She took a very affectionate leave of me.

Marriage, Lucy, is an aweful Rite. It is ſuppoſed to be a joyful ſolemnity: But on the woman's ſide it can be only ſo, when ſhe is given to the man ſhe loves above all the men in the world; and even to *her* the Anniverſary Day, when doubt is turned into certainty, muſt be much happier than the Day itſelf.

What a victim muſt that woman look upon herſelf to be, who is compelled, or even *over-perſuaded*, to give her hand to a man who has no ſhare in her heart? Ought not a parent or guardian, in ſuch a circumſtance, eſpecially if the child has a *delicate*, an *honeſt* mind, to be chargeable with all the unhappy conſequences that may follow from ſuch a cruel compulſion?

But this is not the caſe with Miſs Grandiſon. Early ſhe caſt her eye on an improper object. Her pride convinced her in time of the impropriety. And this, as ſhe owns, gave her an indifference to all men.

She hates not Lord G. There is no man whom ſhe prefers to him: And in this reſpect may, perhaps, be upon a par with eight women out of twelve, who marry, and yet make not bad wives.

As ſhe played with her paſſion till ſhe loſt it, ſhe may be happy if ſhe will: And ſince ſhe intended to

be, ſome time or other, Lady G. her Brother was kind in perſuading her to ſhorten her days of coquetting and teazing, and to allow him to give her to Lord G. before he went abroad.

LETTER XVII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday, April 12.

DR. Bartlett was ſo good as to breakfaſt with my Couſins and me this morning. He talks of ſetting out for Grandiſon Hall on Saturday or Monday next. We have ſettled a correſpondence; and he gives me hope, that he will make me a viſit in Northamptonſhire. I know you will all rejoice to ſee him.

Emily came in before the Doctor went. She brought me the compliments of the Bride, and Lord W. with their earneſt requeſt, that I, and my two Couſins, would dine with them. Sir Charles was gone, ſhe ſaid, to make a farewel viſit to the Danby ſet; but would be at home at dinner.

It would be better for me, I think, Lucy, to avoid all opportunities of ſeeing him: Don't you think ſo? —There is no ſuch thing as ſeeing him with indifference. But, ſo earneſtly invited, how could I deny; eſpecially as my Couſins were inclinable to go?

Miſs Jervois whiſpered me at parting: I never before, ſaid ſhe, had an opportunity to obſerve the behaviour of a new-married couple to each other: But is it cuſtomary, madam, for the Bride to be more ſnappiſh, as the Bridegroom is more obliging?

Lady G. is very naughty, my dear, if ſhe ſo behaves, as to give you reaſon to aſk this queſtion.

She does: And, upon my word, I ſee more *obedience* where it was not promiſed, than where it was. Dear madam, is not what is ſaid at church to be thought of *afterwards?* But why did not the Doctor make her ſpeak out? What ſignified bowing, except a woman was ſo baſhful that ſhe *could* not ſpeak?

The bowing, my dear, is an aſſent. It is as efficacious as words. Lord G. only bowed, you know. Could you like to be called upon, Emily, to ſpeak out, on ſuch an occaſion?

Why, no. But then I would be very civil and good-natured to my Huſband, if it were but for fear he ſhould be croſs to me: But I ſhould think it my duty as well.

Sweet innocent!

She went away, and left the Doctor with me.

When our hearts are ſet upon a particular ſubject, how impertinent, how much beſide the purpoſe, do we think every other! I wanted the doctor to talk of Sir Charles Grandiſon: But as he fell not into the ſubject, and as I was afraid he would think me to be always leading him into it, if I began it, I ſuffered him to go away at his firſt motion: I never knew him ſo ſhy upon it, however.

Sir Charles returned to dinner. He has told Lady L. who afterwards told us, that he had a hint from Mr. Galliard ſenior, that if he were not engaged in his affection, he was commiſſioned to make him a very great propoſal in behalf of one of the young Ladies he had ſeen the Thurſday before; and that from her Father.

Surely, Lucy, we may pronounce without doubt, that we live in an age in which there is a great dearth of good men, that ſo many offers fall to the lot of one.

But, I am thinking, 'tis no ſmall advantage to Sir Charles, that his time is ſo taken up, that he cannot ſtay long enough in any company to ſuffer them to caſt

caſt their eyes on other objects, with diſtinction. He left the numerous aſſembly at Enfield, while they were in the height of their admiration of him. Attention, love, admiration, cannot be always kept at the ſtretch. You will obſerve, Lucy, that on the return of a long-abſent dear friend, the *rapture* laſts not more than an hour: Gladdened, as the heart is, the friend received, and the friends receiving, perhaps in leſs than that time, can ſit down quietly together, to hear and to tell ſtories, of what has happened to either in the long-regretted abſence. It will be ſo with us, Lucy, when I return to the arms of *my* kind friends: And now, does not Sir Charles's propoſed journey to Italy endear his company to us?

The Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and two agreeable Nieces of that Nobleman, were here at dinner. Lady G. behaved *pretty* well to her Lord before them: But I, who underſtood the language of her eyes, *ſaw* them talk very ſaucily to him on ſeveral occaſions. My Lord is a little officious in his obligingneſs; which takes off from that graceful, that polite frankneſs, which ſo charmingly, on all occaſions, diſtinguiſhes one happy man, who was then preſent. Lord G. will perhaps appear more to advantage in that perſon's abſence.

Mr. Beauchamp was alſo preſent. He is indeed an agreeable, a modeſt young man. He appeared to great advantage, as well in his converſation, as by his behaviour: And not the leſs for ſubſcribing in both to the ſuperiority of his friend; who nevertheleſs endeavoured to draw him out, as the firſt man.

After dinner, Lady L. Lady G. and I, found an opportunity to be by ourſelves for one half-hour. Lady G. aſked Lady L. what ſhe intended to do with the thouſand pounds with which Lord W. had ſo generouſly preſented her?—Do with it, my dear!—What do you think I *intend* to do with it?—It is already diſpoſed of.

I'll

I'll be hang'd, ſaid Lady G. if this good creature has not given it to her Huſband.

Indeed, Charlotte, I have. I gave it to him before I ſlept.

I thought ſo! She laughed—And Lord L. took it! Did he?

To be ſure he did. I ſhould otherwiſe have been diſpleaſed with him.

Dear, good ſoul!—And ſo you gave him a thouſand pounds to take part of it back from him, by four or five paltry guineas at a time, at his pleaſure?

Lord L. and I, Charlotte, have but one purſe. You may not, perhaps, know how we manage it.

Pray, good, meek, dependent creature! how *do* you manage it?

Thus, Charlotte: My Lord knows that his Wife and he have but one intereſt; and from the firſt of our happy marriage, he would make me take one key, as he has another, of the private drawer, where his money and money-bills lie. There is a little memorandum-book in the drawer, in which he enters on one page, the money he receives; on the oppoſite, the money he takes out: And when I want money, I have recourſe to my key. If I ſee but little in the drawer, I am the more moderate; or, perhaps, if my want is not urgent, defer the ſupplying of it till my Lord is richer: But little or much, I minute down the ſum, as he himſelf does what he takes out: And ſo we know what we are about; and I never put it out of my Lord's power, by my unſeaſonable expences, to preſerve that cuſtom of his for which he is as much reſpected, as well ſerved; not to ſuffer a demand to be twice made upon him where he is a debtor.

Good ſoul!—And, pray, don't you minute down too the *uſe* to which you put the money you take out?

Indeed I often do: Always indeed, when I take out more than five guineas at one time: I found my Lord did ſo; and I followed the example of my own accord.

Happy

Happy pair! ſaid I—O Lady G. what a charming example is this!—I hope you will follow it.

Thank you, Harriet, for your advice. Why, I can't but ſay, that this is one pretty way of coaxing each other into frugality: But don't you think, that where an honeſt pair are ſo *tender* of diſobliging, and ſo *ſtudious* of obliging each other, they ſeem to confeſs that the matrimonial good underſtanding hangs by very ſlender threads?

And do not the tendereſt friendſhips, ſaid I, hang by *as* ſlender? Can delicate minds be united to each other but by delicate obſervances?

Why *thou* art a good ſoul, too, Harriet!—And ſo you would both have me make a preſent to Lord G. of my thouſand pounds before we have choſen our private drawer; before he has got two keys made to it?

Let him know, Charlotte, what Lord L. and I do, if you think the example worth following——And then——

Ay, and *then* give him my thouſand pounds for a beginning, Lady L.?—But ſee you not that this propoſal ſhould come from *him*, and not from *me*?—And ſhould we not let each other ſee a little of each other's merits firſt?

See, *firſt*, the merits of the man you have actually married, Charlotte!

Yes, Lady L.—But yeſterday married, you know. Can there be a greater difference between any two men in the world, than there often is between the ſame man, a lover, and a huſband?—And now, my *generous* adviſers, be pleaſed to continue ſilent. You cannot anſwer me fairly. And beſides, wot ye not the indelicacy of an *early* preſent, which you are not obliged to make!

We were both ſilent, each expecting the other to anſwer the ſtrange creature.

She laughed at us both. Soft ſouls, and tender!

ſaid

ſaid ſhe, let me tell you, that there is more indelicacy in delicacy, than you *very* delicate people are aware of.

You, Charlotte, ſaid Lady L. have odder notions than any-body elſe. Had you been a man, you would have been a ſad rake.

A rake perhaps I might have been; but not a *ſad* one, Lady L.

Lady G. can't help being witty, ſaid I: It is ſometimes *her* misfortune, ſometimes *ours*, that ſhe cannot: However, I highly approve of the example ſet by Lord L. and followed by Lady L.

And ſo do I, Harriet. And when Lord G. ſets the example, I ſhall—conſider of it. I am not a bad œconomiſt. Had I *ten* thouſand pounds in my hands, I would not be extravagant: Had I but one hundred, I would not be mean. I value not money but as it enables me to lay an obligation, inſtead of being under the neceſſity of receiving one. I am my Mother's Daughter, and Brother's Siſter; and *yours*, Lady L. in this particular; and *yours* too, Harriet: Different means may be taken to arrive at the ſame end. Lord G. will have no reaſon to be diſſatisfied with my prudence in money-matters, altho' I ſhould not make him one of my beſt courteſies, as if—as if—(and ſhe laughed; but checking herſelf) I were conſcious—again ſhe laughed—that I had ſigned and ſealed to my abſolute dependence on his bounty.

What a mad creature! ſaid Lady L.: But, my Harriet, don't you think that ſhe behaved pretty well to Lord G. at table?

Yes, anſwered I, as thoſe would think who obſerve not her arch looks: But ſhe gave me pain for her ſeveral times; and I believe her Brother was not without his apprehenſions.

He had his eyes upon you, Harriet, replied Lady G. more earneſtly than he had upon me, or any-body elſe.

That's

That's true, ſaid Lady L. I looked upon both him and you, my dear, with pity. My tears were ready to ſtart more than once, to reflect how happy you two might be in each other, and how greatly you would love each other, were it not—

Not one word more on this ſubject, dear Lady L.! I cannot bear it. I thought my-*ſelf*, that he often caſt an eye of tenderneſs upon me. I cannot bear it. am afraid of myſelf; of my *juſtice*—

His tender looks did not eſcape me, ſaid Lady G. Nor yet did my dear Harriet's. But we will not touch this ſtring: It is *too* tender a one. I, for my part, was forced, in order to divert myſelf, to turn my eyes on Lord G.: He got nothing by that. The moſt *officious*—

Nay, Lady G. interrupted I, you ſhall not change the diſcourſe at the expence of the man you have vowed to honour. I will take pain to myſelf, by the continuation of the former ſubject, rather than that ſhall be.

Charming Harriet! ſaid Lady L. I hope your generoſity will be rewarded. Yet, tell me, my dear, can you wiſh Lady Clementina may be his? I have no doubt but you wiſh her *recovery*; but can you wiſh her to be *his*?

I have debated the matter, my dear Lady L. with myſelf. I am ſorry it has *admitted* of debate: So excellent a creature! Such an honour to her Sex! So nobly ſincere! So pious!—But I will confeſs the truth: I have called upon *juſtice* to ſupport me in my determination: I have ſuppoſed *myſelf* in *her* ſituation, her unhappy malady excepted: I have ſuppoſed *her* in *mine*: And ought I then to have heſitated to which to give the preference?—Yet—

What yet, moſt frank, and moſt generous of women? ſaid Lady L. claſping her arms about me; what yet—

Why, yet—Ah Ladies—Why, yet, I have many a pang;

pang; many a twitch, as I may call it!—Why is your Brother ſo tender-hearted, ſo modeſt, ſo faultleſs?—Why did he not inſult me with his pity? Why does he on every occaſion ſhew a tenderneſs for me, that is more affecting than pity? And why does he give me a conſequence that exalts, while it depreſſes me?

I turned my head aſide to hide my emotion—Lady G. ſnatched my handkerchief from me; and wiped away a ſtarting tear; and called me by very tender names.

Am I dear, continued I, to the heart of ſuch a man? You think I am: Allow me to ſay, that he is indeed dear to mine: Yet I have not a wiſh but for his happineſs, whatever becomes of me.

Emily appeared at the door—May I come in, Ladies?—I *will* come in!—My dear Miſs Byron affected! My dear Miſs Byron in tears!

Her pity, without knowing the cauſe, ſprung to her eyes. She took my hand in both hers, and repeatedly kiſſed it!—My guardian aſks for you. O with what tenderneſs of voice—Where is your Miſs Byron, Love? He calls every one by gentle names, when he ſpeaks of *you*—His voice then is the voice of Love—*Love*, ſaid he, to *me!* Thro' *you*, madam, he will love his Ward—And on your Love will I build all my merit. But you ſigh, dear Miſs Byron, you ſigh—Forgive your prating girl!—You muſt not be grieved.

I embraced her. Grief, my dear, reaches not my heart at this time. It is the merit of your guardian that affects me.

God bleſs you, madam, for your gratitude to my guardian!

A Clementina and a Harriet! ſaid Lady L. two women ſo excellent! What a fate is *his!* How muſt his heart be divided!

Divided, ſay you, Lady L.! reſumed Lady G. The man who loves virtue for virtue's ſake, loves it where-ever he finds it: Such a man may *diſtinguiſh* more

more virtuous women than one: And if he be of a gentle and beneficent nature, there will be tenderneſs in his diſtinction to every one, varying only according to the difference of circumſtance and ſituation.

Let me embrace you, my Charlotte, reſumed Lady L. for that thought. Don't let me hear, for a month to come, one word from the ſame lips, that may be unworthy of it.

You have Lord G. in your head, Lady L.: But never mind us. He muſt now-and-then be made to look about him. I'll take care to keep up my conſequence with him, never fear: Nor ſhall he have reaſon to doubt the virtue of his Wife.

Virtue, my dear! ſaid I: What is virtue only? She who will not be virtuous for *virtue*'s ſake, is not worthy to be called a woman: But ſhe muſt be ſomething more than virtuous for her *Huſband*'s, nay, for her *vow*'s ſake. Complacency, obligingneſs—

Obedience too, I warrant—Huſh, huſh, my ſweet Harriet! putting her hand before my mouth, we will behave as well as we can: And that will be very well, if no-body minds us. And now let us go down together.

LETTER XVIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Thurſday, April 13.

WE played at cards laſt night till ſupper-time. When that was over, every one ſought to engage Sir Charles in diſcourſe. I will give you ſome particulars of our converſation, as I did of one before. Lord W. began it with a complaint of the inſolence and profligateneſs of ſervants. What he ſaid, was only anſwered by Sir Charles, with the word *Example, example*, my good Lord, repeated.

You, Sir Charles, replied my Lord, may indeed in-

inſiſt upon the force of example; for I cannot but obſerve, that all thoſe of yours, whom I have ſeen, are intitled to regard. They have the looks of men at eaſe, and of men grateful for that eaſe: They know their duty, and need not a reminding look. A ſervant of yours, Sir Charles, looks as if he would one day make a figure as a maſter. How do you manage it?

Perhaps I have been peculiarly fortunate in worthy ſervants. There is nothing in my management deſerving the attention of this company.

I am going to begin the world anew, Nephew. Hitherto, ſervants have been a continual plague to me. I muſt know how *you* treat them.

I treat them, my Lord, as neceſſary parts of my family. I have no ſecrets, the keeping or diſcloſing of which might give them ſelf-importance. I endeavour to ſet them no bad example. I am never angry with them but for wilful faults: If thoſe are not habitual, I ſhame them into amendment, by gentle expoſtulation, and *forgiveneſs*. If they are not capable of a generous ſhame, and the faults are repeated, I part with them; but with ſuch kindneſs, as makes their fellow-ſervants blame them, and take warning. I am fond of ſeeking occaſions to praiſe them: And even when they miſtake, if it be with a good intention, they have my approbation of the *intention*, and my endeavours to ſet them right as to the *act*. Sobriety is an indiſpenſable qualification for my ſervice; and for the reſt, if we receive them not quite good, we make them better than they were before. Generally ſpeaking, a maſter may make a ſervant what he pleaſes. Servants judge by example, rather than precept, and almoſt always by their feelings. One thing more permit me to add; I always inſiſt upon my ſervants being kind and compaſſionate to one another. A compaſſionate heart cannot habitually be an unjuſt one. And thus do I make their good-nature contribute to my ſecurity, as well as quiet.

My

My Lord was greatly pleaſed with what his Nephew ſaid.

Upon ſome occaſion, Lady G. reflected upon a Lady for *prudery*; and was going on, when Sir Charles interrupting her, ſaid, Take care, Lady G.---You, Ladies, take care; for I am afraid, that MODESTY, under this name, will become ignominious, and be baniſhed the hearts, at leaſt the behaviour and converſation, of all thoſe whoſe fortunes or inclinations carry them often to places of public reſort.

Talk of places of public reſort! ſaid Lord L.: It vexatious to obſerve at ſuch, how men of real merit are neglected by the fine Ladies of the age, while every diſtinction is ſhewn to fops and foplins.

But, who, my Lord, ſaid Sir Charles, are thoſe women? Are they not generally of a claſs with thoſe men? Flippant women love empty men, becauſe they cannot reproach them with a ſuperiority of underſtanding, but keep their folly in contenance. They are afraid of a wiſe man: But I would by no means have ſuch a one turn fool to pleaſe them: For they will deſpiſe the wiſe man's folly more than the filly man's, and with reaſon; becauſe being uncharacteriſtic, it muſt ſit more aukwardly upon him than the other's can do.

Yet wiſdom itſelf, and the trueſt wiſdom, *goodneſs*, ſaid Mrs. Reeves, is ſometimes thought to ſit ungracefully, when it is uncharacteriſtic, not to the man, but to the times. She then named a perſon who was branded as a hypocrite, for performing all his duties publicly.

He will be worſe ſpoken of, if he declines doing ſo, ſaid Dr. Bartlett. His enemies will *add* the charge of cowardice; and not acquit him of the other.

Lady Gertrude being withdrawn, it was mentioned as a wonder, that ſo agreeable a woman, as ſhe muſt have been in her youth, and ſtill was for her years, ſhould remain ſingle. Lord G. ſaid, that ſhe had

had had many offers: And once, before she was twenty, had like to have stolen a wedding: But her fears, he said, since that, had kept her single.

The longer, said Sir Charles, a woman remains unmarried, the more apprehensive she will be of entering into the state. At *seventeen* or *eighteen* a girl will plunge into it, sometimes without either fear or wit; at *twenty* she will begin to think; at *twenty-four* will weigh and discriminate; at *twenty-eight* will be afraid of venturing; at *thirty* will turn about, and look down the hill she has ascended; and, as occasions offer, and instances are given, will sometimes repent, sometimes rejoice, that she has gained that summit *sola*.

Indeed, said Mrs. Reeves, I believe in England many a poor girl goes up the hill with a companion she would little care for, if the state of a single woman were not here so peculiarly unprovided and helpless: For girls of slender fortunes, if they have been genteely brought up, how can they, when family-connexions are dissolved, support themselves? A man can rise in a profession, and, if he acquires wealth in a trade, can get above it, and be respected. A woman is looked upon as demeaning herself, if she gains a maintenance by her needle, or by domestic attendance on a superior; and without them where has she a retreat?

You speak, good Mrs. Reeves, said Sir Charles, as if you would join with Dr. Bartlett and me in wishing the *establishment* of a scheme we have often talked over, tho' the name of it would make many a Lady start. We want to see established in every county, *Protestant Nunneries*; in which single women of small or no fortunes might live with all manner of freedom, under such regulations as it would be a disgrace for a modest or good woman not to comply with, were she absolutely on her own hands; and to be allowed to quit it whenever they pleased.

Well,

Well, Brother, ſaid Lady G. and why could you not have got all this ſettled a fortnight ago (you that can carry every point) and have made poor me a Lady Abbeſs?

You are ſtill better provided for, my Siſter. But let the Doctor and me proceed with our ſcheme. The governeſſes or matrons of the ſociety I would have to be women of family, of unblameable characters from infancy, and noted equally for their prudence, good-nature, and gentleneſs of manners. The attendants, for the ſlighter ſervices, ſhould be the hopeful female children of the honeſt induſtrious poor.

Do you not, Ladies, imagine, ſaid Dr. Bartlett, that ſuch a ſociety as this, all women of unblemiſhed reputation, employing themſelves as each (conſulting her own genius) at her admiſſion, ſhall undertake to employ herſelf, and ſupported genteely, ſome at more, ſome at leſs expence to the foundation, according to their circumſtances, might become a *national* good: and particularly a ſeminary for good Wives, and the inſtitution a ſtand for virtue, in an age given up to luxury, extravagance, and amuſements little leſs than riotous?

How could it be ſupported? ſaid Lord W.

Many of the perſons, of which each community would conſiſt, would be, I imagine, replied Sir Charles, no expence to it at all; as numbers of young women, joining their ſmall fortunes, might be able, in ſuch a ſociety, to maintain themſelves genteely on their own income; tho' each, ſingly in the world, would be diſtreſſed. Beſides, liberty might be given for Wives, in the abſence of their Huſbands, in this maritime country; and for widows, who, on the deaths of theirs, might wiſh to retire from the noiſe and hurry of the world, for three, ſix, or twelve months, more or leſs; to reſide in this well-regulated ſociety: And ſuch perſons, we may ſuppoſe, would be glad, according to their reſpective abilities, to be benefactreſſes to it.

No

No doubt but it would have beſides the countenance of the well-diſpoſed of both Sexes; ſince every family in Britain, in their connexions and relations, near or diſtant, might be benefited by ſo reputable and uſeful an inſtitution: To ſay nothing of the works of the Ladies in it, the profits of which perhaps will be thought proper to be carried towards the ſupport of a foundation that ſo genteely ſupports them. Yet I would have a number of hours in each day, for the encouragement of induſtry, that ſhould be called their own; and what was produced in them, to be ſolely appropriated to their own uſe.

A truly worthy divine, at the appointment of the Biſhop of the dioceſe, to direct and animate the devotion of ſuch a ſociety, and to guard it from that ſuperſtition and enthuſiaſm which ſoars to wild heights in almoſt all Nunneries, would confirm it a bleſſing to the kingdom.

I have another ſcheme, my Lord, proceeded Sir Charles—An Hoſpital for Female Penitents: For ſuch unhappy women, as having been once drawn in, and betrayed by the perfidy of men, find themſelves, by the cruelty of the world, and principally by that of their own Sex, unable to recover the path of virtue, when perhaps (convinced of the wickedneſs of the men in whoſe honour they confided) they would willingly make their firſt departure from it the laſt.

Theſe, continued he, are the poor creatures who are eminently intitled to our pity, tho' they ſeldom meet with it. Good-nature, and *Credulity* the child of good-nature, are generally, as I have the charity to believe, rather than viciouſneſs, the foundation of their crime. Thoſe men who pretend they would not be the firſt deſtroyers of a woman's innocence, look upon theſe as fair prize. But what a wretch is he, who, ſeeing a poor creature expoſed on the ſummit of a dangerous precipice, and unable, without an aſſiſting hand, to find her way down, would rather puſh

her

her into the gulph below, than convey her down in ſafety?

Speaking of the force put upon a Daughter's inclinations in wedlock; Tyranny and ingratitude, ſaid Sir Charles, from a man beloved, will be more ſupportable to a woman of ſtrong paſſions, than even kindneſs from a man ſhe loves not: Shall not parents then, who hope to ſee their children happy, avoid compelling them to give their hands to a man who has no ſhare in their hearts?

But would you allow young Ladies to be their own chooſers, Sir Charles? ſaid Mr. Reeves.

Daughters, replied he, who are earneſt to chooſe for themſelves, ſhould be *doubly* careful that prudence juſtifies their choice. Every widow who marries imprudently (and very many there are who do) furniſhes a ſtrong argument in favour of a parent's authority over a maiden Daughter. A deſigning man looks out for a woman who has an independent fortune, and has no queſtions to aſk. He ſeems *aſſured* of finding indiſcretion and raſhneſs in ſuch a one, to befriend him. But ought not ſhe to think herſelf affronted, and reſolved to diſappoint him?

But how, ſaid Lady G. ſhall a young creature be able to judge—

By his application to *her*, rather than to her natural friends and relations; by his endeavouring to alienate her affections from them; by wiſhing her to favour private and clandeſtine meetings (conſcious that his pretenſions will not ſtand diſcuſſion); by the inequality of his fortune to her's: And has not our excellent Miſs Byron, in the Letters to her Lucy (bowing to me) which ſhe has had the goodneſs to allow us to read, helped us to a criterion! 'Men in their 'addreſſes to young women, ſhe very happily ob-'ſerves, forget not to ſet forward the advantages by 'which they are diſtinguiſhed, whether hereditary 'or acquired; while Love, Love, is all the cry of 'him who has no other to boaſt of.'

And by that means, ſaid Lady Gertrude, ſetting the ſilly creature at variance with all her friends, he makes her fight his battles for him; and become herſelf the cat's paw to help him to the ready-roaſted cheſnuts.

But, dear Brother, ſaid Lady G. do you think Love is ſuch a ſtaid deliberate paſſion, as to allow a young creature to take time to ponder and weigh all the merits of the cauſe?

Love at firſt ſight, anſwered Sir Charles, muſt indicate a mind *prepared* for impreſſion, and a ſudden guſt of paſſion, and that of the leaſt noble kind; ſince there could be no opportunity of knowing the *merit* of the object. What woman would have herſelf ſuppoſed capable of ſuch a *tindery fit?* In a *man*, it is an indelicate paroxyſm: But in a *woman*, who expects protection and inſtruction from a man, much more ſo. Love, at firſt, may be only fancy. Such a young Love may be eaſily given up, and ought, to a a parent's judgment. Nor is the conqueſt ſo difficult as ſome young creatures think it. One thing, my good Emily, let me ſay to *you*, as a rule of ſome conſequence in the world you are juſt entering into—Young perſons, on arduous occaſions, eſpecially in Love-caſes, ſhould not preſume to adviſe young perſons; becauſe they ſeldom can diveſt themſelves of paſſion, partiality, or prejudice; that is, indeed, of *youth*; and forbear to mix their own concerns and byaſſes with the queſtion referred to them. It ſhould not be put from young friend to young friend, What would *you* do in ſuch a caſe? but, What ought to be done?

How the dear girl bluſhed, and how pleaſed ſhe looked, to be particularly addreſſed by her guardian!

Lady Gertrude ſpoke of a certain Father, who for intereſted views obliged his Daughter to marry at fifteen, when ſhe was not only indifferent to the man, but had formed no right notions of the ſtate.

And are they not unhappy? aſked Sir Charles.

They are, reply'd ſhe.

I knew ſuch an inſtance, returned he. The Lady was handſome, and had her full ſhare of vanity. She believed every man who ſaid civil things to her, was in love with her; and had ſhe been ſingle, that he would have made his addreſſes to her. She ſuppoſed, that ſhe might have had *this* great man, or *that*, had ſhe not been precipitated: And this brought her to ſlight the man who had, as ſhe concluded, deprived her of better offers. They were unhappy to the end of their lives. Had the Lady lived ſingle long enough to find out the difference between compliment and ſincerity, and that the man who flattered her vanity, meant no more than to take advantage of her folly, ſhe would have thought herſelf not unhappy with the very man with whom ſhe was ſo diſſatisfied.

Lady L. ſpeaking afterwards of a certain nobleman, who is continually railing againſt matrimony, and who makes a very indifferent huſband to an obliging wife: I have known more men than one, ſaid Sir Charles, inveigh againſt matrimony, when the invective would have proceeded with a much better grace from their wives lips than from theirs. But let us enquire, would this complainer have been, or deſerved to be, happier in *any* ſtate, than he now is?

A ſtate of ſuffering, ſaid Lady L. had probably humbled the ſpirit of the poor wife into perfect meekneſs and patience.

You obſerve rightly, replied Sir Charles: And ſurely a moſt kind diſpoſition of Providence it is, that adverſity, ſo painful in itſelf, ſhould conduce ſo peculiarly as it does to the improvement of the human mind: It teaches modeſty, humility, and compaſſion.

You ſpeak feelingly, Brother, ſaid Lady L. with a ſigh. Do you think, Lucy, nobody ſighed but ſhe?

I do, ſaid he. I ſpeak with a ſenſe of gratitude: I am naturally of an imperious ſpirit: But I have

reaped advantages from the early ſtroke of a Mother's death. Being for years, againſt my wiſhes, obliged to ſubmit to a kind of exile from my native country, which I conſidered as a heavy evil, tho' I thought it my duty to acquieſce, I was determined, as much as my capacity would allow, to make my advantage of the compulſion, by qualifying myſelf to do credit, rather than diſcredit, to my Father, my friends, and my country. And, let me add, that if I have in any tolerable manner ſucceeded, I owe much to the example and precepts of my dear Dr. Bartlett.

The Doctor bluſhed and bowed, and was going to diſclaim the merit which his patron had aſcribed to him; but Sir Charles confirmed it in ſtill ſtronger terms: You, my dear Dr. Bartlett, ſaid he, as I have told Miſs Byron, was a ſecond conſcience to me in my earlier youth: Your precepts, your excellent life, your pure manners, your ſweetneſs of temper, could not but open and enlarge my mind. The ſoil, I hope I may ſay, was not barren; but you, my dear paternal friend, was the cultivater: I ſhall ever acknowlege it—And he bowed to the good man; who was covered with modeſt confuſion, and could not look up.

And think you, Lucy, that this acknowlegement leſſened the excellent man with any one preſent? No! It raiſed him in every eye: And I was the more pleaſed with it, as it helped me to account for that deep obſervation, which otherwiſe one ſhould have been at a loſs to account for, in ſo young a man. And yet I am convinced, that there is hardly a greater difference in intellect between angel and man, than there is between man and man.

LETTER XIX.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Thurſday, April 13.

FOR Heaven's ſake, my deareſt Harriet, dine with us to-day; for two reaſons: One relates to myſelf; the other you ſhall hear by-and-by: To myſelf, firſt, as is moſt fit—This ſilly creature has offended me, and preſumed to be ſullen upon my reſentment. Married but two days, and ſhew his airs!—Were I in fault, my dear (which, upon my honour, I am not) for the man to loſe his patience with me, to forget his obligations to me, in two days!—What an ungrateful wretch is he! What a poor powerleſs creature your Charlotte!

Nobody knows of the matter, except he has complained to my Brother—*If* he has! But what if he has?—Alas! my dear, I am married; and cannot help myſelf.

We ſeem, however, to be drawing up our forces on both ſides—One ſtruggle for my dying liberty, my dear!—The ſucceſs of one pitched battle will determine which is to be the general, which the ſubaltern, for the reſt of the campaign. To *dare* to be ſullen already!—As I hope to live, my dear, I was in high good humour within myſelf; and when he was *fooliſh*, only intended a little play with him; and he takes it in earneſt. He worſhips you: So I ſhall railly him before you: But I charge you, as the man by his ſullenneſs has taken upon him to fight his own battle, either to be on my ſide, or be ſilent. I ſhall take it very ill of my Harriet, if ſhe ſtrengthen his hands.

Well, but enough of this Huſband—HUSBAND! What a word!—Who do you think is arrived from abroad?—You cannot gueſs for your life—Lady

Olivia!—True as you are alive! accompanied, it ſeems, by an Aunt of hers; a widow, whoſe years and character are to keep the Niece in countenance in this excurſion. The pretence is, making the tour of Europe; and England was not to be left out of the ſcheme. My Brother is exceſſively diſturbed at her arrival. She came to town but laſt night. He had notice of it but this morning. He took Emily with him to viſit her: Emily was known to her at Florence. She and her Aunt are to be here at dinner. As ſhe *is* come, Sir Charles ſays, he muſt bring her acquainted with his Siſters, and their Lords, in order to be at liberty to purſue the meaſures he has unalterably reſolved upon: And this, Harriet, is my ſecond reaſon for urging you to dine with us.

Now I do wiſh we had known her hiſtory at large. Dr. Bartlett ſhall tell it us. Unwelcome as ſhe is to my Brother, I long to ſee her. I hope I ſhall not hear ſomething in *her* ſtory, that will make me pity her.

Will you come?

I wonder whether ſhe ſpeaks Engliſh, or not. I don't think I can converſe in Italian.

I won't forgive you, if you refuſe to come.

Lady L. and her good man will be here. We ſhall therefore, if *you* come, be our whole family together.

My Brother has preſented this houſe to me, till his return. He calls himſelf Lord G's gueſt and mine: So you can have no punctilio about it. Beſides Lord W. will ſet out to-morrow morning for Windſor. He dotes upon you: And perhaps it is in your power to make a new-married man penitent and polite.

So you muſt come.

Hang me, if I ſign by any other name, while this man is in fits, than that of

Charlotte Grandison.

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LETTER XX.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Thurſday, April 13.

I Send you incloſed a Letter I received this morning from Lady G. I will ſuppoſe you have read it.

Emily ſays, that the meeting between Sir Charles and the Lady mentioned in it, was very polite on both ſides: But more cold on his, than on hers. She made ſome difficulty, however, of dining at his houſe; and her Aunt, Lady Maffei, more. But on Sir Charles's telling them, that he would bring his elder Siſter to attend them thither, they complied.

When I went to St. James's Square, Sir Charles and Lady L. were gone in his coach to bring the two Ladies.

Lady G. met me on the ſtairs-head, leading into her dreſſing-room. Not a word, ſaid ſhe, of the man's ſullens: He repents: A fine figure, as I told him, of a Bridegroom, would he make in the eyes of foreign Ladies, at dinner, were he to retain his gloomy airs. He has begged my pardon; as good as promiſed amendment; and I have forgiven him.

Poor Lord G. ſaid I.

Huſh, huſh! He is within: He will hear you: And then perhaps repent of his repentance.

She led me in: My Lord had a glow in his cheeks, and looked as if he had been nettled; and was but juſt recovering a ſmile, to help to carry off the petulance. O how ſaucily did her eyes look! Well, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, I hope—But you ſay, I miſunderſtood—

No more, madam, no more, I beſeech you—

Well, Sir, not a word more, ſince you are—

Pray, madam—

Well, well, give me your hand—You muſt leave Harriet and me together.

She humorouſly courteſied to him as he bowed to me, taking the compliment as to herſelf. She nodded her head to him, as he turned back his when he was at the door; and when he was gone, If I can but make this man orderly, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall not quarrel with my Brother for hurrying me, as he has done.

You are wrong, exceſſively wrong, Charlotte: You call my Lord a ſilly man, but can have no proof that he is ſo, but by his bearing this treatment from you.

None of your grave airs, my dear. The man is a good ſort of man, and will be ſo, if you and Lady L. don't ſpoil him. I have a vaſt deal of roguery, but no ill-nature, in my heart. There is luxury in jeſting with a ſolemn man, who wants to aſſume airs of privilege, and thinks he has a right to be impertinent. I'll tell you how I will manage—I believe I ſhall often try his patience, and when I am conſcious that I have gone too far, I will be patient if he is angry with me; ſo we ſhall be quits. Then I'll begin again: He will reſent: And if I find his aſpect very ſolemn—Come, come, no glouting, friend, I will ſay, and perhaps ſmile in his face: I'll play you a tune, or ſing you a ſong—Which, which! Speak in a moment, or the humour will be off.

If he was ready to cry before, he will laugh then, tho' againſt his will: And as he admires my finger, and my voice, ſhall we not be inſtantly friends?

It ſignified nothing to rave at her: She will have her way. Poor Lord G.!—At my firſt knowledge of her, I thought her very lively; but imagined not that ſhe was indiſcreetly ſo.

Lord G's fondneſs for his ſaucy bride was, as I have reaſon to believe, his fault. I dared not to aſk for particulars of their quarrel: And if I had, and *found* it ſo, could not, with ſuch a raillying creature, have entered into his defence, or cenſured her.

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I went down a few moments before her. Lord G. whiſpered me, that he would be the happieſt man in the world, if I, who had ſuch an influence over her, would ſtand his friend.

I hope, my Lord, ſaid I, that you will not want any influence but your own. She has a thouſand good qualities. She has charming ſpirits. You will have nothing to bear with but from them. They will not laſt always. Think only, that ſhe can mean nothing by the exertion of them, but innocent gaiety; and ſhe will every day love your Lordſhip the better for bearing with her. You know ſhe is generous and noble.

I ſee, madam, ſaid he, ſhe has let you into—

She has not acquainted me with the particulars of the little miſunderſtanding; only has ſaid, that there had been a ſlight one; which was quite made up.

I am aſhamed, replied he, to have it thought by Miſs Byron, that there *could* have been a miſunderſtanding between us, eſpecially ſo early. She knows her power over me. I am afraid, ſhe deſpiſes me.

Impoſſible, my Lord: Have you not obſerved, that ſhe ſpares nobody when ſhe is in a lively humour?

True—But here ſhe comes!—Not a word, madam!—I bowed aſſenting ſilence. Lord G. ſaid ſhe, approaching him, in a low voice, I ſhall be jealous of your converſations with Miſs Byron.

Would to heaven, my deareſt life, ſnatching at her withdrawn hand, that—

I were half as good as Miſs Byron: I underſtand you:—But time and patience, Sir; nodding to him, and paſſing him.

Admirable creature! ſaid he, how I adore her!

I hinted to her afterwards, his fear of her deſpiſing him. Harriet, anſwered ſhe, with a ſerious air, I will do my duty by him. I will abhor my own heart, if I ever find in it the ſhadow of a regard for any man

in the world, inconſiſtent with that which he has a right to expect from me.

I was pleaſed with her. And found an opportunity to communicate what ſhe ſaid, in confidence, to my Lord; and had his bleſſings for it.

But now for ſome account of Lady Olivia. With which I will begin a new Letter.

LETTER XXI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

SIR Charles returned with the Ladies. He preſented to Lady Olivia and her Aunt, Lady G. Lord L. and Lord W. I was in another apartment talking with Dr. Bartlett.

Lady Olivia aſked for the Doctor. He left *me* to pay his reſpects to *her*.

Sir Charles being informed, that I was in the houſe, told Lady Olivia, that he hoped he ſhould have the honour of preſenting to her one of our Engliſh Beauties; deſiring Lady G. to requeſt my company.

Lady G. came to me—A lovely woman, I aſſure you, Harriet; let me lead you to her.

Sir Charles met me at the entrance of the drawing-room: Excuſe me, madam, ſaid he, taking my hand, with profound reſpect, and allow me to introduce to a very amiable Italian Lady, one who does ſo much honour to Britain.—Miſs Byron, madam, addreſſing himſelf to her, ſalutes you. The advantages of perſon are her leaſt perfection.

Her face glowed. Miſs Byron, ſaid ſhe, in French, is all lovelineſs. A relation Sir? In Italian.

He bowed; but anſwered not her queſtion.

I would ſooner forgive you *here*, whiſpered Lady Olivia to Sir Charles, in Italian, looking at me, than at Bologna.

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I heard her; and by my confuſion ſhewed that I underſtood her. She was in confuſion too.

Mademoiſelle, ſaid ſhe, in French, underſtands Italian.—I am aſhamed, Monſieur.

Miſs Byron does, anſwered Sir Charles; and French too.

I muſt have the honour, ſaid ſhe in French, to be better known to you, Mademoiſelle.

I anſwered her as politely as I could in the ſame language.

Lady OLIVIA is really a lovely woman. Her complexion is fine. Her face oval. Every feature of it is delicate. Her hair is black; and, I think, I never ſaw brighter black eyes in my life: If poſſible, they are brighter, and ſhine with a more piercing luſtre, than even Sir Charles Grandiſon's: But yet I give his the preference; for we ſee in them a benignity, that her's, tho' a woman's, has not; and a thoughtfulneſs, as if ſomething lay upon his mind, which nothing but patience could overcome; yet mingled with an air that ſhews him to be equal to any-thing, that can be undertaken by man. While Olivia's eyes ſhew more fire and impetuoſity than ſweetneſs. Had I not been *told* it, I ſhould have been ſure that ſhe has a violent ſpirit: But on the whole, ſhe is a very fine figure of a woman.

She talked of taking a houſe, and ſtaying in England a year at leaſt; and was determined, ſhe ſaid, to perfect herſelf in the language, and to become an Engliſhwoman: But when Sir Charles, in the way of diſcourſe, mentioned his obligation to leave England, as on next Friday morning, how did ſhe and her Aunt look upon each other! And how was the ſunſhine that gilded her fine countenance, ſhut in! Surely, Sir, ſaid her Aunt, you are not in earneſt!

After dinner, the two Ladies retired with Sir Charles, at his motion. Dr. Bartlett, at Lady G's requeſt, then gave us this ſhort ſketch of her hiſtory: He ſaid, She

had a vaſt fortune: She had had indiſcretions; but none that had affected her character as to virtue: But her ſpirit could not bear controul. She had ſhewn herſelf to be vindictive, even to a criminal degree. Lord bleſs me, my dear, the Doctor has mentioned to me in confidence, that ſhe always carries a poinard about her; and that once ſhe uſed it. Had the perſon died, ſhe would have been called to public account for it. The man it ſeems, was of rank, and offered ſome ſlight affront to her. She now comes over, the Doctor ſaid, as he had reaſon to believe, with a reſolution to ſacrifice even her religion, if it were inſiſted upon, to the paſſion ſhe had ſo long in vain endeavoured to conquer.

She has, he ſays, an utter hatred to Lady Clementina; and will not be able to govern her paſſion, he is ſure, when Sir Charles ſhall acquaint her, that he is going to attend that Lady, and her family: For he has only mentioned his obligation to go abroad; but not ſaid whither.

Lord W. praiſed the perſon of the Lady, and her majeſtic air. Lord L. and Lord G. wiſhed to be within hearing of the conference between her and Sir Charles: So did Lady G.: And while they were thus wiſhing, in came Sir Charles, his face all in a glow; Lady L. ſaid he, be ſo good as to attend Lady Olivia.

She went to her. Sir Charles ſtaid not with us: Yet went not to the Lady; but into his ſtudy. Dr. Bartlett attended him there: The Doctor returned ſoon after to us. His noble heart is vexed, ſaid he: Lady Olivia has greatly diſturbed him: He chooſes to be alone.

Lady L. afterwards told us, that ſhe found the Lady in violent anguiſh of ſpirit; her Aunt endeavouring to calm her: She, however, politely addreſſed herſelf to Lady L. and begging her Aunt to withdraw for a few moments, ſhe owned to her, in French, her paſſion for her Brother: She was not, ſhe ſaid, aſhamed

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to own it to his Sister, who must know that his merit would dignify the passion of the noblest woman. She had endeavoured, she said, to conquer hers: She had been willing to give way to the prior attachments that he had pleaded for a Lady of her own country, Signora Clementina della Porretta, whom she allowed to have had great merit; but who, having irrecoverably been put out of her right mind, was shut up at Naples by a Brother, who vowed eternal enmity to Sir Charles; and from whom his life would be in the utmost hazard, if he went over. She owned that her chief motive of her coming to England was, to cast her fortune at her Brother's feet; and as she knew him to be a man of honour, to comply with any terms he should propose to her. He had offered to the family della Porretta to allow their Daughter her religion, and her confessor, and to live with her every other year in Italy. She herself, not inferior in birth, in person, in mind, as she said, she presumed, and superior in fortune, the riches of three branches of her family, all rich, having centered in *her*, insisted not now upon such conditions. Her Aunt, she said, knew not that she proposed, on conviction, a change of her religion; but she was resolved not to conceal anything from Lady L. She left her to judge how much she must be affected, when he declared his obligation to leave England; and especially when he owned, that it was to go to Bologna, and that so suddenly, as if, as she apprehended at first, it was to avoid *her*. She had been in tears, she said, and even would have kneeled to him, to induce him to suspend his journey for one month, and then to have taken her over with him, and seen her safe in her own palace, if he *would* go upon so hated, and so fruitless, as well as so hazardous an errand: But he had denied her this poor favour.

This refusal, she owned, had put her out of all patience. She was unhappily passionate; but was the most

moſt placable of her Sex. What, madam, ſaid ſhe, can affect a woman, if ſlight, indignity, and repulſe, from a favoured perſon, is not able to do it? A woman of my condition to come over to England, to ſollicit—how can I ſupport the thought—and to be refuſed the protection of the man ſhe prefers to all men; and her requeſt to ſee her ſafe back again, tho' but as the fool ſhe came over!—You may blame me, madam—but you muſt pity me, even were you to have a heart the ſiſter-heart of your inflexible Brother.

In vain did Lady L. plead to her Lady Clementina's deplorable ſituation; the reluctance of his own relations to part with him; and the magnanimity of his ſelf-denial in a hundred inſtances, on the bare poſſibility of being an inſtrument to reſtore her: She could not bear to hear her ſpeak highly of the unhappy Lady. She charged Clementina with the pride of her family, to which ſhe attributed the deſerved calamity [*Deſerved!* Cruel Lady! How could her pitileſs heart allow her lips to utter ſuch a word!]; and imputed meanneſs to the nobleſt of human minds, for yielding to the entreaties of a family, ſome of the principals of which, ſhe ſaid, had treated him with an arrogance that a man of his ſpirit ought not to bear.

Lady Maffei came in. She ſeems dependent upon her Niece. She is her Aunt by marriage only: And Lady L. ſpeaks very favourably of her from the advice ſhe gave, and her remonſtrances to her kinſwoman. Lady Maffei beſought her to compoſe herſelf, and return to the company.

She could not bear, ſhe ſaid, to return to the company, the ſlighted, the contemned object, ſhe muſt appear to be to every one in it. I am an intruder, ſaid ſhe, haughtily; a beggar, with a fortune that would purchaſe a Sovereignty in ſome countries. Make my excuſes to your Siſter, to the reſt of the com-

company—and to that fine young Lady—whoſe eyes, by their officious withdrawing from his, and by the conſciouſneſs that glowed in her face whenever he addreſſed her, betrayed, at leaſt to a jealous eye, more than ſhe would wiſh to have ſeen—But tell her, that all lovely and blooming as ſhe is, ſhe muſt have no hope, while Clementina lives.

I hope, Lucy, it is *only* to a jealous eye that my *heart* is ſo diſcoverable! I thank her for her caution. But I can ſay what ſhe cannot; that from my heart, coſt me what it may, I do ſubſcribe to a preference in favour of a Lady who has acted, in the moſt arduous trials, in a greater manner than I fear either Olivia or I could have acted, in the ſame circumſtances. We ſee that her reaſon, but not her piety, deſerteū her in the noble ſtruggle between her Love and her Religion. In the moſt affecting abſences of her reaſon, the Soul of the man ſhe loved was the object of her paſſion. However hard it is to prefer another to one's ſelf, in ſuch a caſe as this; yet if my judgment is convinced, my acknowlegement ſhall follow it. Heaven will enable me to be reconciled to the event, becauſe I purſue the dictates of that judgment, againſt the byaſſes of my more partial heart. Let that Heaven, which only *can*, reſtore Clementina, and diſpoſe as it pleaſes of Olivia and Harriet. We cannot either of us, I humbly hope, be ſo unhappy as the Lady has been whom I rank among the firſt of women; and whoſe whole family deſerves almoſt equal compaſſion.

Lady Olivia aſked Lady L. If her Brother had not a very tender regard for me? He had, Lady L. anſwered; and told her, that he had reſcued me from a very great diſtreſs; and that mine was the moſt grateful of human hearts.

She called me ſweet young creature (ſuppoſing me, I doubt not, younger than I am); but ſaid, that the graces of my perſon and mind alarmed her not, as they would have done, had not his attachment to Clementina

mentina been what now ſhe ſaw, but never could have believed it was; having ſuppoſed, that compaſſion only was the tie that bound him to her.

But compaſſion, Lucy, from ſuch a heart as his, the merit ſo great in the Lady, muſt be Love; a Love of the nobler kind—And if it were *not*, it would be unworthy of Clementina's.

Lady Maffei called upon her dignity, her birth, to carry her above a paſſion that met not with a grateful return. She adviſed her to diſpoſe herſelf to ſtay in England ſome months, now ſhe was here. And as her friends in Italy would ſuppoſe what her view was in coming to England, their cenſures would be obviated by her continuing here for ſome time, while Sir Charles was abroad, and in Italy: And that ſhe ſhould divert herſelf with viſiting the court, the public places, and in ſeeing the principal curioſities of this kingdom, as ſhe had done thoſe of others; in order to give credit to an excurſion that might otherwiſe be freely ſpoken of, in her own country.

She ſeemed to liſten to this advice. She beſpoke, and was promiſed, the friendſhip of the two Siſters; and included in her requeſt, through their intereſts, mine; and Lady G. was called in, by her Siſter, to join in the promiſe.

She deſired that Sir Charles might be requeſted to walk in; but would not ſuffer the Siſters to withdraw, as they would have done, when he returned. He could not but be polite; but, it ſeems, looked ſtill diſturbed. I beg you to excuſe, Sir, ſaid ſhe, my behaviour to you: It was paſſionate; it was unbecoming. But, in compliment to your own conſequence, you *ought* to excuſe it. I have only to requeſt one favour of you: That you will ſuſpend for *one* week, in regard to me, your propoſed journey; *but* for one week; and I will, now I am in England, ſtay ſome months; perhaps till you return.

Excuſe me, madam,

I will

I will *not* excuſe you—But *one* week, Sir. Give me ſo much importance with myſelf, as for one week's ſuſpenſion. You *will*. You *muſt*.

Indeed I cannot. My Soul, I own to you, is in the diſtreſſes of the family of Porretta. Why ſhould I repeat what I ſaid to you before?

I have beſpoken, Sir, the civilities of your Siſters, of your family: You forbid them not?

You expect not an anſwer, madam, to that queſtion. My Siſters will be glad, and ſo will their Lords, to attend you where-ever you pleaſe, with a hope to make England agreeable to you.

How long do you propoſe to ſtay in Italy, Sir?

It is not poſſible for me to determine.

Are you not apprehenſive of danger to your perſon?

I am not.

You *ought* to be.

No danger ſhall deter me from doing what I think to be right. If my motives juſtify me, I cannot fear.

Do you wiſh me, Sir, to ſtay in England till your return?

A queſtion ſo home put, diſturbed him. Was it a prudent one in the Lady? It muſt either ſubject her to a repulſe; or him, by a polite anſwer, to give her hope, that her ſtay in England might not be fruitleſs as to the view ſhe had in coming. He reddened. It is fit, anſwered he, that your own pleaſure ſhould determine you. It did, pardon me, madam, in your journey hither.

She reddened to her very ears. Your Brother, Ladies, has the reputation of being a polite man: Bear witneſs to this inſtance of it. I am aſhamed of myſelf!

If I am unpolite, madam, my ſincerity will be my excuſe; at leaſt to my own heart.

O that inflexible heart! But Ladies, if the inhoſpitable Engliſhman refuſe his protection in his own country,

country, to a foreign woman, of no mean quality; Do not you, his Sisters, despise her?

They, madam, and their Lords, will render you every chearful service. Let me request you, my Sisters, to make England as agreeable as possible to this Lady. She is of the first consideration in her own country: She will be of such where-ever she goes. My Lady Maffei deserves likewise your utmost respect. Then addressing himself to them; Ladies, said he, encourage my Sisters: They will think themselves honoured by your commands.

The two Sisters confirmed, in an obliging manner, what their Brother had said; and both Ladies acknowleged themselves indebted to them for their offered friendship: But Lady Olivia seemed not at all satisfied with their Brother: And it was with some difficulty he prevailed on her to return to the company, and drink coffee.

I could not help reflecting on occasion of this Lady's conduct, that Fathers and Mothers are great blessings, to *daughters*, in particular, even when women grown. It is not every woman that will shine in a state of independency. Great fortunes are snares. If independent women escape the machinations of men, which they have often a difficulty to do, they will frequently be hurried by their own imaginations, which are said to be livelier than those of men, tho' their judgments are supposed less, into inconveniencies. Had Lady Olivia's Parents or Uncles lived, she hardly would have been permitted to make the tour of Europe: And not having so great a fortune to support vagaries, would have shone, as she is well qualified to do, in a dependent state, in Italy, and made some worthy man and herself happy.

Had she a mind great enough to induce her to pity Clementina, I should have been apt to pity *her*; for I saw her soul was disturbed. I saw that the man she loved was not able to return her Love: A pitiable

case!

caſe!—I ſaw a ſtarting tear now-and-then with difficulty diſperſed. Once ſhe rubbed her eye, and, being conſcious of obſervation, ſaid ſomething had got into it: So it had. The ſomething was a tear. Yet ſhe looked with haughtineſs, and her boſom ſwelled with indignation ill concealed.

Sir Charles repeated his recommendation of her to Lord L. and Lord G. They offered their beſt ſervices: Lord W. invited her and all of us to Windſor. Different parties of pleaſure were talked of: But ſtill the Enlivener of every party was not to be in any one of them. She tried to look pleaſed; but did not always ſucceed in the trial: An eye of Love and Anger mingled was often caſt upon the man whom everybody loved. Her boſom heaved, as it ſeemed ſometimes, with indignation againſt herſelf: That was the conſtruction which I made of ſome of her looks.

Lady Maffei, however, ſeemed pleaſed with the parties of pleaſure talked of. She often directed herſelf to me in Italian. I anſwered her in it as well as I could. I do not talk it well: But as I am not an Italian, and little more than book-learned in it (for it is a long time ago ſince I loſt my Grandpapa, who uſed to converſe with me in it, and in French) I was not ſcrupulous to anſwer in it. To have forborn, becauſe I did not excel in what I had no opportunity to excel in, would have been falſe modeſty, nearly bordering upon pride. Were any Lady to laugh at me for not ſpeaking well *her* native tongue, I would *not* return the ſmile, were ſhe to be leſs perfect in mine, than I am in hers. But Lady Olivia made me a compliment on my faulty accent, when I acknowleged it to be ſo. Signora, ſaid ſhe, you ſhew us that a pretty mouth can give beauty to a defect. A *maſter* teaching you, added ſhe, would perhaps find ſome fault; but a *friend* converſing with you, muſt be in love with you for the very imperfection.

Sir Charles was generouſly pleaſed with the compliment,

ment, and made her a fine one on her obſervation.

He attended the two Ladies to their lodgings in his coach. He owned to Dr. Bartlett, that Lady Olivia was in tears all the way, lamenting her diſgrace in coming to England, juſt as he was quitting it; and wiſhing ſhe had ſtaid at Florence. She would have engaged him to correſpond with her: He excuſed himſelf. It was a very afflicting thing to him, he told the doctor, to deny any requeſt that was made to him, eſpecially by a Lady: But he thought he ought in conſcience and honour to forbear giving the ſhadow of an expectation that might be improved into hope, where none was intended to be given. Heaven, he ſaid, had, for laudable ends, implanted ſuch a regard in the Sexes toward each other, that both man and woman who hoped to be innocent, could not be too circumſpect in relation to the friendſhips they were ſo ready to contract with each other. He thought he had gone a great way, in recommending an intimacy between her and his Siſters, conſidering her views, her ſpirit, her perſeverance, and the free avowal of her regard for him, and her menaces on his ſuppoſed neglect of her. And yet, as ſhe *had* come over, and he was obliged to leave England ſo ſoon after her arrival; he thought he could not do leſs: And he hoped his Siſters, from whoſe example ſhe might be benefited, would, while ſhe behaved prudently, cultivate her acquaintance.

The doctor tells me, that now Lady Olivia is ſo unexpectedly come hither in perſon, he thinks it beſt to decline giving me, as he had once intended, her hiſtory at large; but will leave ſo much of it as may ſatisfy my curioſity, to be gathered from my own obſervation; and not only from the violence and haughtineſs of her temper, but from the freedom of her declarations. He is ſure, he ſaid, that his patron will be beſt pleaſed, that a veil ſhould be thrown over the weaker part of her conduct; which, were it known, would

would indeed be glorious to Sir Charles, but not ſo to the Lady; who, however, never was ſuſpected, even by her enemies, of giving any other man reaſon to tax her with a thought that was not ſtrictly virtuous: And ſhe had engaged his Pity and Eſteem, for the ſake of her other fine qualities, though ſhe could not his Love. Before ſhe ſaw *him* (which, it ſeems, was at the opera at Florence for the firſt time, when he had an opportunity to pay her ſome ſlight civilities) ſhe ſet all men at defiance.

To-morrow morning Sir Charles is to breakfaſt with *me*. My Couſins and I are to dine at Lord L's. The Earl and Lady Gertrude are alſo to be there. Lord W. has been prevailed upon to ſtay, and be there alſo, as it is his Nephew's laſt day in England. — 'Laſt day in England!' O my Lucy! What words are thoſe!—Lady L. has invited Lady Olivia and her Aunt, at her own motion, Sir Charles (his time being ſo ſhort) not diſapproving.

I thank my Grandmamma and Aunt for their kind ſummons. I will ſoon ſet my day: I will, my dear, ſoon ſet my day.

LETTER XXII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Friday Noon, April 14.

NOT five hours in bed; not one hour's reſt for many uneaſy nights before; I was ſtupid till Sir Charles came: I then was better. He enquired, with tender looks and voice, after my health; as if he thought I did not look well.

We had ſome talk about Lord and Lady G. He was anxious for their happineſs. He complimented me with hopes from my advice to her. Lord G. he ſaid, was a good-natured honeſt man. If he thought his Siſter would make him unhappy, he ſhould himſelf be ſo.

I told him, that I dared to anſwer for her heart. My Lord muſt bear with ſome innocent foibles, and all would be well.

We then talked of Lady Olivia. *He* began the ſubject, by aſking me my opinion of her. I ſaid ſhe was a very fine woman in her perſon; and that ſhe had an air of grandeur in her mien.

And ſhe has good qualities, ſaid he; but ſhe is violent in her paſſions. I am frequently grieved for her. She is a fine creature in danger of being loſt, by being made too ſoon her own miſtreſs.

He ſaid not one word of his departure to-morrow morning: I could not begin it; my heart would not let me; my ſpirits were not high: And I am afraid, if that key had been touched, I ſhould have been too viſibly affected. My Couſins forbore, upon the ſame apprehenſion.

He was exceſſively tender and ſoothing to me, in his air, his voice, his manner. I thought of what Emily ſaid; that his voice, when he ſpoke of me, was the voice of Love. Dear flattering girl!—But *why* did ſhe flatter me?

We talked of *her* next. He ſpoke of her with the tenderneſs of a Father. He beſought me to love her. He praiſed her heart.

Emily, ſaid I, venerates her guardian. She never will do any-thing contrary to his advice.

She is very young, replied he. She will be happy, madam, in yours. She both loves and reverences you.

I greatly love the dear Emily, Sir. She and I ſhall be always Siſters.

How happy am I, in your goodneſs to her! Permit me, madam, to enumerate to you my own felicities in thoſe of my deareſt friends.

Mr. Beauchamp is now in the agreeable ſituation I have long wiſhed him to be in. His prudence and obliging behaviour to his Mother-in-law, have won her.

her. His Father grants him every-thing through her; and ſhe, by this means, finds that power enlarged which ſhe was afraid would be leſſened, if the Son were allowed to come over. How juſt is this reward of his filial duty!

Thus, Lucy, did he give up the merit to his Beauchamp, which was ſolely due to himſelf.

Lord W. he hoped, would be ſoon one of the happieſt men in England: And the whole Mansfield family had now fair proſpects opening before them.

Emily [Not *he*, you ſee] had made it the intereſt of her Mother to be quiet.

Lord and Lady L. gave him pleaſure whenever he ſaw them, or thought of them.

Dr. Bartlett was in heaven, while on earth. He would retire to his beloved Grandiſon-hall, and employ himſelf in diſtributing, as objects offered, at leaſt a thouſand pounds of the three thouſand bequeathed to charitable uſes by his late friend Mr. Danby. His Siſter's fortune was paid. His eſtates in both kingdoms were improving—See, madam, ſaid he, how like the friend of my Soul I claim your attention to affairs that are of conſequence to myſelf; and in ſome of which your generoſity of heart has intereſted you.

I bowed. Had I ſpoken, I had burſt into tears. I had ſomething aroſe in my throat, I know not what. Still, thought I, excellent man, you are not yourſelf happy!—O pity! pity! Yet, Lucy, he plainly had been enumerating all theſe things, to take off from my mind that impreſſion which I am afraid he too well knows it is affected with, from his difficult ſituation.

And now, madam, reſumed he, how are all my dear and good friends, whom you more particularly call yours?—I hope to have the honour of a perſonal knowlege of them. When heard you from our good Mr. Deane? He is well, I hope.

Very well, Sir.

Your Grandmamma Shirley, that ornament of advanced years?

I bowed: I dare not to truſt to my voice.

Your excellent Aunt Selby?

I bowed again.

Your Uncle, your Lucy, your Nancy: Happy family! All harmony! all love!—How do they?

I wiped my eyes.

Is there any ſervice in my power to do them, or any of them? Command me, good Miſs Byron, if there be: My Lord W. and I are one. Our influence is not ſmall.—Make me ſtill *more* happy, in the power of ſerving any one favoured by you.

You oppreſs me, Sir, by your goodneſs!—I cannot ſpeak my grateful ſenſibilities.

Will you, my dear Mr. Reeves, Will you, madam, (to my Couſin) employ me in any way that I can be of uſe to you, either abroad or at home? Your acquaintance has given me great pleaſure. To what a family of worthies has this excellent young Lady introduced me!

O Sir! ſaid Mrs. Reeves, tears running down her cheeks, that you were not to leave people whom you have made ſo happy in the knowlege of the beſt of men!

Indiſpenſible calls muſt be obeyed, my dear Mrs. Reeves. If we cannot be as happy we wiſh, we will rejoice in the happineſs we *can* have. We muſt not be our own carvers.—But I make you all ſerious. I was enumerating, as I told you, my preſent felicities! I was rejoicing in your friendſhips. I *have* joy; and, I preſume to ſay, I *will* have joy. There is a bright ſide in every event; I will not loſe ſight of it: And there is a dark one; but I will endeavour to ſee it only with the eye of prudence, that I may not be involved by it at unawares. Who that is not reproached by his own heart, and is bleſſed with health, can grieve for inevitable evils; evils that can be only evils as we

make

make them ſo? Forgive my ſerioufneſs: My dear friends, you *make* me grave. Favour me, I beſeech you, my good Miſs Byron, with one leſſon: We ſhall be too much engaged, perhaps, by-and-by.

He led me (I thought it was with a *chearful* air; but my Couſins both ſay, his eyes gliſtened) to the harpſichord: He ſung unaſked, but with a low voice; and my mind was calmed. O Lucy! How can I part with ſuch a man? How can I take my leave of him?—But perhaps he has taken his leave of me already, as to the ſolemnity of it, in the manner I have recited.

LETTER XXIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Saturday Morning, Apr. 15.

O Lucy, Sir Charles Grandiſon is gone! Gone indeed! He ſat out at three this morning; on purpoſe, no doubt, to ſpare his Siſters, and Friends, as well as himſelf, concern.

We broke not up till after two. Were I in the writing humour, which I have never known to fail me till now, I could dwell upon an hundred things, ſome of which I can now only briefly mention.

Dinner-time yeſterday paſſed with tolerable chearfulneſs: Every one tried to be chearful. O what pain attends loving too well, and being too well-beloved! He muſt have pain, as well as we.

Lady Olivia was the moſt thoughtful, at dinner-time; yet poor Emily! Ah the poor Emily! ſhe went out four or five times to weep; tho' only I perceived it.

Nobody was chearful after dinner but Sir Charles. He ſeemed to exert himſelf to be ſo. He prevailed on me to give them a leſſon on the harpſichord. Lady L. played: Lady G. played: We *tried* to play, I ſhould rather ſay. He himſelf took the violin, and

afterwards ſat down to the harpſichord, for one ſhort leſſon. He was not known to be ſuch a maſter: But he was long in Italy. Lady Olivia indeed knew him to be ſo. She was induced to play upon the harpſichord: She ſurpaſſed every-body. Italy is the land of harmony.

About ſeven at night he ſingled me out, and ſurpriſed me greatly by what he ſaid. He told me, that Lady D. had made him a viſit. I was before low: I was then ready to ſink. She has aſked me queſtions, madam.

Sir, Sir! was all I could ſay.

He himſelf trembled as he ſpoke—Alas! my dear, he ſurely loves me! Hear how ſolemnly he ſpoke—God Almighty be your director, my dear Miſs Byron! I wiſh not more happineſs to my own ſoul, than I do to you.—In diſcharge of a promiſe made, I mention this viſit to you: I might otherwiſe have ſpared you, and myſelf—

He ſtopt there—Then reſumed; for I was ſilent. I could not ſpeak—Your friends will be entreated for a man that loves you; a very worthy young nobleman.—I give you emotion, madam.—Forgive me.—I have performed my promiſe. He turned from me with a ſeeming chearful air. How *could* he appear to be chearful!

We made parties at cards. I knew not what I played. Emily ſighed, and tears ſtole down her cheeks, as ſhe played. O how ſhe loves her guardian! Emily, I ſay—I don't know what I write!

At ſupper we were all very melancholy. Mr. Beauchamp was urgent to go abroad with him. He changed the ſubject, and gave him an *indirect* denial, as I may call it, by recommending the two Italian Ladies to his beſt ſervices.

Sir Charles, kind, good, excellent! wiſhed to Lord L. to have ſeen Mr. Grandiſon!—unworthy as that man has made himſelf of his attention.

He

He was a few moments in private with Lady Olivia. She returned to company with red eyes.

Poor Emily watched an opportunity to be ſpoken to by him alone—So diligently!—He led her to the window—About one o'clock it was—He held both her hands. He called her, ſhe ſays, *his* Emily. He charged her to write to him.

She could not ſpeak; ſhe could only ſob; yet thought ſhe had a thouſand things to ſay to him.

He contradicted not the hope his Siſters and their Lords had of his breakfaſting with them. They invited me; they invited the Italian Ladies: Lady L. Lord L. did go, in expectation: But Lady G. when ſhe found him gone, ſent me and the Italian Ladies word, that he was. It would have been cruel, if ſhe had not. How *could* he ſteal away ſo! I find, that he intended that his morning viſit to me (as indeed I half-ſuſpected) ſhould be a taking leave of my Couſins, and your Harriet. How many things did he ſay then—How many queſtions aſk—In tender woe—He wanted to do us all ſervice—He ſeemed not to know what to ſay—Surely he hates not your poor Harriet—What ſtruggles in his noble boſom!—But a man cannot complain: A man cannot aſk for compaſſion, as a woman can. But ſurely his is the gentleſt of manly minds!

When we broke up, he handed my Couſin Reeves into her coach. He handed me. Mr. Reeves ſaid, We ſee you again, Sir Charles, in the morning? He bowed. At handing me in, he ſighed—He preſſed my hand—I think he did—That was all—He ſaluted nobody. He will not meet his Clementina as he parted with us.

But, I doubt not, Dr. Bartlett was in the ſecret.

HE was. He has juſt been here. He found my eyes ſwelled. I had had no reſt; yet knew not, till ſeven o'clock, that he was gone.

It was very good of the doctor to come: His visit soothed me: Yet he took no notice of my red eyes. Nay, for that matter, Mrs. Reeves's eyes were swelled, as well as mine. Angel of a man! How is he beloved!

The doctor says, that his Sisters, their Lords, Lord W. are in as much grief as if he were departed for ever—And who knows—But I will not torment myself with supposing the worst: I will endeavour to bear in mind what he said yesterday morning to us, no doubt for an instruction, that he *would* have joy.

And did he then think that I should be so much grieved as to want such an instruction?—And therefore did he vouchsafe to give it?—But, vanity, be quiet—Lie down, hope—Hopelessness, take place!—Clementina shall be his. He shall be hers.

Yet his emotion, Lucy, at mentioning Lady D's visit—O! but that was only owing to his humanity. He saw *my* emotion; and acknowleged the tenderest friendship for me! Ought I not to be satisfied with that? I *am*. I *will* be satisfied. Does he not love me with the love of mind? The poor Olivia has not this to comfort herself with. The poor Olivia! If I see her sad and afflicted, how I shall pity her! All her expectations frustrated; the expectations that engaged her to combat difficulties, to travel, to cross many waters, and to come to England—to come just time enough to take leave of him; he hastening on the wings of Love and Compassion to a dearer, a *deservedly* dearer object, in the country she had quitted, on purpose to visit him in his—Is not hers a more grievous situation than mine?—It is. Why, then, do I lament?

But here, Lucy, let me in confidence hint, what I have gathered from several intimations from Dr. Bartlett, tho' as tenderly made by him as possible, that had Sir Charles Grandison been a man capable of taking advantage of the violence of a Lady's passion

for

for him, the unhappy Olivia would not have ſcrupled, great, haughty, and noble, as ſhe is, by birth and fortune, to have been his, without conditions, if ſhe could not have been ſo with: The Italian world is of this opinion, at leaſt. Had Sir Charles been a Rinaldo, Olivia had been an Armida.

O that I could hope, for the honour of the Sex, and of the Lady who is ſo fine a woman, that the Italian world is miſtaken!—I will preſume that it is.

My good Dr. Bartlett, will you allow me to accuſe you of a virtue too rigorous? That is ſometimes the fault of very good people. You own that Sir Charles has not, even to *you*, revealed a ſecret ſo diſgraceful to her. You own, that he has only blamed her for having too little regard for her reputation, and for the violence of her temper: Yet how patiently, for one of ſuch a temper, has ſhe taken his departure, almoſt on the day of her arrival! *He* could not have given her an *opportunity* to indicate to him a conceſſion ſo criminal; *She* could not, if he *had*, have made the overture. Wicked, wicked world! I will not believe you! And the leſs credit ſhall you have with me, Italian world, as I have *ſeen* the Lady. The innocent heart will be a charitable one. Lady Olivia is only too intrepid. Proſperity, as Sir Charles obſerved, has been a ſnare to her, and ſet her above a proper regard to her reputation.—Mercileſs world! I do not love you. Dear Dr. Bartlett, you are not yet abſolutely perfect! Theſe hints of yours againſt Olivia, gathered from the malevolence of the envious, are proofs (the firſt indeed that I have met with) of *your* imperfection!

Excuſe me, Lucy: How have I run on! Diſappointment has mortified me, and made made me good-natured.—I will welcome adverſity, if it enlarge my charity.

The doctor tells me, that Emily, with her half-broken heart, will be here preſently. If I can be of

comfort to her—But I want it myſelf, from the ſame cauſe. We ſhall only weep over each other.

As I told you, the doctor, and the doctor only, knew of his ſetting out ſo early. He took leave of him. Happy Dr. Bartlett!—Yet I ſee by his eyes, that this parting coſt him ſome paternal tears.

Never Father better loved a Son than this good man loves Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Sir Charles, it ſeems, had ſettled all his affairs three days before. His ſervants were appointed.

The doctor tells me, that he had laſt week preſented the elder Mr. Oldham with a pair of colours, which he had purchaſed for him. Nobody had heard of this.

Lord W. he ſays, is preparing for Windſor; Mr. Beauchamp for Hampſhire, for a few days; and then he returns to attend the commands of the noble Italians.

Lady Olivia will ſoon have her equipage ready.

She will make a great appearance.——But Sir CHARLES GRANDISON will not be with her. What is grandeur to a diſturbed heart?

The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude are ſetting out for Hertfordſhire. Lord and Lady L. talk of retiring, for a few weeks, to Colnebrook: The doctor is preparing for Grandiſon-hall; your poor Harriet for Northamptonſhire—Bleſs me, my dear, what a diſperſion!—But Lord W.'s nuptials will collect ſome of them together at Windſor.

EMILY, the dear weeping girl! is juſt come. She is with my Couſins. She expects my permiſſion for coming up to me. Imagine us weeping over each other; praying for, bleſſing the guardian of us both. Your imagination cannot form a ſcene too tender. Adieu, my Lucy.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Sunday, April 16.

O What a blank, my dear!—But I need not ſay what I was going to ſay. Poor Emily!—But to mention her grief, is to paint my own.

Lord W. went to Windſor yeſterday.

A very odd behaviour of Lady Olivia. Mr. Beauchamp went yeſterday, and offered to attend her to any of the public places, at her pleaſure; in purſuance of Sir Charles's reference to him, to do all in his power to make England agreeable to her: And ſhe thought fit to tell him before her Aunt, that ſhe thanked him for his civility; but ſhe ſhould not trouble him during her ſtay in England. She had *gentlemen* in her train; and one of them had been in England before—

He left her in diſguſt.

Lady L. making her a viſit in the evening, ſhe told her of Mr. Beauchamp's offer, and of her anſwer. The gentleman, ſaid ſhe, is a polite and very agreeable man; and *this* made me treat his kind offer with abruptneſs: For I can hardly doubt your Brother's view in it. I *ſcorn* his view: And if I were ſure of it, perhaps I ſhould find a way to make him repent of the indignity. Lady L. was ſure, ſhe ſaid, that neither her Brother, nor Mr. Beauchamp, had any other views than to make England as agreeable to her as poſſible.

Be this as it may, madam, ſaid ſhe, I have no ſervice for Mr. Beauchamp: But if your Ladyſhip, your Siſter, and your two Lords, will allow me to cultivate your friendſhip, you will do me honour. Dr. Bartlett's company will be very agreeable to me likewiſe, as often as he will give it me. To Miſs Jervois I lay ſome little claim. I would have had her for my-

companion in Italy; but your cruel Brother—No more, however, of him. Your Engliſh beauty too, I admire her: But, poor young creature, I admire her the more, becauſe I can pity *her*. I ſhould think myſelf very happy to be better acquainted with her.

Lady L. made her a very polite anſwer for herſelf and her Siſter, and their Lords. But told her, that I was very ſoon to ſet out for my own abode in Northamptonſhire; and that Dr. Bartlett had ſome commiſſions, which would oblige him, in a day or two, to go to Sir Charles's ſeat in the country. She herſelf offered to attend her to Windſor, and to every other place, at her command.

LADY L. took notice of her wriſt being bound round with a broad black ribband, and aſked, If it were hurt? A kind of ſprain, ſaid ſhe. But you little imagine how it came; and muſt not aſk.

This made Lady L. curious. And Olivia requeſting that Emily might be allowed to breakfaſt with her as this morning; ſhe has bid the dear girl endeavour to know how it came, if it fell in her way: For Olivia reddened, and looked up, with a kind of conſciouſneſs, to Lady L. when ſhe told her that ſhe muſt not aſk queſtions about it.

Lady G. is very earneſt with me to give into the town-diverſions for a month to come: But I have now no deſire in my heart ſo ſtrong, as to return to all my dear Northamptonſhire friends.

I am only afraid of my Uncle. He will railly his Harriet; yet only, I know, in hopes to divert her, and us all: But my jeſting days are over: My ſituation will not bear it. Yet if it will divert him, let him railly.

I ſhall be ſo much importuned to ſtay longer than I ought, or *will* ſtay, that I may as well fix a peremptory day at once. Will you, my ever indulgent friends, allow me to ſet out for Selby-houſe on Friday

day next? Not on a Sunday, as Lady Betty Williams adviſes, for fear of the *odious waggons*. But I have been in a different ſchool. Sir Charles Grandiſon, I find, makes it a *tacit* rule with him, Never to *begin* a journey on a Sunday; nor, except when in purſuit of works of mercy or neceſſity, to travel in time of Divine Service. And this rule he obſerved laſt Sunday, tho' he reached us here in the evening. O my Grandmamma! How much is he, what you all are, and ever have been!—But he is now purſuing a work of mercy. God ſucceed to him the end of his purſuit!

But why *tacit?* you will aſk. Is Sir Charles Grandiſon aſhamed to make an open appearance in behalf of his Chriſtian duties? He is not. For inſtance; I have never ſeen him ſit down at his own table, in the abſence of Dr. Bartlett, or ſome other clergyman, but he himſelf ſays grace; and that with ſuch an eaſy dignity, as commands every one's reverence; and which is ſucceeded by a cheerfulneſs that looks as if he were the better pleaſed for having ſhewn a thankful heart.

Dr. Bartlett has alſo told me, that he begins and ends every day, either in his Chamber, or in his Study, in a manner worthy of one who is in earneſt in his Chriſtian profeſſion. But he never frights gay company with grave maxims. I remember one day, Mr. Grandiſon aſked him, in his abſurd way, Why he did not *preach* to his company now-and-then? Faith, Sir Charles, ſaid he, if you did, you would reform many a poor ignorant ſinner of us; ſince you could do it with more weight, and more certainty of attention, than any parſon in Chriſtendom.

It would be an affront, ſaid Sir Charles, to the underſtanding, as well as education, of a man who took rank above a peaſant, in ſuch a country as this, to ſeem to queſtion whether he *knew* his general duties, or not, and the neceſſity of practiſing what he knew

of them. If he ſhould be at a loſs, he *may* once a week be reminded, and his heart kept warm. Let you and me, Couſin Everard, ſhew our conviction by our practice; and not invade the clergyman's province.

I remember, that Mr. Grandiſon ſhewed his conviction by his bluſhes; and by repeating the three little words, *You and me!* Sir Charles.

Sunday Evening.

O MY dear friends! I have a ſtrange, a ſhocking piece of intelligence to give you! Emily has juſt been with me in tears: She begged to ſpeak with me in private. When we were alone, ſhe threw her arms about my neck: Ah, madam! ſaid ſhe, I am come to tell you, that there is a perſon in the world that I hate, and muſt and will hate, as long as I live. It is Lady Olivia.—Take me down with you into Northamptonſhire, and let me never ſee her more.

I was ſurpriſed.

O madam! I have found out, that ſhe would, on Thurſday laſt, have killed my guardian.

I was aſtoniſhed, Lucy.

They retired together, you know, madam: My guardian came from her, his face in a glow; and he ſent in his Siſter to her, and went not in himſelf till afterwards. She would have had him put off his journey. She was enraged becauſe he would not; and they were high together; and at laſt ſhe pulled out of her ſtays, in fury, a poniard, and vowed to plunge it into his heart. He ſhould never, ſhe ſaid, ſee his Clementina more. He went to her. Her heart failed her. Well it might, you know, madam. He ſeized her hand. He took it from her. She ſtruggled, and in ſtruggling her wriſt was hurt; that's the meaning of the broad black ribband!—Wicked creature! to have ſuch a thought in her heart!—He only ſaid, when he had got it from her, Unhappy, violent woman! I return not this inſtrument

ment of miſchief! You will have no uſe for it in England—And would not let her have it again.

I ſhuddered. O my dear, ſaid I, he has been a ſufferer, we are told, by good women; but this is *not* a good woman. But can it be true? Who informed you of it?

Lady Maffei herſelf. She thought that Sir Charles muſt have ſpoken of it: And when ſhe found *he* had not, ſhe was ſorry *ſhe* had, and begged I would not tell any-body: But I could not keep it from you. And ſhe ſays, that Lady Olivia is grieved on the remembrance of it; and arraigns herſelf and her wicked paſſion; and the more, for his noble forgiveneſs of her on the ſpot, and recommending her afterwards to the civilities of his Siſters, and their Lords. But I hate her, for all that.

Poor unhappy Olivia! ſaid I. But what, my Emily, are we women, who ſhould be the meekeſt and tendereſt of the whole animal creation, when we give way to paſſion! But if ſhe is ſo penitent, let not the ſhocking attempt be known to his Siſters, or their Lords. I may take the liberty of mentioning it, in *ſtrict confidence* [Obſerve that, Lucy] to thoſe from whom I keep not any ſecret: But let it not be divulged to any of the relations of Sir Charles. Their deteſtation of her, which muſt follow, would not be concealed; and the unhappy creature, made deſperate, might—Who knows what ſhe might do?

The dear girl ran on upon what might have been the conſequence, and what a loſs the world would have had, if the horrid fact had been perpetrated. Lady Maffei told her, however, that had not her heart relented, ſhe might have done him miſchief; for he was too raſh in approaching her. She fell down on her knees to him, as ſoon as he had wreſted the poniard from her. I forgive, and pity you, madam, ſaid he, with an air that had, as Olivia and her Aunt have recollected ſince, both majeſty and compaſſion

in it: But againſt her entreaty, he would withdraw. Yet, at her requeſt, ſent in Lady L. to her; and, going into his Study, told not even Dr. Bartlett of it, tho' he went to him there immediately.

From the conſciouſneſs of this violence, perhaps, the Lady was more temperate afterwards, even to the very time of his departure.

* *

Lord bleſs me, What ſhall I do? Lady D. has ſent a card to let me know, that ſhe will wait upon Mrs. Reeves and me to-morrow to breakfaſt. She comes, no doubt, to tell me, that Sir Charles having no thoughts of Harriet Byron, Lord D. may have hopes of ſucceeding with her: And perhaps her Ladyſhip will plead Sir Charles's recommendation and intereſt in Lord D's favour. But ſhould this plea be made, good Heaven give me patience! I am afraid I ſhall be uncivil to this excellent woman.

LETTER XXV.

Miſs Byron. *In Continuation.*

Monday, April 17.

THE Counteſs is juſt gone.

Mr. Reeves was engaged before to breakfaſt with Lady Betty Williams; and we were only Mrs. Reeves, Lady D. and I.

My heart aked at her entrance; and every moment ſtill more, as we were at breakfaſt. Her looks, I thought, had ſuch a particular kindneſs and meaning in them, as ſeemed to expreſs, 'You have no 'hopes, Miſs Byron, any-where elſe; and I will have 'you to be mine.'

But my ſuſpenſe was over the moment the tea-table was removed. I ſee your confuſion, my dear, ſaid the Counteſs [Mrs. Reeves you muſt not leave us]; and I have ſat in pain for you, as I ſaw it increaſe.

By

By this I know that Sir Charles Grandiſon has been as good as his word. Indeed I doubted not but he would. I don't wonder, my dear, that you love him. He is the firſt man in his manners, as well as perſon, that I ever ſaw. A woman of virtue and honour cannot *but* love him. But I need not praiſe him to you; nor to *you*, neither, Mrs. Reeves; I ſee that. Now you muſt know, proceeded ſhe, that there is an alliance propoſed for my ſon, of which I think very well; but ſtill ſhould have thought better, had I never ſeen you, my dear. I have talked to my Lord about it: You know I am very deſirous to have him married. His anſwer was; I never can think of any propoſal of this nature, while I have any hope that I can make myſelf acceptable to Miſs Byron.

What think you, my Lord, ſaid I, if I ſhould directly apply to Sir Charles Grandiſon, to know his intentions; and whether he has any hopes of obtaining her favour? He is ſaid to be the moſt unreſerved of men. He knows our characters to be as unexceptionable as his own; and that our alliance cannot be thought a diſcredit to the firſt family in the kingdom. It is a free queſtion, I own; as I am unacquainted with him by perſon: But he is ſuch a man, that methinks I can take pleaſure in addreſſing myſelf to him on *any* ſubject.

My Lord ſmiled at the freedom of my motion; but not diſapproving it, I directly went to Sir Charles, and, after due compliments, told him my buſineſs.

The Counteſs ſtopt. She is very penetrating. She looked at us both.

Well, madam, ſaid my Couſin, with an air of curioſity—Pray, your Ladyſhip—

I could not ſpeak for very impatience—

I never heard in my life, ſaid the Counteſs, ſuch a fine character of any mortal, as he gave you. He told me of his engagements to go abroad as the very next day. He highly extolled the Lady for whoſe

ſake,

ſake, principally, he was obliged to go abroad; and he ſpoke as highly of a Brother of hers, whom he loved as if he were his own Brother; and mentioned very affectionately the young Lady's whole family.

'God only knows, ſaid he, what may be *my* deſtiny!—As generoſity, as juſtice, or rather as Providence, leads, I will follow.'

After he had generouſly opened his heart, proceeded the Counteſs, I aſked him if he had any hope, ſhould the foreign Lady recover her *health*, of her being his?

'I can promiſe myſelf nothing, ſaid he. I go over without one ſelfiſh hope. If the Lady recover *her* health, and her Brother can be amended in *his*, by the aſſiſtance I ſhall carry over with me, I ſhall have joy inexpreſſible. To Providence I leave the reſt. The reſult cannot be in my *own* power.'

Then, Sir, proceeded the Counteſs, you cannot in honour be under any engagements to Miſs Byron?

I aroſe from my ſeat. Whither, my dear?—I have *done*, if I oppreſs you, I moved my chair behind her, but ſo cloſe to hers, that I leaned on the back of it, my face hid, and my eyes running over. She ſtood up. Sit down again, madam, ſaid I, and proceed—Pray proceed. You have excited my curioſity. Only let me ſit here, *unheeded*, behind you.

Pray, madam, ſaid Mrs. Reeves (burning alſo with curioſity, as ſhe has ſince owned) go on; and indulge my Couſin in her preſent ſeat. What anſwer did Sir Charles return?

My dear love, ſaid the Counteſs (ſitting down, as I had requeſted) let me firſt be anſwered one queſtion. I would not do miſchief.

You cannot do miſchief, madam, replied I. What is your Ladyſhip's queſtion?

Has Sir Charles Grandiſon ever directly made his addreſſes to you, my dear?

Never, madam.

It is not for want of love, I dare aver, that he has not. But thus he anſwered my queſtion: 'I ſhould 'have thought myſelf the unworthieſt of men, 'knowing the difficulties of my own ſituation, how 'great ſoever were the temptation from Miſs Byron's 'merit, if I had ſought to engage her affections.'

[O Lucy! How nobly is his whole conduct towards me juſtified?]

'She has, madam (proceeded the Counteſs in his words) 'a prudence that I never knew equalled in a 'woman ſo young. With a frankneſs of mind, to 'which hardly ever young Lady before her had pre-'tenſions, ſhe has ſuch a command of her affections, 'that no man, I dare ſay, will ever have a ſhare in 'them, till he has courted her favour by aſſiduities 'which ſhall convince her that he has no heart but 'for *her*.'

O my Lucy! What an honour to me would theſe ſentiments be, if I deſerved them! And *can* Sir Charles Grandiſon think I *do*?—I hope ſo. But if he does, how much am I indebted to his favourable, his generous opinion! Who knows but I have reaſon to rejoice, rather than to regret, as I uſed to do, his frequent abſences from Colnebrook?

The Counteſs proceeded.

Then, Sir, you will not take it amiſs, if my Son, by *his* aſſiduities, can prevail upon Miſs Byron to think that he *has* merit, and that his heart is *wholly* devoted to her.

'Amiſs, madam!—No!—In juſtice, in honour, 'I cannot. May Miſs Byron be, as ſhe deſerves to 'be, one of the happieſt women on earth in her 'nuptials. I have heard a great character of Lord D. 'He has a very large eſtate. He may boaſt of his 'Mother—God forbid, that *I*, a man *divided in my-'ſelf*, not knowing what I *can* do, hardly ſometimes 'what I *ought* to do, ſhould ſeek to involve in my 'own uncertainties the friend I revere; the woman

'I ſo greatly admire: Her beauty ſo attracting; ſo 'proper for her therefore to engage a generous pro-'tector in the married ſtate!'

Generous man! thought I. O how my tears ran down my cheeks, as I hid my face behind the Counteſs's chair!

But will you allow me, Sir, proceeded the Counteſs, to aſk you, Were you freed from all your uncertainties—

'Permit me, madam, interrupted he, to ſpare you 'the queſtion you were going to put. As I know 'not what will be the reſult of my journey abroad, 'I ſhould think myſelf a very *ſelfiſh* man, and a very 'diſhonourable one to *two* Ladies of equal delicacy 'and worthineſs, if I ſought to involve, as I hinted 'before, in my own uncertainties, a young Lady 'whoſe prudence and great qualities muſt make her-'ſelf and *any* man happy, whom ſhe ſhall favour 'with her hand.

'To be ſtill more explicit, proceeded he, With 'what face could I look up to a woman of honour 'and delicacy, ſuch a one as the Lady before whom 'I now ſtand, if I could own a wiſh, that while my 'honour has laid me under obligations to *one Lady*, 'if ſhe ſhall be permitted to accept of me, I ſhould 'preſume to hope, that *another*, no leſs worthy, 'would hold her favour for me ſuſpended, till ſhe 'ſaw what would be the iſſue of the firſt obligation? 'No, madam; I could ſooner die, than offer ſuch 'indignity to BOTH; *I* am fettered, added he; but 'Miſs Byron is free: And ſo is the Lady abroad. 'My attendance on her at this time, is indiſpenſa-'ble; but I make not any conditions for myſelf— 'My reward will be in the conſciouſneſs of having 'diſcharged the obligations that I think myſelf un-'der, as a man of honour.'

The Counteſs's voice changed in repeating this ſpeech of his: And ſhe ſtopt to praiſe him; and then went on.

You

You are *THE* man, indeed, Sir!—But then give me leave to aſk you, As I think it is very likely that you will be married before you return to England, Whether, now that you have been ſo good as to ſpeak favourably of my Son, and that you call Miſs Byron Siſter, you will oblige him with a recommendation to that Siſter?

'The Counteſs of D. ſhews, by this requeſt, her 'value for a young Lady who deſerves it; and the 'more, for its being, I think (Excuſe me, madam) a 'pretty extraordinary one. But what a preſumption 'would it be in me, to ſuppoſe that I had SUCH an 'intereſt with Miſs Byron, when ſhe has relations 'as worthy of *her*, as ſhe is of *them*?'

You may gueſs, my dear, ſaid the Counteſs, that I ſhould not have put this queſtion, but as a trial of his heart. However, I aſked his pardon; and told him, that I would not believe he gave it me, except he would promiſe to mention to Miſs Byron, that I had made him a viſit on this ſubject [Methinks, Lucy, I ſhould have been glad that he had not let *me* know that he was ſo forgiving!]

And now, my dear, ſaid the Lady, let me turn about. She did; and put one arm round my neck, and with my own handkerchief wiped my eyes, and kiſſed my cheek; and when ſhe ſaw me a little recovered, ſhe addreſſed me as follows:

Now, my good young creature, [O that you would let me call you Daughter in my way! for I think I muſt always call you ſo, whether you do, or not] let me aſk you, as if I were your real Mother, 'Have 'you any expectation that Sir Charles Grandiſon 'will be yours?'

Dear madam, is not this as hard a queſtion to be put to me, as that which you put to him?

Yes, my dear—full as hard. And I am as ready to aſk your pardon, as I was his, if you are really diſpleaſed with me for putting it. Are you Miſs Byron?

Byron? Excuſe me, Mrs. Reeves, for thus urging your lovely Couſin; I am at leaſt entitled to the excuſe Sir Charles Grandiſon made for me, that it is a demonſtration of my value for her.

I have declared, madam, returned I, and it is from my heart, that I think he ought to be the Huſband of the Lady abroad: And tho' I prefer him to all the men I ever ſaw, yet I have reſolved, if poſſible, to conquer the particular regard I have for him. He has in a very noble manner offered me his friendſhip, ſo long as it may be accepted without interfering with any other attachments on my part: And I will be ſatisfied with that.

A friendſhip ſo pure, replied the Counteſs, as that of ſuch a man, is conſiſtent with *any other* attachments. My Lord D. will, with his whole ſoul, contribute all in his power to ſtrengthen it: He admires Sir Charles Grandiſon: He would think it a double honour to be acquainted with him thro' you. Deareſt Miſs Byron, take another worthy young man into your friendſhip, but with a tenderer name: I ſhall then claim a fourth place in it for myſelf. O my dear! What a quadruple knot will you tie!

Your Ladyſhip does me too much honour, was all I could juſt then reply.

I *muſt* have an anſwer, my dear: I will not take up with a compliment.

This, then, madam, is my anſwer—I hope I am an honeſt creature:—I have *not* a heart to give.

Then you have expectations, my dear.—Well, I will call you *mine*, if I *can*. Never did I think that I could have made the propoſal, that I am going to make you: But in my eyes, as well as in my Lord's, you are an incomparable young woman.—This is it. We will not think of the alliance propoſed to us (It is yet *but* a propoſal, and to which we have not returned any anſwer) till we ſee what turn the affair

fair Sir Charles is gone upon, takes. You once said, you could prefer my Son to any of the men that had hitherto applied to you for your favour. Your affections to Sir Charles were engaged before you knew us. Will you allow my Son this preference, which will be the *first* preference, if Sir Charles engages himself abroad?

Your Ladyship surprises me: Shall I not improve by the example you have just now set before me? Who was it that said (and a *man* too) 'With what 'face could I look up to a woman of honour and 'delicacy, such a one as the Lady before whom I 'now stand, if I could own a wish, that, while' my heart leaned to one person, I should think of keeping another in suspense till I saw whether I could or could not be the other's? 'No, madam, 'I would sooner die,' as Sir Charles said, 'than 'offer such an indignity to *both*.' But I know, madam, that you only made this proposal, as you did another to Sir Charles Grandison, as a *trial of my heart*.

Upon my word, my dear, I should, I think, be glad to be entitled to such an excuse: But I was really in earnest; and now take a little shame to myself.

What charming ingenuousness in this Lady!

She clasped her arms about me, and kissed my cheek again. I have but one plea, said she, to make for myself; I could not have fallen into such an error (the example so recently given to the contrary) had I not wished you to be, before any woman in the world, Countess of D.—Noble creature! No title can give you dignity. May your own wishes be granted!

The Countess asked, When I returned to Northamptonshire? I told her my intention. She charged me to see her first. But I can tell you, said she, my Lord shall not be present when you come: Not once

once more will I truſt him in your company; and if he ſhould ſteal a viſit, unknown to me, let not your Couſin ſee him, Mrs. Reeves. He does *indeed* admire you, Love.

I acknowleged, with a grateful heart, her goodneſs to me. She engaged me to correſpond with her when I got home. Her commands were an honour done me, that I could not refuſe myſelf. Her Son, ſhe ſmilingly told me, ſhould no more ſee my Letters, that my Perſon.

At her going away—I will tell you one thing, ſaid ſhe: I never before, in a buſineſs which my heart was ſet upon, was ſo effectually ſilenced by a precedent produced by myſelf in the ſame converſation. I came with an aſſurance of ſucceſs. When our *hearts* are engaged in a hope, we are apt to think every ſtep we take for the promoting it, reaſonable: Our paſſions, my dear, will evermore run away with our judgment. But now I think of it, I muſt, when I ſay *our*, make two exceptions; one for you, and one for Sir Charles Grandiſon.

But, Lucy, tell me—May I, do you think, explain the meaning of the word SELFISH uſed by Sir Charles in the concluſion of the Library-conference at Colnebrook (and which puzzled me then to make out) by his diſclaiming of *ſelfiſhneſs* in the converſation with the Counteſs above-recited? If I may, what an opening of his heart does that word give in my favour, were he at liberty? Does it not look, my dear, as if his *Honour* checked him, when his *Love* would have prompted him to wiſh me to preſerve my heart diſengaged till his return from abroad? Nor let it be ſaid, that it was diſhonourable in him to have ſuch a thought, as it was *checked* and *overcome*; and as it was ſucceeded by ſuch an emotion, that he was obliged to depart abruptly from me.—Let me repeat the words—You may not have my Letter at hand which relates that affecting addreſs to me; and

it

it is impoſſible for me, while I have memory, to forget them. He had juſt concluded his brief hiſtory of Clementina—'And now, madam, what can I 'ſay?—Honour forbids me!—Yet honour bids me '—Yet I cannot be unjuſt, ungenerous, *ſelfiſh!*'—If I may flatter myſelf, Lucy, that he did love me when he ſaid this, and that he had a conflict in his noble heart between the love on one ſide ſo *hopeleſs* (for I could not forgive him, if he did not *love*, as well as *pity*, Clementina), and on the other *not ſo* hopeleſs, were there to have been no bar between—Shall we not pity him for the arduous ſtruggle? Shall we not ſee that honour carried it, even in favour of the *hopeleſs* againſt the *hopeful*, and applaud him the more for being able to overcome? How ſhall we call virtue by its name, if it be not tried; and if it hath no conteſt with inclination?

If I am a vain ſelf-flatterer, tell me, chide me, Lucy; but allow me, however, at the ſame time, this praiſe, if I can make good my claim to it, that *my* conqueſt of my paſſion is at leaſt as glorious for me, as *his* is for him, were he to love me ever ſo well; ſince I can more ſincerely, however painfully, ſubſcribe to the preference which Honour, Love, Compaſſion, unitedly, give to CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXVI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Monday Night.

MY Couſins and I, by invitation, ſupped with Lady G. this evening. Lord and Lady L. were there; Lady Olivia alſo, and Lady Maffei.

I have ſet them all into a conſternation, as they expreſſed themſelves, by my declaration of leaving London on my return home early on Friday morning next. I knew, that were I to paſs the whole ſummer here,

here, I muſt be peremptory at laſt. The two Siſters vow, that I ſhall not go ſo ſoon. They ſay, that I have ſeen ſo few of the town-diverſions—Town-diverſions, Lucy!—I have had diverſions enough, of one ſort!—But in your arms, my dear friends, I ſhall have conſolation—And I want it.

I have great regrets, and ſhall have hourly more, as the day approaches, on the leaving of ſuch dear and obliging friends: But I am determined.

My Couſin's coach will convey me to Dunſtable; and there, I know, I ſhall meet with my indulgent Uncle, or your Brother. I would not have it publickly known, becauſe of the officious gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

Dr. Bartlett intended to ſet out for Grandiſon-hall to-morrow: But from the natural kindneſs of his heart he has ſuſpended his journey to Thurſday next. No conſideration, therefore, ſhall detain me, if I am well.

My Couſins are grieved: They did not expect that I would be a word and a blow, as they phraſe it.

Lady Olivia expreſſed herſelf concerned, that ſhe, in particular, was to loſe me. She had propoſed great pleaſure, ſhe ſaid, in the parties ſhe ſhould make in my company. But, after what Emily told me, ſhe appears to me a Meduſa; and were I to be thought by her a formidable rival, I might have as much reaſon to be afraid of the potion, as the man ſhe loves of the poniard. Emily has kept the ſecret from everybody but me. And I rely on the inviolable ſecrecy of all you, my friends.

Lord and Lady L. had deſigned to go to Colnebrook to-morrow, or at my day, having hopes of getting me with them: But now, they ſay, they will ſtay in town till they can ſee whether I am to be prevailed upon, or will be *obdurate*.

Lady Olivia enquired after the diſtance of Northamptonſhire. She will make the tour of England, ſhe

ſhe ſays, and viſit me there. I was obliged to ſay I ſhould take her viſit as an honour.

Wicked politeneſs! Of how many falſhoods doſt thou make the people, who are called *polite*, guilty!

But there is one man in the world, who is remarkable for his truth, yet is unqueſtionably polite. He cenſures not others for complying with faſhions eſtabliſhed by cuſtom; but he gives not in to them. He never perverts the meaning of words. He never, for inſtance, ſuffers his ſervants to deny him, when he is at home. If he is buſy, he juſt finds time to ſay he is, to unexpected viſiters; and if they will ſtay, he turns them over to his Siſters, to Dr. Bartlett, to Emily, till he can attend them. But then he has *always* done ſo. Every one knows that he lives to his own heart, and they *expect* it of him; and when they *can* have his company, they have double joy in the eaſe and chearfulneſs that attend his leiſure: They then have him *wholly*. And he can be the more polite, as the company then is all his buſineſs.

Sir Charles might the better do ſo, as he came over ſo few months ago, after ſo long an abſence: and his reputation for politeneſs was ſo well eſtabliſhed, that people rather looked for rules from him, than a conformity to theirs.

His denials of complimenting Lady Olivia (tho' ſhe was but juſt arrived in his native country, where ſhe never was before) with the ſuſpending of his departure for one week, or but for one day—Who but he could have given them? But he was convinced, that it was right to haſten away, for the ſake of Clementina and his Jeronymo; and that it would have been wrong to ſhew Olivia, even for her *own* ſake, that in ſuch a competition ſhe had conſequence with him; and all her entreaties, all her menaces, the deteſted poniard in her hand, could not ſhake his ſteady ſoul, and make him delay his well-ſettled purpoſe.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday Morning, April 18.

THIS naughty Lady G:—She is exceſſively to blame. Lord L. is out of patience with her. So is Lady L. Emily ſays, ſhe loves her dearly; but ſhe does not love her ways. Lord G. as Emily tells me, talks of coming to me; the cauſe of quarrel ſuppoſed to be not great: But trifles, inſiſted upon, make frequently the wideſt breaches. Whatever it be, it is between themſelves; and neither cares to tell: But Lord and Lady L. are angry with her, for the ludicrous manner in which ſhe treats him.

The miſunderſtanding happened after my Couſin and I left them laſt night. I was not in ſpirits, and declined ſtaying to cards. Lady Olivia and her Aunt went away at the ſame time. Whiſt was the game. Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett and Emily, were caſt in. In the midſt of their play, Lady G. came hurrying down ſtairs to them, warbling an air: Lord G. followed her, much diſturbed. Madam, I muſt tell you, ſaid he—Why MUST, my Lord, I don't bid you.

Sit ſtill, child, ſaid ſhe to Emily; and took her ſeat behind her—Who wins? Who loſes?

Lord G. walked about the room—Lord and Lady L. were unwilling to take notice, hoping it would go off; for there had been a few livelineſſes on her ſide at dinner-time, tho' all was ſerene at ſupper.

Dr. Bartlett offered her his cards. She refuſed them—No, doctor, ſaid ſhe, I will play my own cards: I ſhall have enough to do to play *them* well.

As you manage it, ſo you will, madam, ſaid Lord G.

Don't expoſe yourſelf, my Lord: We are before company. Lady L. you have nothing but trumps in your hand. Let

Let me ſay a word or two to you, madam, ſaid Lord G. to her.

I am all obedience, my Lord.

She aroſe. He would have taken her hand: She put it behind her

Not your *hand*, madam?

I can't ſpare it.

He flung from her, and went out of the room.

Lord bleſs me, ſaid ſhe, returning to the card-table with a gay unconcern, what ſtrange paſſionate creatures are theſe men!

Charlotte, ſaid Lady L. I *wonder* at you.

Then I give you joy—

What do you mean, Siſter?—

We women love wonder, and the wonder-ful!

Surely, Lady G. ſaid Lord L. you are wrong.

I give your Lordſhip joy, too.

On what?

That my Siſter is always right.

Indeed, madam, were I Lord G. I ſhould have no patience.

A good hint for you, Lady L. I hope you will take this for a warning, and continue.

When I behave as you do, Charlotte—

I underſtand you, Lady L. you need not ſpeak out—Every one in their way.

You would not behave thus, were my Brother—

Perhaps not.

Dear Charlotte, you are exceſſively wrong.

So I think, returned ſhe.

Why then do you not—

Mend, Lady L? All in good time.

Her woman came in with a meſſage, expreſſing her Lord's deſire to ſee her—The duce is in theſe men: They will neither be ſatisfied with us, nor without us. But I am all obedience: No *vow* will I break—And out ſhe went.

Lord G. not returning preſently, and Lord and

Lady L's chariot being come, they both took this opportunity, in order to ſhew their diſpleaſure, to go away without taking leave of their Siſter. Dr. Bartlett retired to his apartment. And when Lady G. came down, ſhe was ſurpriſed, and a little vexed, to find only Emily there. Lord G. came in at another door—Upon my word, my Lord, this is ſtrange behaviour in you: You fright away, with your huſband-like airs, all one's company.

Good God!—I am aſtoniſhed at you, madam.

What *ſignifies* your aſtoniſhment?—when you have ſcared every-body out of the houſe.

I, madam!

You, Sir! Yes, you!—Did you not lord it over me in my dreſſing-room?—To be eaſy and quiet, Did I not fly to our company in the drawing-room? Did you not follow me there—with looks—Very pretty looks for a new-married man, I aſſure you! Then did not you wait to take me aſide—Would not any-body have ſuppoſed it was to expreſs your ſorrow for your odd behaviour? Was I not all obedience? Did you not, with very *manniſh* airs, ſlight me for my compliance, and fly out of the room? All the company could witneſs the calmneſs with which I returned to them, that they might not be grieved for me; nor think our miſunderſtanding a deep one. Well, then, when your ſtomach came down, as I ſuppoſed, you ſent for me out: No doubt, thought I, to expreſs his concern now.—I was all obedience again.

And did I not beſeech you, madam—

Beſeech me, my Lord!—Yes—But with ſuch looks—I married, Sir, let me tell you, a man with another face—See, ſee, Emily—He is gone again.—

My Lord flew out of the room in a rage—O theſe men, my dear! ſaid ſhe to Emily.

I know, ſaid Emily, what I could have anſwered, if I dared: But it is all ill meddling, as I have heard ſay, between man and wife.

Emily

Emily ſays, the quarrel was not made up; but was carried higher ſtill in the morning.

She had but juſt finiſhed her tale, when the following billet was brought me, from Lady G.

Harriet, *Tueſday Morning.*

IF you love me, if you pity me, come hither this inſtant: I have great need of your counſel. I am reſolved to be unmarried; and therefore ſubſcribe myſelf by the beloved name of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

I inſtantly diſpatched the following:

I Know no ſuch perſon as Charlotte Grandiſon. I love Lady G. but can pity only her Lord. I will not come near you. I have no counſel to give you; but that you will not jeſt away your own happineſs.

HARRIET BYRON.

Soon after, came a ſervant from Lady G. with the following Letter:

SO, then, I have made a bleſſed hand of wedlock. My Brother gone; My man exceſſive unruly: Lord and Lady L. on his ſide, without enquiring into merits, or demerits: Lectured by Dr. Bartlett's grave face: Emily ſtanding aloof; her finger in her eye: And now my Harriet renouncing me: And all in one week!

What can I do?—War ſeems to be declared: And will you not turn mediatrix?—You won't, you ſay. Let it alone. Nevertheleſs, I will lay the whole matter before you.

It was laſt night, the week from the wedding-day not completed, that Lord G. thought fit to break into my retirement without my leave—By the way, he

was a little impatient at dinner-time; but that I paſſed over.—

What boldneſs is this, ſaid I!—Pray, Sir, begone! —Why leave you your company below?

I come, my deareſt life, to make a requeſt to you.

The man began with civility enough, had he had a little leſs of his odious rapture; for he flung his arms about me, Jenny in preſence. A Huſband's fondneſs is enough to ruin theſe girls. Don't you think, Harriet, that there is an immorality in it, before them?

I refuſe your requeſt, be it what it will. How dare you invade me in my retirement? — You may believe, that I intended not to ſtay long above, my Siſter below. Does the ceremony, ſo lately paſt, authorize want of breeding?

Want of breeding, madam!—And he did *ſo* ſtare!

Leave me, this inſtant—I looked good-natured, I ſuppoſe, in my anger; for he declared he would not; and again throwing his arms about me as I ſat, joined his ſharp face to mine, and preſumed to kiſs me; Jenny ſtill in the room.

Now, Harriet, you never will deſert me in a point of delicacy, I am ſure. You cannot defend theſe odious freedoms in a matrimony ſo young, unleſs you would be willing to be ſerved ſo yourſelf.

You may ſuppoſe, that then I let looſe my indignation upon him. And he ſtole out, daring to mutter, and be diſpleaſed. The word *devil* was in his mouth.

Did he call *me* devil, Jenny?

No, indeed, madam, ſaid the wench—And Harriet, ſee the ill example of ſuch a free behaviour before her: She preſumed to prate in favour of the man's fit of fondneſs; yet, at other times, is a prude of a girl.

Before my anger was gone down, in again [It is truth, Harriet] came the bold wretch. I will not, ſaid

ſaid he, as you are not *particularly* employed, leave you—Upon my ſoul, madam, you don't uſe me well. But if you will oblige me with your company to-morrow morning—

No-where, Sir—

Only to breakfaſt with Miſs Byron, my *dear*—As a mark of your obligingneſs, I requeſt it.

His dear!—Now I hate a hypocrite of all things. I knew that he had a deſign to make a ſhew of his bride, as his property, at another place; and ſeeing me angry, thought he would name a viſit agreeable to me, and which at the ſame time would give him a merit with you, and preſerve to himſelf the conſequence of being obliged by his obedient Wife, at the word of authority.

From this fooliſh beginning aroſe our mighty quarrel. What vexed me was, the *art* of the man, and the evident deſign he had to get you of his ſide. He, in the courſe of it, threatened me with appealing to you—To intend to ruin me in the Love of my deareſt friend! Who, that valued that friend, could forgive it? You may believe, that if *he* had not propoſed it, and after ſuch accumulated offences, it was the very viſit that I ſhould have been delighted with.

Indeed, Sir—Upon my word, my Lord—I do aſſure you, Sir—with a moderate degree of haughtineſs—was what the quarrel aroſe to, on my ſide—And, at laſt, to a declaration of rebellion—I *won't*.

On his ſide, Upon my ſoul, madam—Let me periſh, if—and then heſitating—You uſe me ill, madam. I have not deſerved—And give me leave to ſay—I *inſiſt* upon being obliged, madam.

There was no bearing of this, Harriet.—It was a cool evening; but I took up my fan—Hey-day! ſaid I, what language is this?—You *inſiſt upon it*, my Lord!—I think I am married; Am I not?—And I took my watch, Half an hour after ten on Monday night—the—What day of the month is this?—Pleaſe

the Lord, I will note down this beginning moment of your authoritative demeanour.

My dear Lady G. [The wretch called me by his own name, perhaps further to inſult me] if I could bear this treatment, it is impoſſible for me to love you as I do.

So it is in *Love* to me, that you are to put on already all the huſband!—Jenny! [Do you ſee, my Lord, affecting a whiſper, how you daſh the poor wench? How like a fool ſhe looks at our folly!] Remember, Jenny, that to-morrow morning you carry my wedding-ſuits to Mrs. Arnold; and tell her, ſhe has forgot the hanging-ſleeves to the gowns. Let her put them on out of hand.

I was proceeding—But he rudely, gravely, and even with an air of ſcorn [There was no bearing *that*, you know] admoniſhed me; A little leſs wit, madam, and a little more diſcretion, would perhaps better become you.

This was too *true* to be forgiven. *You'll* ſay it, Harriet, if *I* don't. And to come from a man that was not overburdened with either—But I had too great a command of myſelf to ſay ſo. My dependence, my Lord [This I did ſay] is upon your *judgment*: That will always be a balance to my *wit*; and with the aſſiſtance of your *reproving Love*, will in time teach me *diſcretion*.

Now, my dear, was not this a high compliment to him? Ought he not to have taken it as ſuch? Eſpecially as I looked grave, and dropt him a very fine courteſy. But either his conſcience or ill-nature (perhaps you'll ſay both) made him take it as a reflexion [True as you are alive, Harriet!]. He bit his lip. Jenny, begone, ſaid he—Jenny, don't go, ſaid I.—Jenny knew not which to obey. Upon my word, Harriet, I began to think the man would have cuff'd me.—And while he was in his airs of mock-majeſty, I ſtept to the door, and whipt down to my company.

As

As married people are not to expoſe themſelves to their friends (who, I once heard you ſagely remark, would remember diſagreeable things, when the honeſt pair had forgot them) I was determined to be prudent. You would have been charmed with me, my dear, for my diſcretion. I will cheat by-ſtanders, thought I; I will make my Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett, and Emily, whom I had before ſet in at cards, think we are egregiouſly happy—And down I ſat, intending, with a lamblike peaceableneſs, to make obſervations on the play. But ſoon after, in whipt my indiſcreet Lord, his colour heightened, his features working: And tho' I *cautioned* him not to expoſe himſelf, yet he aſſumed airs that were the occaſion, as you ſhall hear, of frighting away my company. He withdrew, *in conſequence of thoſe airs*; and, after a little while (repenting, as I hoped) he ſent for me out. Some wives would have played the queen Vaſhti on their tyrant, and refuſed to go: But I, all obedience, (my vow, ſo recently made, in my head) obeyed, at the very firſt word: Yet you muſt think that I (meek as I am naturally) could not help recriminating. He was too lordly to be expoſtulated with.—There was, 'I tell 'you, madam,' and, 'I won't be told, Sir;' and when I broke from the paſſionate creature, and hoped to find my company, behold! they were all gone! None but Emily left. And thus was poor Lady L. ſent home, weeping, perhaps, for ſuch an early marriage-tyranny exerted on her meek Siſter.

Well, and don't you think we looked like a couple of fools at each other, when we ſaw ourſelves left alone, as I may ſay, to fight it not? I *did* expoſtulate with him as mildly as I could: He would have made it up with me afterwards; but, no! there was no doing that, as a girl of your nice notions may believe, after he had, by his violent airs, expoſed us both before ſo many witneſſes. In *decency*, therefore, I was obliged to keep it up: And now our miſunderſtanding

blazes: and is at ſuch a comfortable height, that if we meet by accident, we run away from each other by deſign. We have already made two breakfaſt-tables: Yet I am meek; he is ſullen: I make courteſies; he returns not bows.—Sullen creature, and a ruſtic!—I go to my harpſichord; melody enrages him. He is worſe than Saul; for Saul could be gloomily pleaſed with the muſic even of the man he hated.

I would have got *you* to come to us: That I thought was *tending* to a compliance; for it would have been condeſcending *too much*, as he is ſo *very* perverſe, if I had accompanied him to you. He has a great mind to appeal to you; but I have half raillied him out of his purpoſe. I ſent to you. What an anſwer did you return me!—Cruel Harriet! to deny your requeſted mediation in a difference that has riſen between man and wife.—But let the fire glow. If it ſpares the houſe, and only blazes in the chimney, I can bear it.

Croſs creature, adieu! If you know not ſuch a woman as *Grandiſon*, Heaven grant that I *may*; and that my wiſhes may be anſwered as to the *perſon*; and then I will not know a *Byron*.

See, Lucy, how high this dear flighty creature bribes! But I will not be influenced, by her bribery, to take her part.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday Night.

I AM juſt returned from St. James's Square.

But, firſt, I ſhould tell you, that I had a viſit from Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei. Our converſation was in Italian and French. Lady Olivia and I had a quarter of an hour's diſcourſe in private: You may gueſs

gueſs at our ſubject. She is not without that tenderneſs of heart, which is the indiſpenſable characteriſtic of a woman. She lamented the violence of her temper, in a manner ſo affecting, that I cannot help pitying her, tho' at the inſtant I had in my head a certain attempt that makes me ſhudder whenever I think of it. She regrets my going to Northamptonſhire ſo ſoon. I have promiſed to return her viſit to-morrow in the afternoon.

She ſets out on Friday next for Oxford. She wiſhed I could accompany her. She reſolves to ſee all that is worth ſeeing in the weſtern circuit, as I may call it. She obſerves, ſhe ſays, that Sir Charles Grandiſon's Siſters, and their Lords, are very particularly engaged at preſent; and are in expectation of a call to Windſor, to attend Lord W.'s nuptials: She will therefore, having attendants enough, and two men of conſideration in her train, one of whom is not unacquainted with England, take curſory tours over the kingdom; having a taſte for travelling, and finding it a great relief to her ſpirits. And when Lady L. and Lady G. are more diſengaged, will review the ſeats and places which ſhe ſhall think worthy of a ſecond viſit, in their company.

She profeſſed to like the people here, and the face of the country; and talked favourably of the religion of it: But poor woman! ſhe likes all thoſe the better, I doubt not, for the ſake of one Engliſhman. Love, Lucy, gilds every object which bears a relation to the perſon beloved.

Lady Maffei was very free in blaming her Niece for this excurſion. She took her chiding patiently; but yet, like a perſon that thought it too much in her *power* to gratify the perſon blaming her, to pay much regard to what ſhe ſaid.

I took a chair to Lady G's. Emily ran to meet me in the hall. She threw her arms about me: I rejoice you are come, ſaid ſhe. Did you not meet the

houſe in the ſquare?—What means my Emily?—Why, it has been flung out of the windows, as the ſaying is. Ah, madam! we are all to pieces. One *ſo* careleſs, the other *ſo* paſſionate!—But, huſh! Here comes Lady G.—

Take, Lucy, in the dialogue-way, particulars.

Lady G. Then you are come, at laſt, Harriet. You wrote, that you would not come near me.

Harriet. I did; but I could not ſtay away. Ah, Lady G. you will deſtroy your own happineſs!

Lady G. So you wrote. Not one word, on the ſubject you hint at, that you have ever ſaid or written before. I hate repetitions, child.

Harriet. Then I muſt be ſilent upon it.

Lady G. Not of neceſſity. You can ſay new things upon old ſubjects.—But huſh! Here comes the man—She ran to her harpſichord—Is this it, Harriet? and touched the keys—repeating

Softly ſweet, in Lydian *meaſures,*
Soon ſhe ſooth'd———

Enter Lord G.

Lord G. Miſs Byron, I am your moſt obedient ſervant. The ſight of you rejoices my ſoul.—Madam (to his Lady) you have not been long enough together to begin a tune. I know what this is for—

Lady G. Harmony! harmony! is a charming thing; But I, poor I! know not any but what this ſimple inſtrument affords me.

Lord G. lifting up his hands. Harmony, madam! God is my witneſs—But I will lay every-thing before Miſs Byron.

Lady G. You need not, my Lord: She knows as much as ſhe can know, already; except the fine colourings be added to the woeful tale, that your unbridled ſpirit can give it.—Have you my long Letter about you, Harriet?

Lord G. And could you, madam, have the *heart* to write—

Lady G. Why, my Lord, do you mince the matter? For *Heart*, ſay *Courage*. You may ſpeak as plain in Miſs Byron's preſence, as you did before ſhe came: I know what you mean.

Lord G. Let it be *Courage*, then.

Harriet. Fie, fie, Lord G. Fie, fie, Lady G. What lengths do you run! If I underſtand the matter right, you have both, like children, been at play, till you have fallen out.

Lord G. If, Miſs Byron, you know the truth, and can blame me—

Harriet. I blame you only, my Lord, for being in a paſſion. You ſee, my Lady is ſerene: She keeps her temper: She looks as if ſhe wanted to be friends with you.

Lord G. O that curſed ſerenity!—When my ſoul is torn by a whirlwind—

Lady G. A good tragedy rant! — But, Harriet, you are miſtaken: My Lord G. is a very paſſionate man. So humble, ſo—what ſhall I call it? before marriage—Did not the man ſee what a creature I was?—To bear with me, when he had no obligation to me; and not now, when he has the higheſt—A miſerable ſinking! — O Harriet! Harriet! Never, never marry!

Harriet. Dear Lady G. you know in your own heart you are wrong—*Indeed* you are wrong—

Lord G. God for ever reward you, madam!—I will tell you how it began—

Lady G. 'Began!' She knows *that* already, I tell you, my Lord. But what has paſſed within theſe *four hours*, ſhe knows not: You may entertain her with *that*, if you pleaſe.—It was juſt about the time this day is a week, that we were all together, mighty comfortably, at St. George's, Hanover-Square—

Lord G. Every tittle of what you promiſed there, madam—

Lady G. And I, my Lord, could be your echo in

this, were I not reſolved to keep my temper; as you cannot but ſay I have done, all along,

Lord G. You could not, madam, if you did not deſpiſe me.

Lady G. You are wrong, my Lord, to think ſo: But you don't believe yourſelf: If you did, the pride of your heart ought not to permit you to own it.

Lord G. Miſs Byron, give me leave—

Lady G. Lord bleſs me! that people are ſo fond of expoſing themſelves! Had you taken my advice, when you purſued me out of my dreſſing-room into company—My Lord, ſaid I, as mildly as I now ſpeak, *Don't* expoſe yourſelf. But he was not at all the wiſer for my advice.

Lord G. Miſs Byron, you ſee—But I had not come down, but to make my compliments to you. He bowed, and was about to withdraw.

I took him by the ſleeve—My Lord, you muſt not go. Lady G. if your own heart juſtifies you for your part in this miſunderſtanding, ſay ſo; I challenge you to ſay ſo.—She was ſilent.

Harriet. If otherwiſe, own your fault, promiſe amendment—Aſk excuſe.

Lady G. Hey day!

Harriet. And my Lord will aſk yours, for miſtaking you—For being too eaſily provoked—

Lord G. Too eaſily, madam—

Harriet. What generous man would not ſmile at the foibles of a woman, whoſe heart is only gay with proſperity and lively youth; but has not the leaſt malice in it? Has ſhe not made choice of your Lordſhip in preference of any other man? She raillies every one; ſhe can't help it: She is to blame.——Indeed, Lady G. you are. Your *Brother* felt your edge; he once ſmarted by it, and was angry with you.—But afterwards, obſerving that it was her way, my Lord; that it was a kind of conſtitutional gaiety of heart, and exerciſed on thoſe ſhe loved beſt; he forgave,

raillied

raillied her again, and turned her own weapons upon her; and every one in company was delighted with the ſpirit of *both*.—You love her, my Lord—

Lord G. Never man more loved a woman. I am not an ill-natured man—

Lady G. But a captious, a paſſionate one, Lord G. —Who'd have thought it?

Lord G. Never was there, my dear Miſs Byron, ſuch a ſtrangely-aggravating creature! She *could* not be ſo, if ſhe did not deſpiſe me.

Lady G. Fiddle-faddle, ſilly man! And ſo you ſaid before. If you thought ſo, you take the way (don't you?) to mend the matter, by dancing and capering about, and putting yourſelf into all manner of diſagreeable attitudes; and even ſometimes being ready to foam at the mouth?—I told him, Miſs Byron, There he ſtands, let him deny it, if he can; that I married a man with another face. Would not any other man have taken this for a compliment to his natural undiſtorted face, and inſtantly have pulled off the ugly maſk of paſſion, and ſhew his own?—

Lord G. You ſee, you ſee, the air, Miſs Byron!—How ludicrouſly does ſhe now, even now—

Lady G. See, Miſs Byron! —How captious!—Lord G. ought to have a termagant wife: One who could return rage for rage. Meekneſs is *my* crime.—I cannot be put out of temper.—Meekneſs was never before attributed to a woman as a fault.

Lord G. Good God!—Meekneſs!—Good God!

Lady G. But, Harriet, do you judge on which ſide the grievance lies.—Lord G. preſents me with a face for his, that I never ſaw him wear before marriage: He has cheated me, therefore: I ſhew him the ſame face that I ever wore, and treat him pretty much in the ſame manner (or I am miſtaken) that I ever did: And what reaſon can he give, that will not demonſtrate him to be the moſt ungrateful of men, for the airs he gives himſelf? Airs that he would not have pre-

preſumed to put on eight days ago. Who then, Harriet, has reaſon to complain of grievance; my Lord, or I?

Lord G. You *ſee*, Miſs Byron—Can there be any arguing with a woman who knows herſelf to be in jeſt, in all ſhe ſays?

Harriet. Why then, my Lord, make a jeſt of it. What will not bear an argument, will not be worth one's anger.

Lord G. I leave it to Miſs Byron, Lady G. to decide between us, at ſhe pleaſes.

Lady G. You'd better leave it to me, Sir.

Harriet. Do, my Lord.

Lord G. Well, madam!—And what is your decree?

Lady G. You, Miſs Byron, had beſt be Lady Chancellor, after all. I ſhould not bear to have my decree diſputed, after it is pronounced.

Harriet. If I muſt, my decree is this:—You, Lady G. ſhall own yourſelf in fault; and promiſe amendment. My Lord ſhall forgive you; and promiſe that he will, for the future, endeavour to diſtinguiſh between your good and your ill-nature: That he will ſit down to jeſt with your jeſt, and never be diſturbed at what you ſay, when he ſees it accompanied with that archneſs of eye and lip which you put on to your Brother, and to every one whom you beſt love, when you are diſpoſed to be teazingly facetious.

Lady G. Why, Harriet, you have given Lord G. a clue to find me out, and ſpoil all my ſport.

Harriet. What ſay *you*, my Lord?

Lord G. Will Lady G. own herſelf in fault, as you propoſe?

Lady G. Odious recrimination!—I leave you together. I never was in fault in my life. Am I not a *woman?* If my Lord will aſk pardon for his foppiſhneſs, as we ſay of children—

She ſtopt, and pretended to be going—

Harriet. That my Lord ſhall *not* do. Charlotte. You have carried the jeſt too far already. My Lord, ſhall preſerve his dignity for his *wife*'s ſake. My Lord, you will not permit Lady G. to leave us, however?

He took her hand, and preſſed it with his lips: For God's ſake, madam, let us be happy: It is in your power to make us both ſo: It ever *ſhall* be in your power. If I have been in fault, impute it to my Love. I cannot bear your contempt; and I never will deſerve it.

Lady G. Why could not this have been ſaid ſome hours ago?—Why, ſlighting my early caution, would you *expoſe* yourſelf?

I took her aſide. Be generous, Lady G. Let not your *huſband* be the only perſon to whom you are not ſo.

Lady G. (*whiſpering*) Our quarrel has not run half its length. If we make up here, we ſhall make up clumſily. One of the ſilliеſt things in the world is, a quarrel that ends not, as a coachman after a journey comes in, with a ſpirit. We ſhall certainly renew it.

Harriet. Take the caution you gave to my Lord: Don't *expoſe* yourſelf. And, another; That you cannot more effectually do ſo, than by expoſing your huſband. I am more than half-aſhamed of you. You are not the Charlotte I once thought you were. Let me ſee, if you have any regard to *my* good opinion of you, that you can own an error with ſome grace.

Lady G. I am a meek, humble, docile creature. She turned to me, and made me a ruſtic courteſy, her hands before her: I'll try for it; tell me, if I am right. Then ſtepping towards my Lord, who was with his back to us looking out of the window—and he turning about to her bowing—My Lord, ſaid ſhe, Miſs Byron has been telling me more than I knew before of my duty. She propoſes herſelf one day to make

make a won-der-ful obedient wife. It would have been well for you, perhaps, had I had *her* example to walk by. She ſeems to ſay, that, now I am married, I muſt be grave, ſage, and paſſive: That *ſmiles* will hardly become me: That I muſt be prim and formal, and reverence my Huſband. If you think this behaviour will become a married woman, and expect it from me, pray, my Lord, put me right by your *frowns*, whenever I ſhall be wrong. For the future, if I ever find myſelf diſpoſed to be very light-hearted, I will aſk you leave before I give way to it. And now, what is next to be done? humorouſly courteſying, her hands before her.

He claſped her in his arms; Dear provoking creature! This, this is next to be done—I aſk you but to love me half as much as I love you, and I ſhall be the happieſt man on earth.

My Lord, ſaid I, you ruin all by this condeſcenſion on a ſpeech and air ſo ungracious. If this is all you get by it, never, never, my Lord, fall out again. O Charlotte! If you are not generous, you come off much, *much* too eaſily.

Well, now, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, holding out her hand, as if threatening me, let you and me, man and wife like, join againſt the interpoſer in our quarrels—Harriet, I will not forgive you, for this laſt part of your lecture.

And thus was this idle quarrel made up. All that vexes me on the occaſion is, that it was not made up with dignity on my Lord's part. His honeſt heart ſo overflowed with joy at his lips, that the naughty creature, by her arch leers, every now-and-then, ſhewed, that ſhe was ſenſible of her conſequence to his happineſs. But, Lucy, don't let her ſink *too* low in your eſteem: She has many fine qualities.

They prevailed on me to ſtay ſupper. Emily rejoiced in the reconciliation: Her heart was, as I may ſay, viſible in her joy. *Can* I love her better than I do?

do? If I *could*, ſhe would, every time I ſee her, give me reaſon for it.

LETTER XXIX.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Wedn. Noon, April 19.

IT would puzzle you to gueſs at a viſitor I had this morning.—Honeſt Mr. Fowler. I was very glad to ſee him. He brought me a Letter from his worthy Uncle, Good Sir Rowland! I had a joy that I thought I ſhould not have had while I ſtay'd in London, on its being put into my hand, tho' the contents gave me ſenſible pain. I incloſe it. It is dated from Caermarthen. Be pleaſed to read it here.

Caermarthen, April 11.

HOW ſhall I, in fit manner, inſcribe my Letter to the loveliеſt of women! I don't mean *becauſe* of your lovelineſs; but whether as *Daughter* or not, as you did me the honour to call yourſelf. Really, and truly, I muſt ſay, that I had rather call you by *another* name, though a little more remote as to conſanguinity. Lord have mercy upon me, how have I talked of you! How many of our fine Caermarthen girls have I filled with envy of your peerleſs perfections!

Here am I ſettled to my heart's content, could I but obtain—You know whom I mean—A town of gentry: A fine country round us—A fine eſtate of our own. Eſteemed, nay, for that matter, *beloved* by all our neighbours and tenants. Who ſo happy as Rowland Meredith, if his poor boy could be happy!—Ah, madam?—And can't it be ſo? I am *afraid* of aſking. Yet I underſtand, that, notwithſtanding all the Jack-a-dandies that have been fluttering about you, you are what you were when I left town. Some whiſpers have gone

gone out of a fine gentleman indeed, who had a great kindneſs for you; but yet that ſomething was in the way between you. The Lord bleſs and proſper my dear *Daughter*, as I muſt then call you, and not *Niece*, if you have any kindneſs for him. And if as how you have, it would be wonderfully gracious if you would but give half a hint of it to my Nephew, or if ſo be you will not to him, to me, your *Father* you know, under your own precious hand. The Lord be good unto me! But I ſhall never ſee the She that will ſtrike my fancy, as you have done. But what a dreadful thing would it be, if you, who are ſo much courted and admired by many fine gallants, ſhould at laſt be taken with a man who could not be yours! God forbid that ſuch a diſaſtrous thing ſhould happen! I profeſs to you, madam, that a tear or two have ſtrayed down my cheeks at the thoughts of it. For why? Becauſe you play'd no tricks with any man: You never were a coquet, as they call 'em. You dealt plainly, ſincerely, and tenderly too, to all men; of which my Nephew and I can bear witneſs.

Well, but what now is the end of my writing?—Lord love you, cannot, cannot you at laſt give comfort to two honeſt hearts? Honeſter you never knew! And yet, if you could, I dare ſay you would. Well, then, and if you can't, we muſt ſit down as contented as we can; that's all we have for it.—But, poor young man! Look at him, if you read this before him. *Strangely* altered! Poor young man!—And if as how you cannot, why then, God bleſs my *Daughter*; that's all. And I do aſſure you, that you have our prayers every Lord's day, from the bottom of our hearts.

And now, if you will keep a ſecret, I will tell it you; and yet, when I began, I did not intend it: The poor youth muſt not know I do. It is done in the ſingleneſs of our hearts; and if you think we mean to gain your Love for us by it, I do aſſure you, that you wrong us.—My Nephew declares, that he never

never will marry, if it be not *Somebody*: And he has made his will, and ſo have I his Uncle; and, let me tell you, that if as how I cannot have a *Niece*, my *Daughter* ſhall be the better for having known, and treated as kindly as power was lent her,

Her true Friend and loving Father,
and obedient Servant,
ROWLAND MEREDITH.

Love and Service to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and all friends who enquire after me. Farewell. God bleſs you! Amen.

Have you, could you, Lucy, read this letter with dry eyes? Generous, worthy, honeſt man! I read but half way before Mr. Fowler—Glad I was, that I read no further. I ſhould not have been able to have kept his Uncle's ſecret, if I had; had it been but to diſclaim the acceptance of the generous purpoſe. The carrying it into effect would exceedingly diſtreſs me, *beſides* the pain the demiſe of the honeſt man would give me; and the more as I beſpoke the fatherly relation from him myſelf. If ſuch a thing were to be, Sir Charles Grandiſon's behaviour to the Danbys ſhould be my example.

Do you know, Mr. Fowler, ſaid I, the contents of the Letter you have put into my hand?

No further than that my Uncle told me, it contained profeſſions of fatherly love; and with *wiſhes* only —But without ſo much as expreſſing his *hopes*.

Sir Rowland is a good man, ſaid I: I have not read above half his Letter. There ſeems to be too much of the *Father* in it, for me to read further, before my *Brother*. God bleſs my *Brother* Fowler, and reward the *fatherly* love of Sir Rowland to his *Daughter* Byron!—I muſt write to him.

Mr. Fowler, poor man! profoundly ſighed; bowed; with *ſuch* a look of reſpectful acquieſcence—Bleſs me

me, my dear, how am I to be diſtreſſed on all ſides! by *good* men too; as Sir Charles could ſay he was by good women.

Is there nothing leſs than giving myſelf to either, that I can do to ſhew Mr. Orme and Mr. Fowler my true value for them?

Poor Mr. Fowler!—Indeed he looks to be, as Sir Rowland hints, not well.—Such a modeſt, ſuch an humble, ſuch a ſilent Lover! — He coſt me tears at parting: I could not hide them. He heaped praiſes and good wiſhes upon me, and hurried away at laſt, to hide his emotion, with a ſentence unfiniſhed—God preſerve you, dear and worthy Sir! was all I could *try* to ſay. The laſt words ſtuck in my throat, till he was out of hearing; and then I prayed for bleſſings upon him and his Uncle: And repeated them with freſh tears, on reading the reſt of the affecting Letter.

Mr. Fowler told Mr. Reeves, before I ſaw him, that he is to go to Caermarthen for the benefit of his native air, in a week. He let him know where he lodged in town. He had been riding for his health and diverſion about the country, ever ſince his Uncle went; and has not been yet at Caermarthen.

I wiſh Mr. Fowler had once, if *but* once, called me *Siſter:* It would have been ſuch a *kind* acquieſcence, as would have given me ſome little pleaſure on recollection. Methings I don't know how to have done writing of Mr. Rowland and Mr. Fowler.

I ſat down, however, while the Uncle and Nephew filled my thoughts, and wrote to the former. I have incloſed the copy of my Letter. Adieu, my Lucy.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

Miſs BYRON, *To Sir* ROWLAND MEREDITH.

Wedneſday, April 19.

IT was with great pleaſure that I received, this day, the kindeſt Letter that ever was written by a real Father to his deareſt Child. I was reſolved that I would not go to reſt till I had acknowleged the favour.

How ſweet is the name of *Father* to a young perſon who, out of near one-and-twenty years of life, has for more than half the time been bereaved of hers; and who was alſo one of the beſt of men!

You gave me an additional pleaſure in cauſing this remembrance of your promiſed paternal goodneſs to be given me by Mr. Fowler in perſon. Till I knew you and him, I had no Father, no Brother.

How good you are in your apprehenſions that there may be a man on whom your Daughter has caſt her eye, and who cannot look upon *her* with the ſame diſtinction—O that I had been near you when you wrote that ſweetly-compaſſionating, that indulgent paſſage! I would have wiped the tears from your eyes myſelf, and reverenced you as my true Father.

You demand of me, *as* my Father, a hint, or half a hint, as you call it, to be given to my Brother Fowler; or if not to him, to you. To him, whom I call Father, I *mean* all the duty of a child. I call him not Father *nominally* only: I will, irkſome as the ſubject is, own without reſerve, the truth to *you* (In tenderneſs to my Brother, how could I to *him?*) —There *is* a man whom, and whom only, I could love as a good wife ought to love her huſband. He is the beſt of men. O my good Sir Rowland Meredith! if you knew him, you would love him yourſelf, and own him for your Son. I will not conceal his

his name from my Father: Sir Charles Grandiſon is the man. Enquire about him. His character will riſe upon you from every mouth. He engaged firſt all your Daughter's gratitude, by reſcuing her from a great danger and oppreſſion; for he is as brave as he is good: And how could ſhe help ſuffering a tenderneſs to ſpring up from her gratitude, of which ſhe was never before ſenſible to any man in the world? There *is* ſomething in the way, my good Sir; but not that proceeds from his ſlights or contempts. Your Daughter could not live, if it were ſo. A glorious creature is in the way! who has ſuffered for him, who *does* ſuffer for him: He ought to be hers, and only hers; and if ſhe can be recovered from a fearful malady that has ſeized her mind, he probably will. My daily prayers are, that God will reſtore her!

But yet, my dear Sir, my Friend, my Father! my eſteem for this nobleſt of men is of ſuch a nature, that I cannot give my hand to any other: My Father Meredith would not wiſh me to give a hand without a heart.

This, Sir, is the caſe. Let it, I beſeech you, reſt within your own breaſt, and my brother Fowler's. How few minds are there delicate and candid enough to ſee circumſtances of this kind in the light they ought to appear in! And pray for me, my good Sir Rowland, not that the way may be ſmoothed to what once would have crowned my wiſhes as to this life; but that Sir Charles Grandiſon may be happy with the Lady that is, and ought to be, deareſt to his heart; and that your Daughter may be enabled to rejoice in their felicity. What, my good Sir, is this ſpan of life, that a paſſenger through it ſhould ſeek to overturn the intereſts of others to eſtabliſh her own? And can the ſingle life be a grievance? Can it be deſtitute of the nobleſt tenderneſſes? No, Sir. You that have lived to an advanced age, in a fair fame, ſurrounded with comforts, and as tender to a worthy

Ne-

Nephew, as the moſt indulgent father could be to the worthieſt of Sons, can teſtify for me, that it is not.

But now, Sir, one word—I diſclaim, but yet in all thankfulneſs, the acceptance of the favour ſignified to be intended me in the latter part of the paternal Letter before me. Our acquaintance began with a hope, on your ſide, that I could not encourage. As I could not, Shall I accept of the benefit from you, to which I could only have been intitled (and that as I had behaved) had I been able to oblige you?—No Sir! I will not, in this caſe, be benefited, when I cannot benefit. Put me not therefore, I beſeech you, Sir, if ſuch an event (deplored by me, as it would be!) ſhould happen, upon the neceſſity of enquiring after your other relations and friends. Sir Rowland Meredith my Father, and Mr. Fowler my Brother, are all to me of the family they diſtinguiſh by their relation, that I know at preſent. Let me not be made known to the reſt by a diſtinction that would be unjuſt to them, and to yourſelf, as it muſt deprive you of the grace of obliging thoſe who have more than a ſtranger's claim; and muſt, in the event, lay them under the appearance of an obligation to that ſtranger for doing them common juſtice.

I uſe the word *ſtranger* with reference to thoſe of your family and friends to whom I muſt really appear in that light. But laying theſe conſiderations aſide, in which I am determined not to interfere with *them*, I am, with the tendereſt regard, dear and good Sir,

Your ever-dutiful and

-affectionate Daughter,

HARRIET BYRON.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Wedneſday, April 19.

I Shall diſpatch this by your Gibſon early in the morning. It was kind in you to bid him call in his way down; for now I ſhall be almoſt ſure of meeting (if not my Uncle) your Brother, and who knows, but my Lucy herſelf, at Dunſtable? Where, barring accidents, I ſhall be on Friday night.

You will ſee ſome of the worthieſt people in the world, my dear, if you come, all prepared to love you; but let not any-body be put to inconvenience to meet me at Dunſtable. My noble friends here will proceed with me to Stratford, or even to Northampton, they ſay; but they will ſee me ſafe in the protection of Somebody I love, and whom they muſt love for my ſake.

I don't wonder that Sir Charles Grandiſon loves Mr. Beauchamp: He is a very worthy and ſenſible man. He, as every-body elſe, idolizes Sir Charles. It is ſome pleaſure to me, Lucy, that I ſtand high in his eſteem. To be reſpected by the worthy, is one of the greateſt felicities in this life; ſince it is to be ranked as one of them. Sir Harry and his Lady are come to town. All, it ſeems, is harmony in that family. They cannot bear Mr. Beauchamp's abſence from them for three days together. All the neighbouring Gentlemen are in love with him. His manners are ſo gentle; his temper ſo even; ſo deſirous to oblige; ſo genteel in his perſon; ſo pleaſing in his addreſs; he muſt undoubtedly make a good woman very happy.

But Emily, poor girl! ſees only Sir Charles Grandiſon with eyes of Love. Mr. Beauchamp is, however, greatly pleaſed with Emily. He told Lady G. that

that he thought her a fine young creature; and that her mind was ſtill more amiable than her perſon. But his behaviour to her is extremely prudent. He ſays finer things *of* her, than *to* her: Yet ſurely I am miſtaken if he meditates not in her, his future wife.

Mr. Beauchamp will be one of my eſcorte.

Emily has made it her requeſt, to go to Colnebrook with Lady L. after I am gone.

Mr. Reeves will ride. Lord L. and Lord G. will alſo oblige me with their company on horſeback.

Mrs. Reeves is forbidden to venture; but Lady L. and Lady G. will not be deny'd coming with me.

I ſhall take leave of Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei to-morrow morning; when they will ſet out for their projected tour. To-morrow we and the whole Grandiſon family are to dine together at Lord L's, for the laſt time. It will be a mournful dining-time, on that account.

Lady Betty Williams, her Daughter, and Miſs Clements, ſupped with us this night, and took leave of me in the tendereſt manner. They greatly regret my going down ſo ſoon, as they call it.

As to the public diverſions, which they wiſh me to ſtay and give into, to be ſure I ſhould have been glad to have been better qualified to have entertained you with the performances of this or that actor, this or that muſician, and the like: But frighted by the vile plot upon me at the maſquerade, I was thrown out of that courſe of diverſion, and indeed into more affecting, more intereſting engagements; into the knowledge of a family that had no need to look out of itſelf for entertainments: And, beſides, Are not all the company we ſee, as viſitors or gueſts, full of theſe things! I have ſeen the principal performers, in every way, often enough to give me a notion of their performances, though I have not troubled you with ſuch common things as revolve every ſeaſon.

You know I am far from ſlighting the innocent pleaſures in which others delight—It would have been happier for me, perhaps, had I had more leiſure to attend thoſe amuſements, than I have found. Yet I am not ſure neither: For methinks, with all the pangs that my ſuſpences have coſt me, I would not but have known Sir Charles Grandiſon, his Siſters, his Emily, and Dr. Bartlett.

I could only have wiſhed to have been ſpared Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's vile attempt: Then, if I had come acquainted with this family, it would have been as I came acquainted with others: My gratitude had not been engaged ſo deeply.

Well—But what ſignify If's?—What has been, has; what muſt be, muſt. Only love me, my dear friends, as you *uſed* to love me. If I was a good girl when I left you, I hope I am not a bad one now, that I am returning to you. My heart is not corrupted by the vanities of the great town: I have a little more experience than I had: And if I have ſeverely paid for it, it is not at the price of my reputation. And I hope, if nobody has benefited by me, ſince I have been in town, that no one has ſuffered by me. Poor Mr. Fowler!—I could not help it, you know. Had I, by little ſnares, follies, coquetries, ſought to draw him on, and entangle him, his future welfare would with reaſon, be more the ſubject of my ſolicitude, than it is now *neceſſary* it ſhould be; though indeed I cannot *help* making it a good deal ſo.

Thurſday Morning.

Dr. Bartlett has juſt now taken leave of me, in my own dreſſing-room. The parting ſcene between us was tender.

I have not given you my opinion of Miſs Williams. Had I ſeen her at my firſt coming to town, I ſhould have taken as much notice of her, in my Letters to you, as I did of the two Miſs Bambers.

Miſs

ture?—Indeed you all were delighted with her. But I take pleaſure in recollecting your approbations of one I ſo dearly love. She is as prudent as Lady L. and now our Nancy is ſo well recovered, as chearful as Lady G. You ſaid, you would provide a good huſband for her: Don't forget. The man, whoever he be, cannot be too good for my Lucy. Nancy is ſuch another good girl: But ſo I told you.

Well, and pray, Did you ever meet with ſo pleaſant a man as my Uncle Selby? What ſhould we have done, when we talked of your Brother, when we talked of our parting, had it not been for him? You looked upon me every now-and-then, when he returned your ſmartneſs upon him, as if you thought I had let him know ſome of your perverſeneſſes to Lord G. — And do you think I did not: Indeed I did. Can you imagine that your frank-hearted Harriet, who hides not from her friends her own faults, ſhould conceal yours?—But what a particular character is yours! Every-body blames you, that knows of your over-livelineſſes; yet every-body loves you—I think, for your very faults. Had it not been ſo, do your imagine I could ever have loved you, after you had led Lady L. to join with you, on a certain teazing occaſion?—My uncle doats upon you!

But don't tell Emily that my Couſin James Selby is in Love with her. That he may not, on the ſcore of the dear girl's fortune, be thought preſumptuous, let me tell you, that he is almoſt of age; and, when he is, comes into poſſeſſion of an handſome eſtate. He has many good qualities. I have, in ſhort, a very great value for him; but not enough, tho' he is my relation, to wiſh him my ſtill more beloved Emily. Dear creature! methinks I ſtill feel her parting tears on my cheek!

You charge me to be as minute, in the Letters I write to you, as I uſed to be to my friends here: And

you promiſe to be as circumſtantial in yours. I will ſet you the example: Do you be ſure to follow it.

We bated at Stony-Stratford. I was *afraid* how it would be: There were the two bold creatures, Mr. Greville, and Mr. Fenwick, ready to receive us. A handſome collation, as at our ſetting out, ſo now, beſpoke by them, was ſet on the table. How they came by their intelligence, nobody knows: We were all concerned to ſee them. They ſeemed half-mad for joy. My Couſin James had alighted to hand us out; but Mr. Greville was ſo earneſt to offer his hand, that tho' my Couſin was equally ready, I thought I could not deny to his ſolicitude for the poor favour, ſuch a mark of civility. Beſides, if I had, it would have been diſtinguiſhing him for more than a common neighbour, you know. Mr. Fenwick took the other hand, when I had ſtept out of the coach, and then (with ſo much pride, as made me aſhamed of myſelf) they hurried me between them, thro' the inn-yard, and into the room they had engaged for us; bleſſing themſelves, all the way, for my coming down, Harriet Byron.

I looked about, as if for the dear friends I had parted with at Dunſtable. This is not, thought I, ſo delightful an inn as they made that—Now *they*, thought I, are purſuing their road to London, as we are ours to Northampton. But ah! where, where is Sir Charles Grandiſon at this time? And I ſighed! But don't read this, and ſuch ſtrokes as this, to any-body but Lord and Lady L.—You won't, you ſay—Thank you, Charlotte.—I will call you *Charlotte*, when I think of it, as you commanded me.

The joy we had at Dunſtable, was eaſy, ſerene, deep, full, as I may ſay; it was the joy of ſenſible people: But the joy here made by the two gentlemen, was mad, loud, and even noiſy. They hardly were able to contain themſelves; and my Uncle, and Couſin James, were forced to be loud, to be heard.

Mr.

Mr. Orme, good Mr. Orme, when we came near his park, was on the highway-ſide, perhaps near the very ſpot where he ſtood to ſee me paſs to London ſo many weeks ago—Poor man!—When I firſt ſaw him, (which was before the coach came near, for I looked out only, as thinking I would mark the place where I laſt beheld him) he looked with ſo *diſconſolate* an air, and ſo fixed, that I compaſſionately ſaid to myſelf, Surely the worthy man has not been there ever ſince!

I twitched the ſtring juſt in time: The coach ſtopt. Mr. Orme, ſaid I, How do you? Well, I hope?—How does Miſs Orme?

I had my hand on the coach-door. He ſnatched it, It was not an unwilling hand. He preſſed it with his lips. God be praiſed, ſaid he (with a countenance, O how altered for the better!) for permitting me once more to behold that face—that *angelic* face, he ſaid.

God bleſs you, Mr. Orme! ſaid I: I am glad to ſee you. Adieu.

The coach drove on. Poor Mr. Orme! ſaid my Aunt.

Mr. Orme, Lucy, ſaid I, don't look ſo ill as you wrote he was.

His joy to ſee you, returned ſhe—But Mr. Orme is in a declining way.

Mr. Greville, on the coach ſtopping, rode back juſt as it was going on again—And with a loud laugh—How the d—l came Orme to know of your coming, madam!—Poor fellow! It was very kind of you to ſtop your coach to ſpeak to the ſtatue. And he laughed again.—Nonſenſical! At what!

My Grandmamma Shirley, deareſt of parents! her youth, as ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, renewed by the expectation of ſo ſoon ſeeing her darling child, came (as my Aunt told us, you know) on Thurſday night to Selby-houſe, to charge her and Lucy with her bleſſing to me; and reſolving to ſtay there to receive me. Our beloved Nancy, was alſo to be there; ſo were

two other couſins, Kitty and Patty Holles, *good* young creatures; who, in my abſence, had attended my Grandmamma at every convenient opportunity, and whom I alſo found here.

When we came within ſight of this houſe, Now, Harriet, ſaid Lucy, I ſee the ſame kind of emotions beginning to ariſe in your face and boſom, as Lady G. told us you ſhewed when you firſt ſaw your Aunt at Dunſtable. My Grandmamma! ſaid I, I am in ſight of the dear houſe that holds her: I hope ſhe is here. But I will not ſurpriſe her with my joy to ſee her. Lie ſtill, throbbing, impatient heart.

But when the coach ſet us down at the inner gate, *there*, in the outward-hall, ſat my bleſſed Grandmamma. The moment I beheld her, my intended caution forſook me: I ſprang by my Aunt, and before the foot-ſtep could be put down, flew, as it were, out of the coach, and threw myſelf at her feet, wrapping my arms about her: Bleſs, bleſs, ſaid I, your Harriet! I could not, at the moment, ſay another word.

Great God! ſaid the pious parent, her hands and eyes lifted up, Great God! I thank thee! Then folding her arms about my neck, ſhe kiſſed my forehead my cheek, my lips—God bleſs my Love! Pride of my life! the moſt precious of a hundred daughters! How does my Child—My Harriet—O my Love!—After ſuch dangers, ſuch trials, ſuch harraſſings--Once more, God be praiſed that I claſp to my fond heart, my Harriet!

Separate them, ſeparate them, ſaid my facetious Uncle (yet he had tears in his eyes) before they grow together?—Madam, to my Grandmamma, ſhe is *our* Harriet as well as *yours*: Let us welcome the *ſaucy* girl, on her re-entrance into theſe doors!—Saucy, I ſuppoſe, I ſhall ſoon find her.

My Grandmamma withdrew her fond arms: Take her, take her, ſaid ſhe, each in turn: But I think I never can part with her again.

My

My Uncle ſaluted me, and bid me very kindly welcome home—So did every one.

How can I return the obligations which the love of all my friends lays upon me? To be good, to be grateful, is not enough; ſince *that* one ought to be for one's own ſake. Yet how can I be even grateful to them with half a heart. Ah Lady G. Don't you think I look ſilly to myſelf? You bid me be free in my confeſſions. You promiſe to look my Letters over, before you read them to any-body; and to mark paſſages proper to be kept to yourſelf—Pray do.

Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick were here ſeparately, an hour ago: I thanked them for their civility on the road, and not *ungraciouſly*, as Mr. Greville told my Uncle, as to him. He was not, he ſaid, without hopes, yet; ſince I knew not how to be ungrateful. Mr. Greville builds, as he always did, a merit on his civility; and by that means ſinks, in the narrower Lover, the claim he might otherwiſe make to the title of the generous neighbour.

Miss Orme has juſt been here. She could not help throwing in a word for her Brother.

You will gueſs, my dear Lady G. at the ſubject of our converſations here, and what they *will be*, morning, noon, and night, for a week to come. My Grandmamma is better in health than I have known her for a year or two paſt. The health of people in years *can* mend but ſlowly; and they are ſlow to acknowlege it in their own favour. My Grandmamma, however, allows that ſhe is better within theſe few days paſt; but attributes the amendment to her Harriet's return.

How do they all bleſs, revere, extol, your noble Brother!—How do they wiſh—And how do they regret—You know what—Yet how ready are they to applaud your Harriet, if ſhe can hold her magnanimity, in preferring the happineſs of Clementina to her

own!—My Grandmamma and Aunt are of opinion, that I *ſhould*; and they praiſe me for the generoſity of my effort, whether the ſuperior merits of the man will or will not allow me to ſucceed in it. But my Uncle, my Lucy, and my Nancy, from their unbounded Love of me, think a little, and *but* a little, narrower; and believing it will go hard with me, ſay, It *is* hard. My Uncle, in particular, ſays, the very pretenſion is flight and nonſenſe: But, however, if the girl, added he, can *parade* away her paſſion for an object ſo worthy; with all my heart: It will be but juſt, that the romancing elevations, which ſo often drive headſtrong girls into difficulties, ſhould now-and-then help a more diſcreet one out of them.

Adieu, my beloved Lady G. *Repeated* compliments, love, thanks, to my Lord and Lady L. to my Emily, to Dr. Bartlett, to Mr. Beauchamp, and particularly to my Lord G. Dear, dear Charlotte, be good! Let me beſeech you, be good! If you are *not*, you will have every one of *my* friends againſt you; for thoſe of them who met you at Dunſtable find but one fault in my Lord: It is, that he ſeems too fond of a wife, who by her archneſs of looks, and half-ſaucy turns upon him, even before them, evidently ſhewed—Shall I ſay what?

But I ſtand up for you, my dear. Your gratitude, your generoſity, your honour, I ſay (and why ſhould I not add your *duty?*) will certainly make you one of the moſt obliging of wives, to the moſt affectionate of huſbands.

My Uncle ſays, he hopes ſo: But tho' he adores you for a friend, and the companion of a lively hour; yet he does not know but his *Dame* Selby is *ſtill* the woman whom a man ſhould prefer for a wife: And ſhe, ſaid he, is full as ſaucy as a wife need to be; tho' I think, Harriet, that ſhe has not been the leſs dutiful of late for *your* abſence.

Once

Once more, adieu, my dear Lady G. and continue to love

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXIII.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Thurſday, April 27.

EVERY one of the Dunſtable party ſays, that you are a grateful and good girl. Beauchamp can talk of nobody elſe of our Sex: I believe in my conſcience he is in Love with you. I think all the unprovided-for young women, where-ever you come, muſt hate you. Were you never by ſurprize carried into the chamber of a friend labouring with the Small-pox, in the infectious ſtage of it?—O, but I think you once ſaid you had had that diſtemper. But your mind, Harriet, were your face to be ruined, would make you admirers. The fellows who could think of preferring even ſuch a face to ſuch a heart, may be turned over to the claſs of inſignificants.

Is not your Aunt Selby, you aſk, an excellent woman?—She is. I admire her. But I am very angry with you for deferring to another time acquainting me with what ſhe ſaid of *me*. When we are taken with any-body, we love they ſhould be taken with us. Teazing Harriet! You know what an immoderate quantity of curioſity I have. Never ſerve me ſo again!

I am in love with your Couſin Lucy. Were either Fenwick or Greville good enough—But they are not. I think ſhe ſhall have Mr. Orme. Nancy, you ſay, is ſuch another good girl. I don't doubt it. Is ſhe not your Couſin, and Lucy's Siſter? But I cannot undertake for every good girl who wants a huſband. I wiſh I had ſeen Lucy a fortnight ago: Then Nancy might have had Mr. Orme, and Lucy ſhould have

had Lord G. He admires her greatly. And do you think that a man, who at that time profeſſed for me ſo much Love and Service, and all that, would have ſcrupled to oblige me, had I (as I eaſily ſhould) proved to him, that he would have been a much happier man than he could hope to be with ſomebody elſe?

Your Uncle is a pleaſant man: But tell him I ſay, that the man would be out of his wits, that did not make the preference he does in favour of his *Dame* Selby, as he calls her. Tell him alſo, if you pleaſe, in return for his plain dealing, that I ſay, he *ſtudies* too much for his pleaſantries: He is continually hunting for occaſions to be ſmart. I have heard my Father ſay, that this was the fault of ſome wits of his acquaintance, whom he ranked among the wit-lings for it. If you think it will mortify him more, you may tell him (for I am very revengeful when I think myſelf affronted) that were I at liberty, which, God help me, I am not! I would ſooner chuſe for a huſband the man I *have* (poor ſoul, as I now-and-then think him) than ſuch a teazing creature as himſelf, were *both* in my power, and both of an age. And I ſhould have this good reaſon for my preference: Your Uncle and I ſhould have been too much alike, and ſo been jealous of each other's wit; whereas I can make my honeſt Lord G. look about him, and admire me ſtrangely, whenever I pleaſe.

But I am, it ſeems, a perſon of a particular character. Every one, you ſay, loves me, yet blames me. Odd characters, my dear, are needful to make even characters ſhine. You good girls would not be valued as you are, if there were not bad ones. Have you not heard it ſaid, That all human excellence is but comparative? Pray allow of the contraſt. You, I am ſure, ought. You are an ungrateful creature, if, whenever you think of my over-livelineſſes, as you call 'em, you don't drop a courteſy, and ſay, You are obliged to me.

But

But ſtill the attack made upon you in your dreſſing-room at Colnebrook, by my Siſter and me, ſticks in your ſtomach—And why ſo? We were willing to ſhew you, that we were *not* the ſilly people you muſt have thought us, had we not been able to diſtinguiſh light from darkneſs. You, who ever were, I believe, one of the frankeſt-hearted girls in Britain, and admired for the eaſe and dignity given you by that frankneſs, were growing aukward, nay diſhoneſt. Your gratitude! your gratitude! was the duſt you wanted to throw into our eyes, that we might not ſee that you were governed by a ſtronger motive. You called us your Friends, your Siſters, but treated us not as either; and this man, and that, and t'other, you could refuſe; and why? No reaſon given for it; and we were to be popt off with your gratitude, truly!—We were to believe juſt what you ſaid, and no more: nay, not ſo much as you ſaid. But we were not ſo implicit. Nor would *you*, in our caſe, have been ſo.

But 'you, perhaps, would not have violently bro-'ken in upon a poor thing, who thought *we* were 'blind, becauſe ſhe was not willing we ſhould ſee.' —May be not: But then, in that caſe, we were honeſter than you would have been; that's all. Here, ſaid I, Lady L. is this poor girl aukwardly ſtruggling to conceal what every-body ſees; and, ſeeing, applauds her for, the man conſidered [Yes, Harriet, the man conſidered; be pleaſed to take that in]. Let us, in pity, relieve her. She is thought to be frank, open-hearted, communicative; nay, ſhe paſſes herſelf upon us in thoſe characters; She ſees we keep nothing from her. She has been acquainted with *your* Love before Wedlock; with *my* Folly, in relation to Anderſon: She had carried her head above a ſcore or two of men not contemptible. She ſits inthroned among *us*, while *we* make but common figures at her footſtool: She calls us Siſters, Friends, and twenty pretty names. Let us acquaint her, that we ſee into her

her heart; and why Lord D. and others are ſo indifferent with her. If ſhe is ingenuous, let us ſpare her; if not, leave *me* to puniſh her—Yet we will keep up her punctilio as to our Brother; we will leave him to make his own diſcoveries. She may confide in his politeneſs; and the reſult will be happier for her; becauſe ſhe will then be under no reſtraint to us, and her native freedom of heart may again take its courſe.

Agreed, agreed, ſaid Lady L.—And arm in arm, we entered your dreſſing-room, diſmiſſed the maid, and began the attack—And, O Harriet! how you heſitated, paraded, fooled on with us, before you came to confeſſion! Indeed you deſerved not the mercy we ſhewed you—So, child, you had better to have let this part of your Story ſleep in peace.

You bid me not tell Emily, that your Couſin is in love with her: But I think I will. Girls begin very early to look out for admirers. It is better, in order to ſtay her ſtomach, to find out one for her, than that ſhe ſhould find out one for herſelf; eſpecially when the man is among ourſelves, as I may ſay, and both are in our own management, and at diſtance from each other. Emily is a good girl; but ſhe has ſuſceptibilities already: And tho' I would not encourage her, as yet, to look out of herſelf for happineſs; yet I would give her conſequence with herſelf, and at the ſame time, let her ſee, that there could be no mention made of any-thing that related to *her*, but what ſhe ſhould be acquainted with. Dear girl! I love her as well as you; and I pity her too: For ſhe, as well as Somebody elſe, will have difficulties to contend with, which ſhe will not know eaſily how to get over; tho' ſhe can, in a flame ſo young, generouſly prefer the intereſt of a more excellent woman to her own.—There, Harriet, is a grave paragraph: You'll like me for it.

You are very reflecting girl, in mentioning to me, ſo particularly, your behaviour to your Grevilles, Fenwicks,

Fenwicks, and Ormes. What is that but ſaying, See, Charlotte! I am a much more complaiſant creature to the men, no one of which I intend to have, than you are to your huſband!

What a pious woman, indeed, muſt be your Grandmamma, that ſhe could ſuſpend her joy, her long-abſent darling at her feet, till ſhe had firſt thanked God for reſtoring her to her arms! But in this inſtance, we ſee the force of habitual piety. Tho' not ſo good as I ſhould be myſelf, I revere thoſe who are ſo; and that I hope you will own is no a bad ſign.

Well, but now for ourſelves, and thoſe about us.

Lady Olivia has written a Letter from Windſor to Lady L. It is in French; extremely polite. She promiſes to write to me from Oxford.

Lady Anne S. made me a viſit this morning. She was more concerned than I wiſhed to ſee her, on my confirming the report ſhe had heard of my Brother's being gone abroad. I raillied her a little too freely, as it was before Lord G. and Lord L. I never was better rebuked than by her; for ſhe took out her pencil, and on the cover of a Letter wrote theſe lines from Shakeſpear, and ſlid them into my hand:

And will you rend our ancient Love aſunder,
To join with Men *in ſcorning your poor friend?*
It is not friendly; it is not maidenly:
Our Sex, *as well as I, may chide you for it,*
Tho' I alone do feel the injury.

I never, my dear, told you how freely this Lady and I had talked of Love: But, freely as we had talked, I was not aware that the matter lay ſo deep in her heart. I knew not how to tell her that my Brother had ſaid, *It could not be.* I could have wept over her when I read this paper; and I owned myſelf by a whiſper juſtly rebuked. She charged me not to let any man ſee this; particularly not either of thoſe preſent: And do *you*, Harriet, keep what I have written of Lady Anne to yourſelf.

My

My Aunt Eleanor has written a congratulatory Letter to me from York. Sir Charles, it ſeems, had acquainted her with Lord G's day [Not my day, Harriet! that is not the phraſe, I hope!] as ſoon as he knew it himſelf; and ſhe writes, ſuppoſing that I was actually *offered* on it. Women are victims on theſe occaſions: I hope you'll allow me that. My Brother has made it a point of duty to acquaint his Father's Siſter with every matter of conſequence to the family; and now, ſhe ſays, that both her Nieces are ſo well diſpoſed of, ſhe will come to town very quickly to ſee her new relations and us; and deſires we will make room for her. And yet ſhe owns, that my Brother has informed her of his being obliged to go abroad; and ſhe ſuppoſes him gone. As he is the beloved of her heart, I wonder ſhe thinks of making this viſit now he is abſent: But we ſhall all be glad to ſee my Aunt Nell. She is a good creature, tho' an old maid. I hope the old Lady has not utterly loſt either her invention, or memory; and then, between both, I ſhall be entertained with a great number of Love-ſtories of the laſt age; and perhaps of ſome dangers and eſcapes; which may ſerve for warnings for Emily. Alas! alas! they will come too late for your Charlotte!

I have written already the longeſt Letter that I ever wrote in my life: Yet it is prating; and to you, to whom I love to prate. I have not *near* done.

You bid me be good; and you threaten me, if I am not, with the ill opinion of all your friends: But I have ſuch an unaccountable bias for roguery, or what ſhall I call it? that I believe it is impoſſible for me to take your advice. I have been examining myſelf. What a duce is the matter with me, that I cannot ſee my honeſt man in the ſame advantageous light in which he appears to every-body elſe? Yet I do not, in my heart, diſlike him. On the contrary, I know not, were I to look about me, far and wide, the man I would have wiſhed to have called mine, rather

rather than him. But he is ſo important about trifles; ſo nimble, yet ſo ſlow: He is ſo ſenſible of his own *intention* to pleaſe, and has ſo many antic motions in his obligingneſs; that I cannot forbear laughing at the very time that I ought perhaps to reward him with a gracious approbation.

I muſt fool on a little while longer, I believe: Permit me, Harriet, ſo to do, as occaſions riſe.

AN inſtance, an inſtance in point, Harriet. Let me laugh as I write. I did at the time.—What do you laugh at, Charlotte?—Why this poor man, or, as I ſhould rather ſay, this Lord and Maſter of mine, has juſt left me. He has been making me both a compliment, and a preſent. And what do you think the compliment is? Why, if I pleaſe, he will give away to a virtuoſo friend, his collection of Moths and Butterflies: I once, he remembered, railied him upon them. And by what ſtudy, thought I, wilt thou, honeſt men, ſupply their place? If thou haſt a talent this way, purſue it; ſince perhaps thou wilt not ſhine in any other. And the *beſt* any-thing, you know, Harriet, carries with it the appearance of excellence. Nay, he would alſo part with his collection of Shells, if I had no objection.

To whom, my Lord?—He had not reſolved.—Why then, only as Emily is too little of a child, or you might give them to her. 'Too little of a child, 'madam!' and a great deal of buſtle and importance took poſſeſſion of his features—Let me tell you, madam—I *won't* let you, my Lord; and I laughed.

Well, madam, I hope here is ſomething coming up that you will not diſdain to accept of yourſelf.

Up came groaning under the weight, or rather under the *care*, two ſervants with baſkets: A fine ſet of old Japan China with brown edges, believe me. They ſet down their baſkets, and withdrew.

Would you not have been delighted, Harriet, to ſee

ſee my Lord buſying himſelf with taking out, and putting in the windows, one at a time, the cups, plates, jars, and ſaucers, rejoicing and parading over them, and ſhewing his connoiſſeurſhip to his motionleſs admiring Wife, in commending this and the other piece as a beauty? And, when he had done, taking the *liberty* as he phraſed it, half fearful, half reſolute to ſalute his bride for his reward; and then pacing backwards ſeveral ſteps, with ſuch a ſtrut and a crow —I ſee him yet!—Indulge me, Harriet!—I burſt into a hearty laugh; I could not help it: And he, reddening, looked round himſelf, and round himſelf, to ſee if any-thing was amiſs in his garb. The *man*, the *man!* honeſt friend, I *could* have ſaid, but had too much reverence for my Huſband, is the oddity! Nothing amiſs in the garb. I quickly recollected myſelf, however, and put him in a good humour, by proper marks of my gracious acceptance. On reflection, I could not bear myſelf for vexing the honeſt man when he had meant to oblige me.

How ſoon I may relapſe again, I know not.—O Harriet! Why did you beſeech me to be good? I think in my heart I have the ſtronger inclination to be bad for it! You call me *perverſe*: If you think me ſo, bid me be ſaucy, bid me be bad; and I may then, like other good wives, take the contrary courſe for the ſake of dear contradiction.

Shew not, however (I in turn beſeech *you*) to your Grandmamma and Aunt, ſuch parts of this Letter as would make them deſpiſe me. You ſay, you ſtand up for me; I have need of your advocateſhip: Never let me want it. And do I not, after all, do a greater credit to my good man, when I can ſo heartily laugh in the wedded ſtate, than if I were to ſit down with my finger in my eye?

I have taken your advice, and preſented my Siſter with my half of the jewels. I deſired her to accept them, as they were my Mother's, and for her ſake.

This

This gave them a value with her, more than equal to their worth: But Lord L. is uneaſy, and declares he will not ſuffer Lady L. long to lie under the obligation. Were every one of family in South Britain and North Britain to be as generous and diſintereſted as Lord L. and our family, the union of the two parts of the iſland would be complete.

LORD help this poor obliging man! I wiſh I don't love him, at laſt. He has taken my hint, and has preſented his collection of Shells (a very fine one, he ſays, it is) to Emily; and they two are actually buſied (and will be for an hour or two I doubt not) in admiring them: the one ſtrutting over the beauties, in order to enhance the value of the preſent; the other courteſying ten times in a minute, to ſhew her gratitude. Poor man! When his virtuoſo friend has got his Butterflies and Moths, I am afraid he muſt ſet up a turner's ſhop, for employment. If he loved reading, I could, when our viſiting hurries are over, ſet him to read to me the new things that come out, while I knot or work; and, if he loved writing, to copy the Letters which paſs between you and me, and thoſe for you which I expect with ſo much impatience from my Brother by means of Dr. Bartlett. I think he ſpells pretty well, for a Lord.

I have no more to ſay, at preſent, but compliments, without number or meaſure, to all you ſo deſervedly love and honour; as well thoſe I have not ſeen, as thoſe I have.

Only one thing: Reveal to me all the ſecrets of your heart, and how that heart is from time to time affected; that I may know whether you are capable of that greatneſs of mind in a Love-caſe, that you ſhew in all others. We will all allow you to love Sir Charles Grandiſon. Thoſe who do, give honour to themſelves, if their eyes ſtop not at perſon, *his* having ſo many advantages. For the ſame reaſon, I make

make no apologies, and never did, for praiſing my Brother, as any other lover of him might do.

Let me know every thing how and about your fellows, too. Ah! Harriet, you make not the uſe of power that I would have done in your ſituation. I was half-ſorry when my hurrying Brother made me diſmiſs Sir Walter; and yet, to have but two danglers after one, are poor doings for a fine Lady. Poorer ſtill, to have but one!

Here's a Letter as long as my arm. Adieu. I was loth to come to the name: But defer it ever ſo long, I muſt ſubſcribe, at laſt,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXIV.

Miſs JERVOIS, *To Miſs* BYRON. (*a*)

Monday, May 1.

O My deareſt, my honoured Miſs Byron, how you have ſhamed your Emily by ſending a Letter to her; ſuch a ſweet Letter too! before I have paid my duty to you, in a Letter of thanks for all your love to me, and for all your kind inſtructions. But I began once, twice, and thrice, and wrote a great deal each time, but could not pleaſe myſelf: You, madam, are *ſuch* a writer, and I am ſuch a *poor thing* at my pen! —But I know you will accept the heart. And ſo my very diffidence ſhews pride; ſince it cannot be expected from me to be a fine writer: And yet this very Letter, I foreſee, will be the worſe for my diffidence, and not the better: For I don't like this beginning, neither.—But come, it ſhall go. Am I not uſed to

(*a*) The Letter to which this is an anſwer, as well as thoſe written by Miſs Byron to her couſin Reeves, Lady L. &c. and theirs in return; are omitted.

your

your goodneſs? And do you not bid me prattle to you, in my Letters, as I uſed to do in your dreſſing-room? O what ſweet advice have you, and do you return for my ſilly prate! And ſo I will begin.

And *was* you grieved at parting with your Emily on Saturday morning? I am ſure I was very much concerned at parting with you. I could not help crying all the way to town; and Lady G. ſhed tears as well as I; and ſo did Lady L. ſeveral times; and ſaid, You were the loveliеſt, beſt young Lady in the world. And we all praiſed likewiſe your Aunt, your Couſin Lucy, and young Mr. Selby. How good are all your relations! They muſt be good! And Lord L. and Lord G. for *men*, were as much concerned as we, at parting with you. Mr. Reeves was *ſo* dull all the way!—Poor Mr. Reeves, he was very dull. And Mr. Beauchamp, *he* praiſed you to the very ſkies; and in ſuch a pretty manner too! Next to my guardian, I think Mr. Beauchamp is a very agreeable man. I fancy theſe noble Siſters, if the truth were known, don't like him ſo well as their Brother does: Perhaps *that* may be the reaſon out of jealouſy, as I may ſay, if there be any thing in my obſervation. But they are vaſtly civil to him, nevertheleſs; yet they never praiſe him when his back is turned, as they do others, who can't ſay half the good things that he ſays.

Well, but enough of Mr. Beauchamp. My guardian! my gracious, my kind, my indulgent guardian! who, that thinks of him, can praiſe any-body elſe?

O madam! where is he now? God protect and guide my guardian, where-ever he goes! This is my prayer, firſt and laſt, and I can't tell how often in the day. I look for him in every place I have ſeen him in [And pray tell me, madam, Did not *you* do ſo when he had left us?]; and when I can't find him, I do *ſo* ſigh!—What a pleaſure, yet what a pain, is there

there in ſighing, when I think of him? Yet I know I am an innocent girl. And this I am ſure of, that I wiſh him to be the huſband of but one woman in the whole world; and that is you. But then my next wiſh is—You know what—Ah my Miſs Byron! you muſt let me live with you and my guardian, if you ſhould ever be Lady Grandiſon.

But here, madam, are ſad doings ſometimes between Lord and Lady G. I am very angry at her often in my heart: yet I cannot help laughing, now-and-then at her out-of-the way ſayings. Is not her character a very new one? Or are there more ſuch young wives? I could not do as ſhe does, were I to be queen of the globe. Every-body blames her. She will make my Lord not love her, at laſt. Don't you think ſo? and then what will ſhe get by her wit?

* *

Just this moment ſhe came into my cloſet—Writing, Emily? ſaid ſhe: to whom?—I told her.—Don't tell tales out of ſchool, Emily.—I was *ſo* afraid that ſhe would have aſked to ſee what I had written: But ſhe did not. To be ſure ſhe is very polite, and knows what belongs to herſelf, and every-body elſe: To be ungenerous, as you once ſaid, to her Huſband only, that is a very ſad thing to think of.

Well, and I would give any-thing to know if you think what I have written tolerable, before I go any farther: But I will go on in this way, ſince I cannot do better. Bad is my beſt; but you ſhall have quantity, I warrant, ſince you bid me write long Letters.

But I have ſeen my Mother: It was but yeſterday. She was in a mercer's ſhop in Covent-Garden. I was in Lord L's chariot; only Anne was with me. Anne ſaw her firſt. I alighted, and aſked her bleſſing in the ſhop: I am ſure I did right. She bleſſed me, and called me dear love. I ſtaid till ſhe had bought what ſhe wanted, and then I ſlid down the money, as

if

if it were her own doing; and glad I was I had ſo much about me: It came but to four guineas. I begged her, ſpeaking low, to forgive me for ſo doing: And finding ſhe was to go home as far as Soho, and had thoughts of having a hackney coach called; I gave Anne money for a coach for herſelf, and waited on my Mother to her own lodgings: and it being Lord L's chariot, ſhe was ſo good as to diſpenſe with my alighting.

She bleſſed my guardian all the way, and bleſſed me. She ſaid, ſhe would not aſk me to come to ſee her, becauſe it might not be thought proper, as my guardian was abroad: But ſhe hoped, ſhe might be allowed to come and ſee me ſometimes.——Was ſhe not very good, madam? But my guardian's goodneſs makes every-body good.—O that my Mamma had been always the ſame! I ſhould have been but too happy.

God bleſs my guardian, for putting me on enlarging her power to live handſomely. Only as a coach brings on other charges, and people muſt live accordingly, or be diſcredited, inſtead of credited, by it; or I ſhould hope the additional Two hundred a year might afford them one. Yet one does not know but Mr. O Hara may have been in debt before he married her; and I fanſy he has people who hang upon him. But if it pleaſes God, I will not, when I am at age, and have a coach of my own, ſuffer my Mother to walk on foot. What a bleſſing is it, to have a guardian that will ſecond every good purpoſe of one's heart!

Lady Olivia is rambling about; and I ſuppoſe ſhe will wait here in England till Sir Charles's return: But I am ſure he never will have her. A wicked wretch, with her poniards! Yet it is pity! She is a fine woman. But I hate her for her expectation, as well as for her poniard. And a woman to leave her own country, to ſeek for a huſband! I could die before I could do ſo! tho' to ſuch a man as my guardian.

Yet

Yet once I thought I could have liked to have lived with her at Florence. She had ſome good qualities, and is very generous, and in the main well eſteemed in her own country; every-body knew ſhe loved my guardian: But I don't know how it is; nobody blamed her for it, vaſt as the difference in fortune then was. But that is the glory of being a virtuous man; to love him is a credit, inſtead of a ſhame. O madam! Who would not be virtuous? And that not only for their own, but for their friends ſakes, if they loved their friends, and wiſhed them to be well thought of?

Lord W. is very deſirous to haſten his wedding.

Mr. Beauchamp ſays, that all the Mansfields (He knows them) bleſs my guardian every day of their lives: and their enemies tremble. He has commiſſions from my guardian to enquire and act in their cauſe, that no time may be loſt to do them ſervice, againſt his return.

We have had another viſit from Lady Beauchamp, and have returned it. She is very much pleaſed with us: You ſee I ſay *us*. Indeed my two dear Ladies are very good to me; but I have no merit: It is all for their Brother's ſake.

Mr. Beauchamp tells us, juſt now, that his Mother-in-law has joined with his Father, at her own motion, to ſettle 1600*l.* a year upon him. I am glad of it, with all my heart: Are not you? He is all gratitude upon it. He ſays, that he will redouble his endeavours to oblige her; and that his gratitude to her, as well as his duty to his Father, will engage his utmoſt regard for her.

Mr. Beauchamp, Sir Harry himſelf, and my Lady, are continually bleſſing my guardian: Every-body, in ſhort, bleſſes him.—But, ah! madam, Where is he, at this moment? O that I were a bird! that I might hover over his head, and ſometimes bring tidings to his friends of his motions and good deeds. I would

often

often flap my wings, dear Miſs Byron, at your chamber-window, as a ſignal of his welfare, and then fly back again, and perch as near him as I could.

I am very happy, as I ſaid before, in the favour of Lady and Lord L. and Lady and Lord G; but I never ſhall be ſo happy, as when I had the addition of your charming company. I miſs you and my guardian: O how I miſs you both! But, deareſt Miſs Byron, love me not the leſs, tho' now I have put pen to paper, and you ſee what a poor creature I am in my writing. Many a one, I believe, may be thought tolerable in converſation; but when they are ſo ſilly as to put pen to paper, they expoſe themſelves; as I have done, in this long piece of ſcribble. But accept it, nevertheleſs, for the true love I bear you; and a truer love never flamed in any boſom, to any one the moſt dearly beloved, than does in mine for you.

I am afraid I have written arrant nonſenſe, becauſe I knew not how to expreſs half the love that is in the heart of

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER XXXV.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Tueſday, May 2.

I Have no patience with you, Lady G. You are ungenerouſly playful. Thank Heaven, if this be wit, that I have none of it. But what ſignifies expoſtulating with one who knows herſelf to be faulty, and will not amend? How many *ſtripes*, Charlotte, do you deſerve?—But you never ſpared any-body, not even your Brother, when the humour was upon you. So make haſte; and ſince you will lay in ſtores for repentance, fill up your meaſure as faſt as you can.

'Reveal to you the ſtate of my heart!'—Ah, my dear! it is an unmanageable one. 'Greatneſs of 'mind!'—I don't know what it is.—All his excellencies, his greatneſs, his goodneſs, his modeſty, his chearfulneſs under ſuch afflictions as would weigh down every other heart that had but half the compaſſion in it with which his overflows—Muſt not all other men appear little, and, leſs than little, nothing in my eyes?—It is an inſtance of patience in me, that I can endure any of them who pretend to regard me out of my own family.

I thought, that when I got down to my dear friends here, I ſhould be better enabled, by their prudent counſels, to attain the deſireable frame of mind which I had promiſed myſelf: But I find myſelf miſtaken. My Grandmamma and Aunt are ſuch admirers of him, take ſuch a ſhare in the diſappointment, that their advice has not the effect I had hoped it would have. Lucy, Nancy, are perpetually reminding me of his excellencies, by calling upon me to tell them ſomething of Sir Charles Grandiſon; and when I begin, I know not how to leave off. My Uncle raillies me, laughs at me, ſometimes reminds me of what he calls my former brags. I did not brag, my dear: I only hoped, that reſpecting as I did *every* man according to his merit, I ſhould never be greatly taken with *any* one, before duty added force to the inclination. Methinks the company of the friends I am with, does not ſatisfy me; yet they never were dearer to me than they now are. I want to have Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. Dr. Bartlett, my Emily, with me. To loſe you all at once!—is hard!—There ſeems to be a ſtrange void in my heart—And ſo much, at preſent, for the ſtate of that heart.

I always had reaſon to think myſelf greatly obliged to my friends and neighbours all around us; but never, till my return, after theſe few months abſence, knew how much. So many kind viſiters; ſuch unaffected expreſſions of joy on my return; that had I

not

not a very great counterbalance on my heart, would be enough to make me proud.

My Grandmamma went to Shirley-manor on Saturday; on Monday I was with her all day: But she would have it that I ſhould be melancholy if I ſtaid with her. And ſhe is *ſo* ſelf-denyingly careful of her Harriet! There never was a more noble heart in woman. But her *ſolitary* moments, as my Uncle calls them, are her moments of joy. And why? Becauſe ſhe then diveſts herſelf of all that is either painful or pleaſurable to her in this life; For ſhe ſays, that her cares for her Harriet, and eſpecially *now*, are at leaſt a balance for the delight ſhe takes in her.

You command me to acquaint you with what paſſes between me and the gentlemen in my neighbourhood; in your ſtile, *my fellows*.

Mr. Fenwick invited himſelf to breakfaſt with my Aunt Selby yeſterday morning. I would not avoid him.

I will not trouble you with the particulars: You know well enough what men will ſay on the ſubject upon which you will ſuppoſe he wanted to talk to me. He was extremely earneſt. I beſought him to accept my thanks for his good opinion of me, as all the return I could make him for it; and this in ſo very ſerious a manner, that my heart was fretted, when he declared, with warmth, his determined perſeverance.

Mr. Greville made us a tea-viſit in the afternoon. My Uncle and he joined to railly us poor women, as uſual. I left the defence of the Sex to my Aunt and Lucy. How poor appears to me every converſation now with theſe men!—But hold, ſaucy Harriet, was not your Uncle Selby one of the raillers?—But he does not believe all he ſays; and therefore cannot wiſh to be ſo much regarded, on this topic, as he ought to be by me, on others.

After the run of raillery was over, in which Mr. Greville made exceptions favourable to the women

preſent, he applied to every one for their intereſt with me, and to me to countenance his addreſs. He ſet forth his pretenſions very pompouſly, and mentioned a conſiderable increaſe of his fortune; which before was a handſome one. He offered our own terms. He declared his Love for me above all women, and made his happineſs in the next world, as well as in this, depend upon my favour to him.

It was eaſy to anſwer all he ſaid; and is equally ſo for you to gueſs in what manner I anſwered him: And he finding me determined, began to grow vehement, and even affrontive. He hinted to me, that he *knew* what had made me ſo very reſolute. He threw out threatenings againſt the man, be he who he would, that ſhould ſtand in the way of his ſucceſs with me; at the ſame time intimating ſaucily, as I may ſay (for his manner and inſult in it) that it was impoſſible a certain event could ever take place.

My Uncle was angry with him; ſo was my Aunt: Lucy was ſtill more angry than they: But I, ſtanding up, ſaid, Pray, my dear friends, take nothing amiſs that Mr. Greville has ſaid.—He once told me, that he would ſet ſpies upon my conduct in town. If, Sir, your ſpies have been juſt, I fear nothing they can ſay. But the hints you have thrown out, ſhew ſuch a total want of all delicacy of mind, that you muſt not wonder if my *heart* rejects you. Yet I am not angry: I reproach you not: Every one has his peculiar way. All that is left me to ſay or to do, is to thank you for your favourable opinion of me, as I have thanked Mr. Fenwick: And to deſire that you will allow me to look upon you as my neighbour, and *only* as my neighbour.

I courteſied to him, and withdrew.

But my great difficulty had been before with Mr. Orme.

His Siſter had deſired that I would ſee her Brother. He and ſhe were invited by my Aunt to dinner

on

on Tueſday. They came. Poor man! He is not well! I am ſorry for it. Poor Mr. Orme is not well! He made me ſuch *honeſt* compliments, as I may ſay: His *heart* was too much in his civilities to raiſe them above the civilities that juſtice and truth might warrant in favour of a perſon highly eſteemed. Mine was filled with compaſſion for him; and that compaſſion would have ſhewed itſelf in tokens of tenderneſs, more than once, had I not reſtrained myſelf for *his* ſake.

How you, my dear Lady G. can delight in giving pain to an honeſt heart, I cannot imagine. I would make all God Almighty's creatures happy, if I could; and ſo would your noble Brother. Is he not croſſing dangerous ſeas, and aſcending, thro' almoſt perpetual ſnows, thoſe dreadful Alps which I have heard deſcribed with ſuch terror, for the generous end of relieving diſtreſs?

I made Mr. Orme ſit next me. I was aſſiduous to help him, and to do him all the little offices which I thought would lift up pleaſure in his modeſt countenance; and he was quite another man. It gave delight to his Siſter, and to all my friends, to ſee him ſmile, and look happy.

I think, my dear Lady G. that when Mr. Orme looks pleaſant, and at eaſe, he reſembles a little the good-natured Lord G. —O that you would take half the pains to oblige him; that I do to relieve Mr. Orme!—*Half the pains*, did I ſay? That you would not take pains to *diſ*-oblige him; and he would be, of courſe, obliged. Don't be afraid, my dear, that, in ſuch a world as this, things will not happen to make you uneaſy without your ſtudying for them.

Excuſe my ſerioufneſs. I am indeed *too* ſerious at times.

But when Mr. Orme requeſted a few minutes audience of me, as he called it, and I walked with him

into the cedar parlour, which you have heard me mention, and with which I hope you will be one day acquainted; he paid, poor man! for his too tranſient pleaſure. Why would he urge a denial that he could not but know I muſt give?

His Siſter and I had afterwards a conference. I was greatly affected by it; and at laſt beſought her, if ſhe valued my friendſhip as I did hers, never more to mention to me a ſubject which gave me a pain too ſenſible for my peace.

She requeſted me to aſſure her, that neither Mr. Greville, nor Mr. Fenwick, might be the man. They both took upon them, ſhe ſaid, to ridicule her Brother for the profound reſpect, even to reverence, that he bore me; which, if he knew, might be attended with conſequences: For that her Brother, mild and gentle as was his paſſion for me, had courage to reſent any indignities that might be caſt upon him by ſpirits boiſterous as were thoſe of the two gentlemen ſhe had named. She never, therefore, told her Brother of their ſcoffs. But it would go to her heart, if either of them ſhould ſucceed, or have reaſon but for a diſtant hope.

I made her heart eaſy, on that ſcore.

I have juſt now heard, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is come from abroad already. What can be the meaning of it? He is ſo low-minded, ſo malicious a man, and I have ſuffered ſo much from him—What can be the meaning of his ſudden return? I am told, that he is actually in London. Pray, my dear Lady G. inform yourſelf about him; and whether he thinks of coming into theſe parts.

Mr. Greville, when he met us at Stony-Stratford, threw out menaces againſt Sir Hargrave, on my account; and ſaid, It was well he was gone abroad. I told him then, that he had no buſineſs, even were Sir Hargrave preſent, to engage himſelf in my quarrels.

Mr.

Mr. Greville is an impetuous man; a man of rough manners; and makes many people afraid of him. He has, I believe, *indeed*, had his ſpies about me; for he ſeems to know every thing that has befallen me in my abſence from Selby-houſe.

He has dared alſo to threaten Somebody elſe. Inſolent wretch! But he hinted to me yeſterday, that he was exceedingly pleaſed with the news, that a certain gentleman was gone abroad, in order to proſecute a *former amour*, was the light wretch's as light expreſſion. If my indignant eyes could have killed him, he would have fallen dead at my foot.

Let the conſtant and true reſpects of all my friends to you and yours, and to my beloved Emily, be always, for the future, conſidered as very affectionately expreſſed, whether the variety of other ſubjects leave room for a particular expreſſion of them, or not, by, my deareſt Lady G.

Your faithful, and ever-obliged

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVI.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Saturday, May 6.

I Thank you, Harriet, for yours. What muſt your fellows think of you? In this groſs age, your delicacy muſt aſtoniſh them. There uſed to be more of it formerly. But how ſhould men know any-thing of it, when women have forgot it? Lord be thanked, we females, ſince we have been admitted into ſo conſtant a ſhare of the public diverſions, want not courage. We can give the men ſtare for ſtare wherever we meet them. The next age, nay, the riſing generation, muſt ſurely be all heroes and heroines. But whither has this word *delicacy* carried me; Me who, it ſeems, have faults to be corrected for, of an-

other ſort; and who want not the *courage* for which I congratulate others?

But to other ſubjects. I could write a vaſt deal of ſtuff about my Lord and Self, and Lord and Lady L. who aſſume parts which I know not how to allow them: And ſometimes they threaten me with my Brother's reſentments, ſometimes with my Harriet's; ſo that I muſt really have leading-ſtrings faſtened to my ſhoulders. O my dear! a fond huſband is a ſurfeiting thing; and yet I believe moſt women love to be made monkeys of.

* *

But all other ſubjects muſt now give way. We have heard *of*, tho' not *from* my Brother. A particular friend of Mr. Lowther was here with a Letter from that gentleman, acquainting us, that Sir Charles and he were arrived at Paris.

Mr. Beauchamp was with us when Mr. Lowther's friend came. He borrowed the Letter on account of the extraordinary adventure mentioned in it.

Make your heart eaſy in the firſt place, about Sir Hargrave. He is indeed in town; but very ill. He was frighted into England, and intends not ever again to quit it. In all probability, he owes it to my Brother that he exiſts.

Mr. Beauchamp went directly to Cavendiſh Square, and informed himſelf there of other particulars relating to the affair, from the very ſervant who was preſent, and acting in it; and from thoſe particulars, and Mr. Lowther's Letter, wrote one for Dr. Bartlett. Mr. Beauchamp obliged me with the peruſal of what he wrote; whence I have extracted the following account: For his Letter is long and circumſtantial; and I did not aſk his leave to take a copy, as he ſeemed deſirous to haſten it to the Doctor.

On Wedneſday, the $\frac{19}{30}$ of April, in the evening, as my Brother was purſuing his journey to Paris, and was within

within two miles of that capital, a ſervant man rode up, in viſible terror, to his poſt-chaiſe, in which were Mr. Lowther and himſelf, and beſought them to hear his dreadful tale. The gentlemen ſtopt, and he told them, that his maſter, who was an Engliſhman, and his friend of the ſame nation, had been but a little while before attacked, and forced out of the road in their poſt-chaiſe, as he doubted not, to be murdered, by no leſs than ſeven armed horſemen; and he pointed to a hill, at a diſtance, called Mont Martre, behind which they were, at that moment, perpetrating their bloody purpoſe. He had juſt before, he ſaid, addreſſed himſelf to two other gentlemen, and their retinue, who drove on the faſter for it.

The ſervant's great coat was open; and Sir Charles obſerving his livery, aſked him, If he were not a ſervant of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? and was anſwered in the affirmative.

There are, it ſeems, trees planted on each ſide the road from St. Denis to Paris, but which, as France is an open and unincloſed country, would not, but for the hill, have hindered the ſeeing a great way off, the ſcuffling of ſo many men on horſeback. There is alſo a ditch on either hand; but places left for owners to come at their grounds, with their carts, and other carriages. Sir Charles ordered the poſt-boy to drive to one of thoſe paſſages; ſaying, He could not forgive himſelf, if he did not endeavour to ſave Sir Hargrave, and his friend, whoſe name the man told him was Merceda.

His own ſervants were three in number, beſides one of Mr. Lowther. My Brother made Mr. Lowther's ſervant diſmount; and, getting himſelf on his horſe, ordered the others to follow him. He begged Mr. Lowther to continue in the chaiſe, bidding the diſmounted ſervant ſtay, and attend his maſter, and galloped away towards the hill. His ears were ſoon pierced with the cries of the poor wretches; and

preſently he ſaw two men on horſeback holding the horſes of four others, who had under them the two gentlemen, ſtruggling, groaning, and crying out for mercy.

Sir Charles, who was a good way a-head of his ſervants, calling out to ſpare the gentlemen, and bending his courſe to relieve the proſtrate ſufferers, two of the four quitted their prey, and mounting, joined the other two horſemen, and advanced to meet him, with a ſhew of ſupporting the two men on foot in their violence; who continued laying on the wretches, with the but-ends of their whips unmercifully.

As the aſſailants offered not to fly, and as they had more than time enough to execute their purpoſe, had it been robbery and murder; Sir Charles concluded, it was likely that theſe men were actuated by a private revenge. He was confirmed in this ſurmiſe, when the four men on horſeback, tho' each had his piſtol ready drawn, as Sir Charles alſo had his, demanded a conference; warning Sir Charles how he provoked his fate by his raſhneſs; and declaring, that he was a dead man if he fired.

Forbear, then, ſaid Sir Charles, all further violences to the gentlemen, and I will hear what you have to ſay.

He then put his piſtol into his holſter; and one of his ſervants being come up, and the two others at hand (to whom he called out, not to fire till they had his orders), he gave him his horſe's reins; bidding him have an eye to the holſters of both, and leapt down; and drawing his ſword, made towards the two men who were ſo cruelly exerciſing their whips; and who, on his approach, retired to ſome little diſtance, drawing their hangers.

The four men on horſeback joined the two on foot, juſt as they were quitting the objects of their fury; and one of them ſaid, Forbear, for the preſent, further

ther violence, Brother; the gentleman ſhall be told the cauſe of all this.—Murder, Sir, ſaid he, is not intended; nor are we robbers: The men whom you are ſolicitous to ſave from our vengeance, are villains.

Be the cauſe what it will, anſwered Sir Charles, you are in a country noted for doing *ſpeedy* juſtice, upon proper application to the magiſtrates. In the ſame inſtant he raiſed firſt one groaning man, then the other. Their heads were all over bloody, and they were ſo much bruiſed, that they could not extend their arms to reach their wigs and hats, which lay near them; nor put them on without Sir Charles's help.

The men on foot by this time had mounted their horſes, and all ſix ſtood upon their defence; but one of them was ſo furious, crying out, that his vengeance ſhould be yet more complete, that two of the others could hardly reſtrain him.

Sir Charles aſked Sir Hargrave and Mr. Merceda, Whether they had reaſon to look upon themſelves as injured men, or injurers? One of the aſſailants anſwered, That they both knew themſelves to be villains.

Either from conſciouſneſs, or terror, perhaps from both, they could not ſpeak for themſelves, but by groans; nor could either of them ſtand or ſit upright.

Juſt then came up, in the chaiſe, Mr. Lowther, and his ſervant, each a piſtol in his hand. He quitted the chaiſe, when he came near the ſuffering men; and Sir Charles deſired him inſtantly to examine whether the gentlemen were dangerouſly hurt, or not.

The moſt enraged of the aſſailants, having ſlipt by the two who were earneſt to reſtrain him, would again have attacked Mr. Merceda; offering a ſtroke at him with his hanger: But Sir Charles (his drawn ſword ſtill in his hand) caught hold of his bridle; and, turning his horſe's head aſide, diverted a ſtroke,

which, in all probability, would otherwiſe have been a finiſhing one.

They all came about Sir Charles, bidding him, at his peril, uſe his ſword upon their friend: And Sir Charles's ſervants were coming up to their maſter's ſupport, had there been occaſion. At that inſtant Mr. Lowther, aſſiſted by his own ſervant, was examining the wounds and bruiſes of the two terrified men, who had yet no reaſon to think themſelves ſafe from further violence.

Sir Charles repeatedly commanded his ſervants not to fire, nor approach nearer, without his orders. The perſons, ſaid he, to the aſſailants, whom you have ſo cruelly uſed, are Engliſhmen of condition. I will protect them. Be the provocation what it will, you *muſt* know that your attempt upon them is a criminal one; and if my friend laſt come up, who is a very ſkilful ſurgeon, ſhall pronounce them in danger, you ſhall find it ſo.

Still he held the horſe of the furious one; and three of them, who ſeemed to be principals, were beginning to expreſs ſome reſentment at this cavalier treatment, when Mr. Lowther gave his opinion, that there was no apparent danger of death: And then Sir Charles quitting the man's bridle, and putting himſelf between the aſſailants and ſufferers, ſaid, That as they had not either offered to fly, or to be guilty of violence to himſelf, his friend, or ſervants; he was afraid they had ſome reaſon to think themſelves ill uſed by the gentlemen. But, however, as they could not ſuppoſe they were at liberty, in a civilized country, to take their revenge on the perſons of thoſe who were intitled to the protection of that country; he ſhould expect, that they would hold themſelves to be perſonally anſwerable for their conduct at a proper tribunal.

The villains, ſaid one of the men, know who we are, and the provocation; which merits a worſe treatment than they have hitherto met with. You,

Sir,

Sir, proceeded he, ſeem to be a man of honour, and temper: We are men of honour, as well as you. Our deſign, as we told you, was not to kill the miſcreants; but to give them reaſon to remember their villainy as long as they lived; and to put it out of their power ever to be guilty of the like. They have made a vile attempt, continued he, on a Lady's honour at Abbeville; and finding themſelves detected, and in danger, took round-about ways, and ſhifted from one vehicle to another, to eſcape the vengeance of her friends. The gentleman whoſe horſe you held, and who has reaſon to be in a paſſion, is the Huſband of the Lady [A Spaniſh Huſband ſurely, Harriet; not a French one, according to our notions]. *That* gentleman, and *that*, are her Brothers. We have been in purſuit of them two days; for they gave out, in order, no doubt, to put us on a wrong ſcent, that they were to go to Antwerp.

And it ſeems, my dear, that Sir Hargrave and his collegue had actually ſent ſome of their ſervants that way; which was the reaſon that they were themſelves attended but by one.

The gentleman told Sir Charles that there was a third villain in their plot. They had hopes, he ſaid, that he would not eſcape the cloſe purſuit of a manufacturer of Abbeville, whoſe Daughter, a lovely young creature, he had ſeduced, under promiſes of marriage. Their government, he obſerved, were great countenancers of the manufacturers at Abbeville; and he would have reaſon, if he were laid hold of, to think himſelf happy, if he came off with being obliged to perform his promiſes.

This third wretch muſt be Mr. Bagenhall. The Lord grant, ſay I, that he may be laid hold of; and obliged to make a ruined girl an *honeſt woman*, as they phraſe it in LANCASHIRE. Don't *you* wiſh ſo, my dear? And let me add, that had the relations of the injured Lady completed their intended vengeance

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on thoſe two Libertines (A very proper puniſhment, I ween, for all Libertines), it might have helped them to paſs the reſt of their lives with great tranquility; and honeſt girls might, for any contrivances of theirs, have paſſed to and from *maſquerades* without moleſtation.

Sir Hargrave and his companion intended, it ſeems, at firſt, to make ſome reſiſtance; four only, of the ſeven, ſtopping the chaiſe: But when the other three came up, and they ſaw who they were, and knew their own guilt, their courage failed them.

The ſeventh man was ſet over the poſt-boy, whom he had led about half a mile from the ſpot they had choſen as a convenient one for their purpoſe.

Sir Hargrave's ſervant was ſecured by them at their firſt attack; but after they had diſarmed him and his maſters, he found an opportunity to ſlip from them, and made the beſt of his way to the road, in hopes of procuring aſſiſtance for them.

While Sir Charles was buſy in helping the bruiſed wretches on their feet, the ſeventh man came up to the others, followed by Sir Hargrave's chaiſe. The aſſailants had retired to ſome diſtance, and, after a conſultation together, they all advanced towards Sir Charles; who, bidding his ſervants be on their guard, leapt on his horſe, with that agility and preſence of mind, for which, Mr. Beauchamp ſays, he excels moſt men; and leading towards them, Do you advance, gentlemen, ſaid he, as friends, or otherwiſe? —Mr. Lowther took a piſtol in each hand, and held himſelf ready to ſupport him; and the ſervants diſpoſed themſelves to obey their maſter's orders.

Our enmity, anſwered one of them, is only to theſe two *inhoſpitable* villains: Murder, as we told you, was not our deſign. They know where we are to be found; and that they are the vileſt of men, and have not been puniſhed equal to their demerits. Let them on their knees aſk this gentleman's pardon; pointing

pointing to the Huſband of the inſulted Lady. We inſiſt upon this ſatisfaction; and upon their promiſe, that they never more will come within two leagues Abbeville; and we will leave them in your protection.

I fancy, Harriet, that theſe women-frigtening heroes needed not to have been urged to make this promiſe.

Sir Charles, turning towards them, ſaid, If you have done wrong, gentlemen, you ought not to ſcruple aſking pardon. If you know yourſelves to be innocent, tho' I ſhould be loth to riſque the lives of my friend and ſervants, yet ſhall not my countrymen make ſo undue a ſubmiſſion.

The wretches kneeled; and the ſeven men, civilly ſaluting Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther, rode off; to the joy of the two delinquents, who kneeled again to their deliverer, and poured forth bleſſings upon the man whoſe life, ſo lately, one of them ſought; and whoſe preſervation he had now ſo much reaſon to rejoice in, for the ſake of his own ſafety.

My Brother himſelf could not but be well pleaſed that he was not obliged to come to extremities, which might have ended fatally on both ſides.

By this time Sir Hargrave's poſt-chaiſe was come up. He and his collegue were with difficulty lifted into it. My Brother and Mr. Lowther went into theirs; and being but a ſmall diſtance from Paris, they proceeded thither in company; the poor wretches bleſſing them all the way; and at Paris found their other ſervants waiting for them.

Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther ſaw them in bed in the lodgings that had been taken for them. They were ſo ſtiff with the baſtinado they had met with, that they were unable to help themſelves. Mr. Merceda had been more ſeverely (I cannot call it more cruelly) treated than the other; for he, it ſeems, was the greateſt malefactor in the attempt made upon

the

the Lady: And he had, beſides, two or three gaſhes, which, but for his ſtruggles, would have been but one.

As you, my dear, always turn pale when the word *Maſquerade* is mentioned; ſo, I warrant, will ABBEVILLE be a word of terror to theſe wretches, as long as they live.

Their enemies, it ſeems, carried off their arms; perhaps, in the true ſpirit of French chivalry, with a view to lay them, as ſo many trophies, at the feet of the inſulted Lady.

Mr. Lowther writes, that my Brother and he are lodged in the Hotel of a man of quality, a dear friend of the late Mr. Danby, and one of the three whom he has remembered in his will; and that Sir Charles is extremely buſy in relation to the executorſhip; and having not a moment to ſpare, deſired Mr. Lowther to engage his friend to whom he wrote, to let us know as much; and that he was haſtening every-thing for his journey onwards.

Mr. Beauchamp's narrative of this affair is, as I told you, very circumſtantial. I thought to have ſhortened it more than I have done. I wiſh I have not made my abſtract confuſed, in ſeveral material places: But I have not time to clear it up. Adieu, my dear.

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXVII.

Lady G. To Miſs BYRON.

Sunday, May 7.

I Believe I ſhall become as arrant a ſcribbler as Somebody elſe. I begin to like writing. A great compliment to you, I aſſure you. I ſee one may bring one's mind to any-thing — I thought I muſt have had

had recourſe, when you and my Brother left us, and when I was married, to the public amuſements, to fill up my leiſure: And as I have ſeen every thing worth ſeeing of thoſe, many times over (maſquerades excepted, and them I deſpiſe); time, you know, in that caſe, would have paſſed a little heavily, after having ſhewn myſelf, and, by ſeeing Who and Who were together, laid in a little ſtore of the right ſort of converſation for the tea-table. For you know, Harriet, that among us modern fine people, the company, and not the entertainment, is the principal part of the Raree-ſhow. Pretty enough! to *make* the entertainment, and *pay* for it too, to the honeſt fellows, who have nothing to do, but to project ſchemes to get us together.

I don't know what to do with this man. I little thought that I was to be conſidered as ſuch a Doll, ſuch a Toy, as he would make me. I want to drive him out of the houſe without me, were it but to purvey for me news and ſcandal. What are your fine gentlemen fit for elſe? You know, that with all my faults, I have a domeſtic and managing turn. A man ſhould encourage that in a wife, and not be perpetually teazing her for her company abroad, unleſs he did it with a view to keep her at home. Our Sex don't love to be preſcribed to, even in the things to which they are not naturally averſe: And for *this* very reaſon, perhaps, becauſe it *becomes* us to ſubmit to preſcription. Human nature, Harriet, is a perverſe thing. I believe, if my good man wiſhed me to ſtay at home, I ſhould torture my brain, as other good wives do, for inventions to go abroad.

It was but yeſterday, that in order to give him a hint, I pinned my apron to his coat, without conſidering who was likely to be a ſufferer by it; and he getting up, in his uſual nimble way, gave it a rent, and then looked behind him with *ſo* much apprehenſion—Hands folded, bag in motion from ſhoulder to ſhoulder.

der. I was vexed too much to make the uſe of the trick which I had deſigned, and huffed him. He made excuſes, and looked pitifully; bringing in his Soul, to teſtify that he knew not how it could be.—How it could be! Wretch! When you are always ſetting upon one's cloaths, in defiance of hoop, or diſtance.

He went out directly, and brought me in two aprons, either of which was worth twenty of that he ſo careleſly rent. Who could be angry with him?—I was, indeed, thinking to chide him for *this*—As if I were not to be truſted to buy my own cloaths; but he looked at me with ſo good-natured an eye, that I relented, and accepted, with a bow of graciouſneſs, his preſent; only calling him an odd creature--And that he *is*, you know, my dear.

We live very whimſically, in the main: Not above four quarrels, however, and as many more chidings, in a day. What does this man ſtay at home for then ſo much, when I am at home?—Married people, by frequent abſences, may have a chance for a little happineſs. How many debatings, if not direct quarrels, are ſaved by the good man's and his meek wife's ſeeing each other but once or twice a week! In what can men and women, who are much together, employ themſelves, but in proving and defending, quarrelling and making up? Eſpecially if they both chance to marry for Love (which, thank Heaven, is not altogether my caſe); for then both honeſt ſouls, having promiſed more happineſs to each other than they can poſſibly meet with, having nothing to do but reproach each other, at leaſt tacitly, for their diſappointment—A great deal of Free-maſonry in Love, my dear, believe me! The ſecret, like *that*, when found out, is hardly worth the knowing.

Well, but what ſilly rattle is this, Charlotte! methinks you ſay, and put on one of your wiſeſt looks.

No

No matter, Harriet! There may be ſome wiſdom in much folly. Every one ſpeaks not out ſo plainly as I do. But when the novelty of an acquiſition or change of condition is over, be the change or the acquiſition what it will, the principal pleaſure is over, and other novelties are hunted after, to keep the pool of Life from ſtagnating.

This is a *ſerious* truth, my dear, and I expect you to praiſe me for it. You are very ſparing of your praiſe to poor me; and yet I had rather have your good word than any woman's in the world: Or man's either, I was going to ſay; but I ſhould then have forgot my *Brother*. As for Lord G. were I to accuſtom him to obligingneſs, I ſhould deſtroy my own conſequence: For then it would be no novelty; and he would be hunting after a new folly. — Very true, Harriet.

Well, but we have had a good ſerious falling-out; and it ſtill ſubſiſts. It began on Friday night; *preſent*, Lord and Lady L. and Emily. I was very angry with him for bringing it on before them. The man has no diſcretion, my dear; none at all. And what about? Why, we have not made our *appearance at Court*, forſooth.

A very confident thing, this ſame appearance, I think! A compliment made to fine cloaths and jewels, at the expence of modeſty.

Lord G. pleads decorum—Decorum againſt Modeſty, my dear!——But if by Decorum is meant Faſhion, I have in a hundred inſtances found Decorum beat modeſty out of the houſe. And as my Brother, who would have been our principal honour on ſuch an occaſion, is gone abroad; and as *ours* is an *elderly novelty*, as I may ſay; [Our *Fineries* were not ready, you know, before my Brother went] I was ſervent againſt it.

'I was the only woman of condition in England, 'who would be againſt it.'

I told my Lord, that was a reflection on my Sex: But Lord and Lady L. who had been ſpoken to, I believe, by Lady Gertrude, were both on his ſide [I ſhall have this man utterly ruined for a huſband among you]—When there were three to one, it would have looked cowardly to yield, you know. I was brave. But it being propoſed for Sunday, and that being at a little diſtance, it was not doubted but I would comply. So the night paſt off, with prayings, hopings, and a little *mutteration* [Allow me that word, or find me a better.] The entreaty was renewed in the morning; but, no!—'I was aſhamed of him,' he ſaid. I aſked him, If he really thought ſo?—'He *ſhould* think ſo, if I refuſed him.' Heaven forbid, my Lord, that I, who contend for the liberty of acting, ſhould hinder you from the liberty of thinking! Only one piece of advice, honeſt friend, ſaid I: Don't imagine the worſt againſt yourſelf: And another, If you have a mind to carry a point with me, don't bring on the cauſe before any-body elſe: For that would be to doubt either my duty, or your own reaſonableneſs.

As ſure as you are alive, Harriet, the man made an exception againſt being called *honeſt friend*; as if, as I told him, either of the words were incompatible with *quality*. So, once, he was as froppiſh as a child, on my calling him *the man*; a higher diſtinction, I think, than if I had called him a king, or a prince. THE MAN!—Strange creature! To except to a diſtinction that implies, that he is the Man of Men!—You ſee what a captious mortal I have been forced to call *My* Lord. But *Lord* and *Maſter* do not always go together; tho' they do *too* often, for the happineſs of many a meek ſoul of our Sex.

Well, this debate ſeemed ſuſpended, by my telling him, that if I were preſented at Court, I would not have either the Earl or Lady Gertrude go with us, the very people who were moſt deſirous to be there—

But

But I *might* not think of that, at that time, you know. —I would not be thought *very* perverſe; only a little whimſical, or ſo. And I wanted not an excellent reaſon for excluding them—'Are their *conſents* to our 'paſt affair *doubted*, my Lord, ſaid I, that you think 'it neceſſary for them to appear to juſtify us?'

He could ſay nothing to this, you know. And I ſhould never forgive the huſband, as I told him, on another occaſion, who would pretend to argue, when he had nothing to ſay.

Then (for the baby will be always craving ſomething) he wanted me to go abroad with him—I forget whither—But to ſome place that he ſuppoſed (poor man!) I ſhould *like* to viſit. I told him, I dared to ſay, he wiſhed to be thought a *modern* Huſband, and a *faſhionable* man; and he would get a bad name, if he could never ſtir out without his Wife. *Neither* could he anſwer *that*, you know.

Well, he went on, mutter, mutter, grumble, grumble, the thunder rolling at a diſtance; a little impatience now-and-then, however, portending, that it would come nearer. But, as yet, it was only, Pray, my dear, oblige me; and, Pray, my Lord, excuſe me; till this morning, when he had the aſſurance to be pretty peremptory; hinting, that the Lord in waiting had been ſpoke to. A fine time of it would a Wife have, if ſhe were not at liberty to dreſs herſelf as ſhe pleaſes. Were I to chooſe again, I do aſſure you, my dear, it ſhould not be a man, who by his taſte for Moths and Butterflies, Shells, China, and ſuch-like trifles, would give me warning, that he would preſume to dreſs his baby, and when he had done, would perhaps admire his own fancy more than her perſon. I believe, my Harriet, I ſhall make you afraid of Matrimony: But I will purſue my ſubject, for all that.—

When the Inſolent ſaw that I did not dreſs as he would have had me; he drew out his face, glouting, to half the length of my arm; but was ſilent. Soon after

after Lady L. ſending to know whether her Lord and ſhe were to attend us to the Drawing-room; and I returning for anſwer, that I ſhould be glad of their company at dinner; he was in violent wrath. True, as you are alive! and dreſſing himſelf in a great hurry, left the houſe, without ſaying, By your leave, With your leave, or Whether he would return to dinner, or not. Very pretty doings, Harriet!

Lord and Lady L. came to dinner, however. I thought they were very kind, and, till they opened their lips, was going to thank them: For then, it was all *elder* Siſter, and inſolent Brother-in-law, I do aſſure you. Upon my word, Harriet, they took upon them.

Lady L. told me, I might be the happieſt creature in the world, if—and there was ſo good as to ſtop.

One of the happieſt only, Lady L.! Who can be happier than you?

But I, ſaid ſhe, ſhould neither *be* ſo, nor *deſerve* to be ſo, if—Good of her again, to ſtop at *if*.

We cannot be all of one mind, replied I. I ſhall be wiſer, in time.

Where was poor Lord G. gone?

Poor Lord G. is gone to ſeek his fortune, I believe.

What did I mean?

I told them the airs he had given himſelf; and that he was gone without leave, or notice of return.

He had ſerved me right, *ab*-ſolutely right, Lord L. ſaid.

I believed ſo myſelf. Lord G. was a very good ſort of man, and ought not to bear with me ſo much as he had done: But it would be kind in them, not to tell him what I had owned.

The Earl lifted up one hand, the Counteſs both. They had not come to dine with me, they ſaid, after the anſwer I had returned, but as they were afraid ſomething was wrong between us.

Me-

Mediators are not to be of one ſide only, I ſaid: And as they had been ſo kindly free in blaming *me*, I hoped they would be as free with *him*, when they ſaw him.

And then it was, For *God*'s ſake, Charlotte; and, Let me *entreat* you, Lady G. And let *me*, too, *beſeech* you, madam, ſaid Emily, with tears ſtealing down her cheeks.

You are both very good: You are a ſweet girl, Emily. I have a too-playful heart. It will give me ſome pain, and ſome pleaſure; but if I had not more pleaſure than pain from my play, I ſhould not be ſo ſilly.

My Lord not coming in, and the dinner being ready, I ordered it to be ſerved.—Won't you wait a little longer for Lord G.?—No. I hope he is ſafe, and well. He is his own maſter, as well as mine (I ſighed, I believe!); and, no doubt, has a paramount pleaſure in purſuing his own choice.

They raved. I begged that they would let us eat our dinner with *comfort*. My Lord, I hoped, would come in with a keen appetite, and Nelthorpe ſhould get a ſupper for him that he liked.

When we had dined, and retired into the adjoining drawing room, I had another ſchooling-bout: Emily was even ſaucy. But I took it all: Yet, in my heart, was vexed at Lord G's perverſeneſs.

At laſt, in came the *honeſt* man. He does not read this, and ſo cannot take exceptions, and I hope *you* will not, at the word *honeſt*.

So lordly! ſo ſtiff! ſo ſolemn!—Upon my word!—Had it not been Sunday, I would have gone to my harpſichord directly. He bowed to Lord and Lady L. and to Emily, moſt obligingly; to me he nodded.—I nodded again; but like a good-natured fool, ſmiled. He ſtalked to the chimney; turned his back towards it, buttoned up his mouth, held up his glowing face, as if he were diſpoſed to crow; yet had not won the battle.

battle.—One hand in his boſom; the other under the ſkirt of his waiſtcoat, and his poſture firmer than his mind.—Yet was my heart ſo devoid of malice, that I thought his attitude very genteel; and, had we not been man and wife, agreeable.

We hoped to have found your Lordſhip at home, ſaid Lord L. or we ſhould not have dined here.

If Lord G. is as polite a *huſband* as a *man*, ſaid I, he will not thank your Lordſhip for this compliment to his Wife.

Lord G. ſwelled, and reared himſelf up. His complexion, which before was in a glow, was heightened.

Poor man! thought I.—But why ſhould my tender heart pity obſtinate people?—Yet I could not help being dutiful—Have you dined, my Lord? ſaid I, with a ſweet ſmile, and very courteous.

He ſtalked to the window, and never a word anſwered he.

Pray, Lady L. be ſo good as to aſk my Lord G. If he has dined? Was not this very condeſcending, on ſuch a behaviour?

Lady L. *aſked* him; and as gently-voiced as if ſhe were aſking the ſame queſtion of her own Lord. Lady L. is a kind-hearted ſoul, Harriet. She is *my* Siſter.

I have *not*, madam, to Lady L. turning rudely from me, and, not very civilly, from her. Ah! thought I, theſe men! The more they are courted--Wretches! to find their conſequence in a woman's meekneſs.—Yet, I could not forbear ſhewing mine.--Nature, Harriet! Who can reſiſt conſtitution?

What ſtiff airs are theſe! approaching him.—I do aſſure you, my Lord, I ſhall not take this behaviour well; and put my hand on his arm.

I was ſerved right. Would you believe it? The man ſhook off my condeſcending hand, by raiſing his elbow ſcornfully. He really did!

Nay, then!—I left him, and retired to my former ſeat.

ſeat. I was vexed that it was Sunday: I wanted a little harmony.

Lord and Lady L. both blamed me, by their looks; and my Lady took my hand, and was leading me towards him. I ſhewed a little reluctance: And, would you have thought it? out of the drawing-room whipt my nimble Lord, as if on purpoſe to avoid being moved by my conceſſion.

I took my place again.

I beg of you, Charlotte, ſaid Lady L. go to my Lord. You have uſed him ill.

When I think ſo, I will follow your advice, Lady L.

And *don't* you think ſo, Lady G.? ſaid Lord L.

What! for taking my own option how I would be dreſſed to-day?—*What!* for deferring—That moment in came my bluff Lord—Have I not, proceeded I, been forced to dine without him to-day? Did he let me know what account I could give of his abſence? Or when he would return? —And ſee, *now*, how angry he looks!

He traverſed the room—I went on—Did he not ſhake off my hand, when I laid it, ſmiling, on his arm? Would he anſwer me a queſtion, which I kindly put to him, fearing he had not dined, and might be ſick for want of eating? Was I not forced to apply to Lady L. for an anſwer to my *careful* queſtion, on his ſcornfully turning from me in ſilence? —Might we not, if he had not gone out ſo abruptly, nobody knows where, have made the *appearance* his heart is ſo ſet upon?—But now, indeed, it is too late.

Oons, madam! ſaid he, and he kemboed his arms, and ſtrutted up to me. Now for a cuff, thought I. I was half afraid of it: But out of the room again capered he.

Lord bleſs me, ſaid I, What a paſſionate creature is this!

Lord and Lady L. both turned from me with indig-

nation. But no wonder if *one*, that they *both* did. They are a ſilly pair; and I believe have agreed to keep each other in countenance in all they do.

But Emily affected me. She ſat before in one corner of the room, weeping; and juſt then ran to me, and wrapping her arms about me, Dear, dear Lady G. ſaid ſhe, for Heaven's ſake, think of what our Miſs Byron ſaid; 'Don't jeſt away your own happineſs.' I don't ſay who is in fault: But, my dear Lady, do *you* condeſcend. It looks pretty in a woman to condeſcend. Forgive me; I will run to my Lord, and I will beg of him—

Away ſhe ran, without waiting for an anſwer—and, bringing in the paſſionate wretch, hanging on his arm—you muſt not, my Lord, *indeed* you muſt not be ſo paſſionate. Why, my Lord, you frighted *me*; indeed you did. Such a word I never heard from your Lordſhip's mouth—

Ah, my Lord, ſaid I, you give yourſelf pretty airs! Don't you? and uſe pretty words; that a child ſhall be terrified at them! But come, come, aſk my pardon, for leaving me to *dine without* you.

Was not that tender?—Yet out went Lord and Lady L. To be ſure they did right, if they withdrew, in hopes theſe kind words would have been received as reconciliatory ones; and not in diſpleaſure with *me*, as I am half afraid they did: For their good-nature, (worthy ſouls!) does ſometimes lead them into miſapprehenſions. I kindly laid my hand on his arm again.—He was ungracious.—Nay, my Lord, don't once more reject me with diſdain—If you do—I then ſmiled moſt courteouſly. Carry not your abſurdities, my Lord, too far: And I took his hand [There, Harriet, was condeſcenſion!]: — I proteſt, Sir, if you give yourſelf any more of theſe airs, you will not find me ſo condeſcending. —Come, come, tell me you are ſorry, and I will forgive you.

Sorry! madam; *ſorry!*—I am indeed ſorry, for your provoking airs!

Why

Why that's not ill ſaid—But kemboed arms, my Lord! are you not ſorry for ſuch an air? And *Oons!* are you not ſorry for ſuch a word? and for ſuch looks too? and for quarrelling with your dinner?—I proteſt, my Lord, you make one of us look like a child who flings away his bread and butter becauſe it has not glaſs windows upon it.—

Not for one moment forbear, madam!—

Pr'ythee, pr'ythee—[I profeſs I had like to have ſaid *honeſt friend*] No more of theſe airs; and, I tell you, I will forgive you.

But, madam, I cannot, I will not—

Huſh, huſh; no more in that ſtrain, and ſo loud, as if we had loſt each other in a wood—If you will let us be friends, ſay ſo—In an inſtant—If *not*, I am gone—gone this moment—caſting off from him, as I may ſay, intending to mount up-ſtairs.

Angel, or Demon, ſhall I call you? ſaid he.—Yet I receive your hand, as offered. But, for God's ſake, madam, let us be happy! And he kiſſed my hand, but not ſo cordially as it became him to do; and in came Lord and Lady L. with countenances a little ungracious.

I took my ſeat next my own man, with an air of officiouſneſs, hoping to oblige him by it. He *was* obliged: And another day, not yet quite agreed upon, this parade is to be made.

And thus began, proceeded, and ended, this doughty quarrel. And who knows but, before the day is abſolutely reſolved upon, we may have half a ſcore more? Four, five, ſix days, as it may happen, is a great ſpace of time for people to agree, who are ſo much together; and one of whom is playful, and the other will not be played with. But theſe kembo and oons airs, Harriet, ſtick a little in my ſtomach; and the man ſeems not to be quite come to neither. He is ſullen and gloomy, and don't prate away as he uſed to do, when we have made up before.

But I will ſing him a ſong to-morrow: I will pleaſe the *honeſt* man, if I can. But he really ſhould not have had for a wife a woman of ſo ſweet a temper as

Your CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Monday, May 8.

MY Lord and I have had another little—*Tiff*, ſhall I call it? It came not up to a quarrel. Married people would have enough to do, if they were to trouble their friends every time they miſunderſtood one another. And now a word or two of other people: Not always ſcribbling of ourſelves.

We have juſt heard, that our Couſin Everard has added another fool of our Sex to the number of the weak ones who diſgrace it: A ſorry fellow! He has been ſeen with her, by one whom he would not know, at Cuper's Gardens; dreſſed like a Sea-officer, and ſkulking, like a thief, into the privateſt walks of the place. When he is tired of the poor wretch, he will want to accommodate with us by promiſes of penitence and reformation, as once or twice before. Rakes are not only odious, but they are deſpicable creatures. You will the more clearly ſee this, when I aſſure you, from thoſe who know, that this ſilly creature our Couſin is looked upon, among his Brother Libertines, and Smarts, as a man of *firſt* conſideration!

He has alſo been ſeen, in a gayer habit, at a certain Gaming-table, near Govent-Garden; where he did not content himſelf with being an idle ſpectator. Colonel Winwood, our informant, ſhook his head, but make no other anſwer, to ſome of our enquiries. May he ſuffer! ſay I.—A ſorry fellow!

Preparations are going on, all *ſo-faſt*, at Windſor.

We

We are all invited. God grant that Miſs Mansfield may be as happy as Lady W. as we all conclude ſhe will be! But I never was fond of matches between ſober young women, and battered old rakes. Much good may do the adventurers, drawn in by gewgaw and title!—Poor things!—But convenience, when that's the motive, whatever fooliſh girls think, will hold out its comforts, while a gratified Love quickly evaporates.

Beauchamp, who is acquainted with the Manſfields, is entruſted by my Brother, in his abſence, with the management of the Law-affairs. He hopes, he ſays, to give a good account of them. The baſe ſteward of the Uncle Calvert, who lived as a huſband with the woman who had been forced upon his ſuperannuated maſter in a doting fit, has been brought, by the death of one of the children born in Mr. Calvert's life-time, and by the precarious health of the poſthumous one, to make overtures of accommodation. A new hearing of the cauſe between them and the Keelings, is granted; and great things are expected from it in their favour, from ſome new lights thrown in upon that ſuit. The Keelings are frighted out of their wits, it ſeems; and are applying to Sir John Lambton, a diſintereſted neighbour, to offer himſelf as a mediator between them. The Manſfields will ſo ſoon be related to us, that I make no apology for intereſting you in their affairs.

Be ſure you chide me for my whimſical behaviour to Lord G. I know you will. But don't blame my *heart*: My *head* only is wrong.

A LITTLE more from freſh informations of this ſorry varlet Everard. I wiſhed him to ſuffer; but I wiſhed him not to be ſo very great a ſufferer as it ſeems he is. Sharpers have hit his head off, quite cloſe to his ſhoulders: They have not left it him to carry under his arm, as the honeſt patron of France did his.

They lend it him, however, now-and-then, to repent with, and curſe himſelf. The creature he attended to Cuper's Gardens, inſtead of a country Innocent, as he expected her to be, comes out to be a caſt miſtreſs, experienced in all the arts of ſuch, and acting under the ſecret influences of a man of quality; who, wanting to get rid of her, ſupports her in a proſecution commenced againſt him (poor devil!) for performance of covenants. He was extremely mortified, on finding my Brother gone abroad: He intends to apply to him for his pity and help. Sorry wretch! He boaſted to us, on our expectation of our Brother's arrival from abroad, that he would enter his Couſin Charles into the ways of the town. Now he wants to avail himſelf againſt the practices of the ſons of that town, by his Couſin's character and conſequence.

A combination of ſharpers, it ſeems, had long ſet him as a man of fortune: But, on his taking refuge with my Brother, gave over for a time their deſigns upon him, till he threw himſelf again in their way.

The worthleſs fellow had been often liberal of his promiſes of marriage to young creatures of more innocence than *this*; and thinks it very hard that he ſhould be proſecuted for a crime which he had ſo frequently committed with impunity. Can you pity him? I cannot, I aſſure you. The man who can betray and ruin an innocent woman, who loves him, ought to be abhorred by *men*. Would he ſcruple to betray and ruin *them*, if he were not afraid of the Law?—Yet there are women who can forgive ſuch wretches, and herd with them.—

My Aunt Eleanor is arrived: A good, plump, bonny-faced old virgin. She has choſen her apartment. At preſent we are moſt prodigiouſly civil to each other: But already I ſuſpect ſhe likes Lord G. better than I would have her. She will perhaps, if a party ſhould be formed againſt your poor Charlotte, make one of it.

Will

Will you think it time thrown away, to read a further account of what is come to hand about the wretches who lately, in the double ſenſe of the word, were *overtaken* between St. Denys and Paris?

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, it ſeems, ſtill keeps his chamber: He is thought not to be out of danger from ſome inward hurt, which often makes him bring up blood in quantities. He is miſerably oppreſſed by lowneſs of ſpirits; and when he is a little better in that reſpect, his impatience makes his friends apprehenſive for his head. But has *he* intellects ſtrong enough to give apprehenſions of that nature? Fool and madman we often join as terms of reproach; but I believe fools ſeldom run really mad.

Merceda is in a ſtill more dangerous way. Beſides his bruiſes, and a fractured ſkull, he has, it ſeems, a wound in his thigh, which, in the delirium he was thrown into by the fracture, was not duly attended to; and which, but for his *valiant* ſtruggles againſt the knife which gave the wound, was deſigned for a ſtill greater miſchief. His recovery is deſpaired of; and the poor wretch is continually offering up vows of penitence and reformation, if his life may be ſpared.

Bagenhall *was* the perſon who had ſeduced, by promiſes of marriage, and fled for it, the manufacturer's Daughter of Abbeville. He was overtaken by his purſuers at Douay. The incenſed Father, and friends of the young woman, would not be otherwiſe pacified than by his performing his promiſe; which, with infinite reluctance, he complied with, principally thro' the threats of the Brother, who is noted for his fierceneſs and reſolution; and who once made the ſorry creature feel an argument which greatly terrified him. Bagenhall is at preſent at Abbeville, living as well as he can with his new wife, curſing his fate, no doubt, in ſecret. He is obliged to appear fond of her before her Brother and Father; the latter alſo being a ſour man, a Gaſcon, always boaſting of his family, and

valuing himſelf upon a *De*, affixed by *himſelf* to his name, and jealous of indignity offered to it. The fierce Brother is reſolved to accompany his Siſter to England, when Bagenhall goes thither, in order, as he declares, to ſecure to her good uſage, and ſee her owned and viſited by all Bagenhall's friends and relations. And thus much of theſe fine gentlemen.

How different a man is Beauchamp! But it is injuring him, to think of thoſe wretches and him at the ſame time. He certainly has an eye to Emily, but behaves with great prudence towards her: Yet every-body but *ſhe* ſees his regard for her: Nobody but her guardian runs in her head; and the more, as ſhe really thinks it is a glory to love him, becauſe of his goodneſs. Every-body, ſhe ſays, has the *ſame* admiration of him, that ſhe has.

Mrs. Reeves deſires me to acquaint you, that Miſs Clements, having, by the death of her Mother and Aunt, come into a pretty fortune, is addreſſed to by a Yorkſhire gentleman of eaſy circumſtances, and is preparing to leave the town, having other connexions in that county; but that ſhe intends to write to you before ſhe goes, and to beg you to favour her with now-and-then a Letter.

I think Miſs Clements is a good ſort of young woman: But I imagined ſhe would have been one of thoſe Nuns at large, who need not make vows of living and dying Aunt Eleanors, or Lady Gertrudes; all three of them good honeſt ſouls! chaſte, pious, and plain. It is a charming ſituation, when a woman is arrived at ſuch a height of perfection, as to be above giving or receiving temptation. Sweet innocents! They have my reverence, if not my love. How would they be affronted, if I were to ſay *pity!*—I think only of my two good Aunts, at the preſent writing Miſs Clements, you know, is a *youngiſh* woman; and I reſpect her much. One would not jeſt upon the unſightlineſs of perſon, or plainneſs of feature: But,

think

think you ſhe will not be one of thoſe, who twenty years hence may put in her boaſt of her quondam beauty?

How I run on! I think I ought to be aſhamed of myſelf.

'Very true, Charlotte.'

And ſo it is, Harriet. I have done—Adieu!—Lord G. will be ſilly again, I doubt; but I am prepared. I wiſh he had half my patience.

'Be quiet, Lord G! What a fool you are!'—The man, my dear, under pretence of being friends, run his ſharp noſe in my eye. No bearing his foudneſs: It is *worſe* than inſolence. How my eye waters!—I can tell him—But I will tell *him*, and not *you*.—Adieu, once more.

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. LOWTHER, *To* JOHN ARNOLD, *Eſq*; (*his Brother-in-Law*) *in London.*

Bologna, May 5-16.

I Will now, my dear Brother, give you a circumſtantial account of our ſhort, but flying journey. The 20th of April, O. S. early in the morning, we left Paris, and reached Lyons the 24th, at night.

Reſting but a few hours, we ſet out for Pont Beauvoiſin, where we arrived the following evening: There we bid adieu to France, and found ourſelves in Savoy, equally noted for its poverty and rocky mountains. Indeed it was a total change of the ſcene. We had left behind us a blooming ſpring, which enlivened with its verdure the trees and hedges on the road we paſſed, and the meadows already ſmiled with flowers. The chearful inhabitants were buſy in adjuſting their limits, lopping their trees, pruning their vines, tilling their fields: But when we entered Savoy, nature wore a very different face; and I muſt own,

that my ſpirits were great ſufferers by the change. Here we began to view on the nearer mountains, covered with ice and ſnow, notwithſtanding the advanced ſeaſon, the rigid winter, in frozen majeſty, ſtill preſerving its domains: And arriving at St. Jean Maurienne the night of the 26th, the ſnow ſeemed as if it would diſpute with us our paſſage; and horrible was the force of the boiſterous winds, which ſat full in our faces.

Overpowered by the fatigues I had undergone in the expedition we had made, the unſeaſonable coldneſs of the weather, and the ſight of one of the worſt countries under heaven, ſtill cloathed in ſnow, and deformed by continual hurricans! I was here taken ill. Sir Charles was greatly concerned for my indiſpoſition, which was increaſed by a great lowneſs of ſpirits. He attended upon me in perſon; and never had a man a more kind and indulgent friend. Here we ſtaid two days; and then, my illneſs being principally owing to fatigue, I found myſelf enabled to proceed. At two of the clock in the morning of the 28th, we proſecuted our journey, in palpable darkneſs, and diſmal weather, tho' the winds were ſomewhat laid, and reaching the foot of Mount Cenis by break of day, arrived at Lanebourg, a poor little village, ſo environed by high mountains, that for three months in the twelve, it is hardly viſited by the chearing rays of the ſun. Every object which here preſents itſelf is exceſſively miſerable. The people are generally of an olive complexion, with wens under their chins; ſome ſo monſtrous, eſpecially women, as quite diſfigure them.

Here it is uſual to unſcrew and take in pieces the chaiſes, in order to carry them on mules over the mountain; and to put them together on the other ſide: For the Savoy ſide of the mountain is much more difficult to paſs than the other. But Sir Charles choſe not to loſe time; and therefore left the chaiſe

to

to the care of the inn-keeper; proceeding, with all expedition, to gain the top of the hill.

The way we were carried, was as follows: A kind of horſe, as it is called with you, with two poles like thoſe of chairmen, was the vehicle; on which is ſecured a ſort of elbow chair, in which the traveller ſits. A man before, another behind, carry this open machine with ſo much ſwiftneſs, that they are continually running and ſkipping, like wild goats, from rock to rock, the four miles of that aſcent. If a traveller were not prepoſſeſſed that theſe mountaineers are the ſureſt-footed carriers in the univerſe, he would be in continual apprehenſions of being overturned. I, who never undertook this journey before, muſt own that I could not be ſo fearleſs, on this occaſion, as Sir Charles was, tho' he had very exactly deſcribed to me how every-thing would be. Then, tho' the ſky was clear when we paſſed this mountain, yet the cold wind blew quantities of frozen ſnow in our faces; inſomuch that it ſeemed to be juſt as if people were employed, all the time we were paſſing, to wound us with the ſharpeſt needles. They indeed call the wind that brings this ſharp-pointed ſnow, *The Tormenta*.

An adventure, which any-where elſe might have appeared ridiculous, I was afraid would have proved fatal to one of our chairmen, as I will call them. I had flapt down my hat to ſcreen my eyes from the fury of that deluge of ſharp-pointed frozen ſnow; and it was blown off my head, by a ſudden guſt, down the precipices: I gave it for loſt, and was about to bind a handkerchief over the woollen cap, which thoſe people provide to tie under the chin; when one of the aſſiſting carriers (for they are always ſix in number to every chair, in order to relieve one another) undertook to recover it. I thought it impoſſible to be done; the paſſage being, as I imagined, only practicable for birds: However, I promiſed him

a crown reward, if he did. Never could the leaps of the moſt dextrous of rope-dancers be compared to thoſe of this daring fellow: I ſaw him ſometimes jumping from rock to rock, ſometimes rolling down a declivity of ſnow like a ninepin, ſometimes running, ſometimes hopping, ſkipping; in ſhort, he deſcended like lightning to the verge of a torrent. where he found the hat. He came up almoſt as quick, and appeared as little fatigued, as if he had never left us.

We arrived at the top in two hours, from Lanebourg; and the ſun was pretty high above the horizon. Out of a hut, half-buried in ſnow, came ſome mountaineers, with two poor ſledges drawn by mules, to carry us thro' the *Plain of Mount Cenis*, as it is called, which is about four Italian miles in length, to the deſcent of the Italian ſide of the mountain. Theſe ſledges are not much different from the chairs, or ſedans, or horſe, we then quitted; only the two under-poles are flat, and not ſo long at the others, and turning up a little at the end, to hinder them from ſticking faſt in the ſnow. To the fore-ends of the poles are fixed two round ſticks, about two feet and a half long, which ſerve for a ſupport and help to the man who guides the mule, who running on the ſnow between the mule and the ſledge, holds the ſticks with each hand.

It was diverting to ſee tbe two ſledgemen ſtriving to outrun each other.

Encouraged by Sir Charles's generoſity, we very ſoon arrived at the other end of the plain. The man who walked, or rather ran, between the ſledge and the mule, made a continual noiſe; hallooing and beating the ſtubborn beaſt with his fiſts, which otherwiſe would be very ſlow in its motion.

At the end of this plain we found ſuch another hut as that on the Lanebourg ſide: Here they took off the ſmoking mules from the ſledges, to give them reſt

And

And now began the moſt extraordinary way of travelling that can be imagined. The deſcent of the mountain from the top of this ſide, to a ſmall village called Novaleſa, is four Italian miles. When the ſnow has filled up all the inequalities of the mountain, it looks, in many parts, as ſmooth and equal as a ſugar-loaf. It is on the brink of this rapid deſcent that they put the ſledge. The man who is to guide it, ſits between the feet of the traveller, who is ſeated in the elbow-chair, with his legs at the outſide of the ſticks fixed at the fore-ends of the flat poles, and holds the two ſticks with his hands; and when the ſledge has gained the declivity, its own weight carries it down with ſurpriſing celerity. But as the immenſe irregular rocks under the ſnow make now-and-then ſome edges in the declivity, which, if not avoided, would overturn the ſledge; the guide, who foreſees the danger, by putting his foot ſtrongly and dextrouſly in the ſnow next to the precipice, turns the machine, by help of the above-mentioned ſticks, the contrary way, and by way of zig-zag, goes to the bottom. Such was the velocity of this motion, that we diſpatched theſe four miles in leſs than five minutes; and, when we arrived at Novaleſa, hearing that the ſnow was very deep moſt of the way to Suſa, and being pleaſed with our way of travelling, we had ſome mules put again to the ſledges, and ran all the way to the very gates of that city, which is ſeven miles diſtant from Mount Cenis.

In our way we had a curſory view of the impregnable fortreſs of Brunetta, the greateſt part of which is cut out of the ſolid rock, and commands that important paſs.

We reſted all night at Suſa; and, having bought a very commodious poſt-chaiſe, we proceeded to Turin, where we dined; and from thence, the evening of May 2. O. S. got to Parma by way of Alexandria and Placentia, having purpoſely avoided the high road

thro'

through Milan, as it would have coſt us a few hours more time.

Sir Charles obſerved to me, when we were on the plain or flat top of Mount Cenis, that, had not the winter been particularly long and ſevere, we ſhould have had, inſtead of this terrible appearance of ſnow there, flowers ſtarting up, as it were, under our feet, of various kinds, which are hardly to be met with any where elſe. One of the greateſt dangers, he told me, in paſſing this mount in winter, ariſes from a ball of ſnow, which is blown down from the top by the wind, or falls down by ſome other accident; which, gathering all the way in its deſcent, becomes inſtantly of ſuch a prodigious bigneſs, that there is hardly any avoiding being carried away with it, man and beaſt, and ſmothered in it. One of theſe balls we ſaw rolling down; but as it took another courſe than ours, we had no apprehenſions of danger from it.

At Parma we found expecting us, the Biſhop of Nocera, and a very Reverend Father, Mareſcotti by name; who expreſſed the utmoſt joy at the arrival of Sir Charles Grandiſon, and received me, at his recommendation, with a politeneſs which ſeems natural to them. I will not repeat what I have written before of this excellent young Gentleman: Intrepidity, bravery, diſcretion, as well as generoſity, are conſpicuous parts of his character. He is ſtudious to avoid danger; but is unappalled in it. For humanity, benevolence, providence for others, to his very ſervants, I never met with his equal.

My reception from the noble family to which he has introduced me; the patient's caſe (a very unhappy one!); and a deſcription of this noble city, and the fine country about it; ſhall be the ſubject of my next. Aſſure all my friends of my health, and good wiſhes for them; and, my dear Arnold, believe me to be

Ever Yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER XL.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

Bologna, Wedneſday, May 10-21.

I Told you, my dear and reverend friend, that I ſhould hardly write to you till I arrived in this city.

The affair of my executorſhip obliged me to ſtay a day longer at Paris than I intended; but I have put every-thing relating to that truſt in ſuch a way, as to anſwer all my wiſhes.

Mr. Lowther wrote to Mr. Arnold, a friend of his in London, the particulars of the extraordinary affair we were engaged in between St. Denys and Paris; with deſire that he would inform my friends of our arrival at that capital.

We were obliged to ſtop two days at St. Jean de Maurienne: The expedition we travelled with was too much for Mr. Lowther; and I expected, and was not diſappointed, from the unuſual backwardneſs of the ſeaſon, to find the paſſage over Mount Cenis leſs agreeable than it uſually is in the beginning of May.

The Biſhop of Nocera had offered to meet me anywhere on his ſide of the mountains. I wrote to him from Lyons, that I hoped to ſee him at Parma, on or about the very day that I was ſo fortunate as to reach the palace of the Count of Belvedere in that city; where I found, that he and Father Mareſcotti had arrived the evening before. They, as well as the Count, expreſſed great joy to ſee me; and when I preſented Mr. Lowther to them, with the praiſes due to his ſkill, and let them know the conſultations I had had with eminent phyſicians of my own country on Lady Clementina's caſe, they invoked bleſſings upon us both, and would not be interrupted in them by my eager queſtions after the health and ſtate of mind of

the two deareſt perſons of their family—Unhappy! *very* unhappy! ſaid the Biſhop. Let us give you ſome refreſhment, before we come to particulars.

To my repeated enquiries, Jeronymo, poor Jeronymo! ſaid the Biſhop, is living, and that is all we can ſay. The ſight of you will be a cordial to his heart. Clementina is on her journey to Bologna from Naples. You deſired to find her with us, and not at Naples. She is weak; is obliged to travel ſlowly. She will reſt at Urbino two or three days. Dear creature! What has ſhe not ſuffered from the cruelty of her Couſin Laurana, as well as from her malady! The General has been, and is, indulgent to her. He is married to a Lady of great merit, quality, and fortune. He has, at length, conſented that we ſhall try this laſt experiment, as the hearts of my Mother, and now lately of my Father, as well as mine, are in it. His Lady would not be denied accompanying my Siſter; and as my Brother could not bear being abſent from her, he travels with them. I wiſh he had ſtaid at Naples. I hope, however, he will be as ready, as you will find us all, to acknowledge the favour of this viſit, and the fatigue and trouble you have given yourſelf on our account.

As to my Siſter's bodily health, proceeded he, it is greatly impaired. We are almoſt hopeleſs, with regard to the ſtate of her mind. She ſpeaks not; ſhe anſwers not any queſtions. Camilla is with her. She ſeems regardleſs of any-body elſe. She has been told, that the General is married. His Lady makes great court to her; but ſhe heeds her not. We are in hopes, that my Mother, on her return to Bologna, will engage her attention. She never yet was ſo ill as to forget her duty, either to God, or her Parents. Sometimes Camilla thinks ſhe pays ſome little attention to your name; but then ſhe inſtantly ſtarts, as in terror; looks round her with fear; puts her finger to her lips, as if ſhe dreaded her cruel Couſin Lau-

rana;

rana ſhould be told of her having heard it mentioned.

The Biſhop and Father both regretted that ſhe had been denied the requeſted interview. They were now, they ſaid, convinced, that if that had been granted, and ſhe had been left to Mrs. Beaumont's friendly care, a happy iſſue might have been hoped for: But *now*, ſaid the Biſhop—Then ſighed, and was ſilent.

I diſpatched Saunders, early the next morning, to Bologna, to procure convenient lodgings for me, and Mr. Lowther.

In the afternoon we ſet out for that city. The Count of Belvedere found an opportunity to let me know his unabated paſſion for Clementina, and that he had lately made overtures to marry her, notwithſtanding her malady; having been adviſed, he ſaid, by proper perſons, that as it was not an hereditary, but an accidental diſorder, it might be, in time, cureable. He accompanied us about half way in our journey; and, at parting, Remember, Chevalier, whiſpered he, that Clementina is the Soul of my hope: I cannot forego that hope. No other woman will I ever call mine.

I heard him in ſilence: I admired him for his attachment: I pitied him. He ſaid, he would tell me more of his mind at Bologna.

We reached Bologna on the 15th, N. S. Saunders had engaged for me the lodgings I had before.

Our converſation on the road turned chiefly on the caſe of Signor Jeronymo. The Biſhop and Father were highly pleaſed with the ſkill, founded on practice, which evidently appeared in all that Mr. Lowther ſaid on the ſubject: And the Biſhop once intimated, that, be the event what it would, his journey to Italy ſhould be made the moſt beneficial affair to him he had ever engaged in. Mr. Lowther replied, that as he was neither a neceſſitous nor a mean-ſpirited

nited man, and had reaſon to be entirely ſatisfied with the terms I had already ſecured to him; he ſhould take it unkindly, if any other reward were offered him.

Think, my dear Dr. Bartlett, what emotions I muſt have on entering, once more, the gates of the Porretta palace, tho' Clementina was not there.

I haſtened up to my Jeronymo, who had been appriſed of my arrival. The moment he ſaw me, Do I once more, ſaid he, behold my friend, my Grandiſon? Let me embrace the deareſt of men. Now, now, have I lived long enough. He bowed his head upon his pillow, and meditated me; his countenance ſhining with pleaſure, in defiance of pain.

The Biſhop entered: He could not be preſent at our firſt interview.

My Lord, ſaid Jeronymo, make it your care that my dear friend be treated, by every ſoul of our family, with the gratitude and reſpect which are due to his goodneſs. Methinks I am eaſier and happier, this moment, than I have been for the tedious ſpace of time ſince I laſt ſaw him. He named that ſpace of time to the day, and to the very hour of the day.

The Marquis and Marchioneſs ſignifying their pleaſure to ſee me, the Biſhop led me to them. My reception from the Marquis was kind; from his Lady it was as that of a Mother to a long-abſent Son. I had ever been, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, a fourth Son in her eye; and now, that ſhe had been informed that I had brought over with me a ſurgeon of experience, and the advice in writing of eminent phyſicians of my country, the obligations I had laid on their whole family, whatever were the ſucceſs, were unreturnable.

I aſked leave to introduce Mr. Lowther to them. They received him with great politeneſs, and recommended their Jeronymo to his beſt ſkill. Mr. Lowther's honeſt heart was engaged, by a reception ſo kind. He never, he told me afterwards, beheld ſo much

much pleaſure and pain ſtruggling in the ſame countenance, as in that of the Lady; ſo fixed a melancholy, as in that of the Marquis.

Mr. Lowther is a man of ſpirit, tho' a modeſt man. He is, as on every *proper* occaſion I found, a man of piety; and has a heart tender as manly. Such a man, heart and hand, is qualified for a profeſſion which is the moſt uſeful and certain in the art of healing. He is a man of ſenſe and learning *out* of his profeſſion, and happy in his addreſs.

The two ſurgeons who now attend Signor Jeronymo, are both of this country. They were ſent for. With the approbation, and at the requeſt of the family, I preſented Mr. Lowther to them; but firſt gave them his character, as a modeſt man, as a man of ſkill and experience; and told them, that he had quitted buſineſs, and wanted not either fame or fortune.

They acquainted him with the caſe, and their methods of proceeding. Mr. Lowther aſſiſted in the dreſſings that very evening. Jeronymo would have me to be preſent. Mr. Lowther ſuggeſted an alteration in their method, but in ſo eaſy and gentle a manner (as if he doubted not, but *ſuch* was their intention when the ſtate of the wounds would admit of that method of treatment) that the gentlemen came readily into it. A great deal of matter had been collected, by means of the wrong methods purſued; and he propoſed, if the patient's ſtrength would bear it, to make an aperture below the principal wound, in order to diſcharge the matter downward; and he ſuggeſted the dreſſing with hollow tents and bandage, and to diſmiſs the large tents, with which they had been accuſtomed to diſtend the wound, to the extreme anguiſh of the patient, on pretence of keeping it open, to aſſiſt the diſcharge.

Let me now give you, my dear friend, a brief hiſtory of my Jeronymo's caſe, and of the circumſtances

ſtances which have attended it; by which you will be able to account for the difficulties of it, and how it has happened, that, in ſuch a ſpace of time, either the cure was not effected, or that the patient yielded not to the common deſtiny.

In lingering caſes, patients or their friends are ſometimes too apt to blame their phyſicians, and to liſten to new recommendations. The ſurgeons attending this unhappy caſe, had been more that once changed. Signor Jeronymo, it ſeems, was unſkilfully treated by the young ſurgeon of Cremona, who was firſt engaged: He neglected the moſt dangerous wound; and, when he attended to it, managed it wrong, for want of experience. He was therefore very properly diſmiſſed.

The unhappy man had at firſt three wounds: One in his breaſt, which had been for ſome time healed; one, in his ſhoulder, which, through his own impatience, having been too ſuddenly healed up, was obliged to be laid open again: The other, which is the moſt dangerous, in the hip-joint.

A ſurgeon of this place, and another of Padua, were next employed. The cure not advancing, a ſurgeon of eminence, from Paris, was ſent for.

Mr. Lowther tells me, that this man's method was by far the moſt eligible; but that he undertook too much; ſince, from the firſt, there could not be any hope, from the nature of the wound in the hip-joint, that the patient could ever walk, without ſticks or crutches: And of this opinion were the other two ſurgeons: But the French gentleman was ſo very pragmatical, that he would neither draw with them, nor give reaſons for what he did; regarding them only as his aſſiſtants. They could not long bear this uſage, and gave up to him in diſguſt.

How cruel is punctilio, among men of this ſcience, in caſes of difficulty and danger!

The preſent operators, when the two others had given

given up, were not, but by leave of the French gentleman, called in. He valuing himſelf on his practice in the Royal Hoſpital of Invalids at Paris, looked upon them as *Theoriſts* only; and treated them with as little ceremony as he had ſhewn the others: So that at laſt, from their frequent differences, it became neceſſary to part with either him, or them. His pride, when he knew that this queſtion was a ſubject of debate, would not allow him to leave the family an option. He made his demand: It was complied with; and he returned to Paris.

From what this gentleman threw out at parting, to the diſparagement of the two others, Signor Jeronymo ſuſpected their ſkill; and from a hint of this ſuſpicion, as ſoon as I knew I ſhould be welcome myſelf, I procured the favour of Mr. Lowther's attendance.

All Mr. Lowther's fear is, that Signor Jeronymo has been kept too long in hand by the different managements of the ſeveral operators; and that he will ſink under the neceſſary proceſs, through weakneſs of habit. But, however, he is of opinion, that it is requiſite to confine him to ſtrict diet, and to deny him wine and fermented liquors, in which he has hitherto been indulged, againſt the opinion of his own operators, who have been too complaiſant to his appetite.

An operation ſomewhat ſevere was performed on his ſhoulder yeſterday morning. The Italian ſurgeons complimented Mr. Lowther with the lancet. They both praiſed his dexterity; and Signor Jeronymo, who will be conſulted on every-thing that he is to ſuffer, bleſſed his gentle hand.

At Mr. Lowther's requeſt, a phyſician was yeſterday conſulted; who adviſed ſome gentle apertives, as his ſtrength will bear it; and ſome balſamics, to ſweeten the blood and juices.

Mr. Lowther, told me juſt now, that the fault of the

the gentlemen who have now the care of him, has not been want of ſkill, but of *critical* courage, and a too great ſolicitude to oblige their patient; which, by their own account, had made them forego ſeveral opportunities which had offered to aſſiſt nature. In ſhort, Sir, ſaid he, your friend knows too much of his own caſe to be ruled, and too little to qualify him to direct what is to be done, eſpecially as ſymptoms muſt have been frequently changing.

Mr. Lowther doubts not, he ſays, but he ſhall ſoon convince Jeronymo that he merits his confidence, and then he will exact it from him; and, in ſo doing, ſhall not only give weight to his own endeavours to ſerve him, but rid the other two gentlemen of embarraſments which have often given them diffidences, when reſolution was neceſſary.

In the mean time the family here are delighted with Mr. Lowther. They *will* flatter themſelves, they ſay, with hopes of their Jeronymo's recovery; which however Mr. Lowther, for fear of diſappointment, does not encourage. Jeronymo himſelf owns, that his ſpirits are much revived; and we all know the power that the mind has over the body.

Thus have I given you, my reverend friend, a general notion of Jeronymo's caſe, as I underſtand it from Mr. Lowther's *as* general repreſentation of it.

He has been prevailed upon to accept an apartment adjoining to that of his patient. Jeronymo ſaid, that when he knows he has ſo ſkilful a friend near him, he ſhall go to reſt with confidence; and good reſt is of the higheſt conſequence to him.

What a happineſs, my dear Dr. Bartlett, will fall to my ſhare, if I may be an humble inſtrument, in the hand of Providence, to heal this Brother; and if his recovery ſhall lead the way to the reſtoration of his Siſter; each ſo known a lover of the other, that the world is more ready to attribute her malady to

his

his misfortunes and danger, than to any other cauſe! But how early days are theſe, on which my love and my compaſſion for perſons ſo meritorious, emboldened me to build ſuch forward hopes!

Lady Clementina is now impatiently expected by every one. She is at Urbino. The General and his Lady are with her. His haughty ſpirit cannot bear to think ſhe ſhould ſee me, or that my attendance on her ſhould be thought of ſo much importance to her.

The Marchioneſs, in a converſation that I have juſt now had with her, hinted this to me, and beſought me to keep my temper, if his high notion of family and female honour ſhould carry him out of his uſual politeneſs.

I will give you, my dear friend, the particulars of this converſation.

She began with ſaying, that ſhe did not, for her part, now think, that her beloved Daughter, whom once ſhe believed hardly any private man could deſerve, was worthy of me, even were ſhe to recover her reaſon.

I could not but gueſs the meaning of ſo high a compliment. What anſwer could I return that would not, on one hand, be capable of being thought *cool*; on the other, of being ſuppoſed *intereſted*, and as if I were looking forward to a reward that ſome of the family ſtill think too high? But while I knew my own motives, I could not be diſpleaſed with a Lady who was not at liberty to act, in this point, according to her own will.

I only ſaid (and it was with truth) That the calamity of the noble Lady had endeared her to me, more than it was poſſible the moſt proſperous fortune could have done.

I, my good Chevalier, may ſay any-thing to you. We are undetermined about every-thing. We know not what to propoſe, what to conſent to. Your journey,

journey, on the firſt motion, tho' but from ſome of us; the dear creature continuing ill; you in poſſeſſion of a conſiderable eſtate, exerciſing yourſelf in doing good in your native country [You muſt think we took all opportunities of enquiring after the man once ſo likely to be one of us]; the firſt fortune in Italy, Olivia, tho' ſhe is not a Clementina, purſuing you in hopes of calling herſelf yours (for to England we hear ſhe went, and there you own ſhe is); What obligations have you laid upon us!—What *can* we determine upon? What can we *wiſh?*

Providence and you, madam, ſhall direct my ſteps. I am in yours and your Lord's power. The ſame uncertainty, from the ſame unhappy cauſe, leaves me not the *thought*, becauſe not the *power* of determination. The recovery of Lady Clementina and her Brother, without a view to my own intereſt, fills up, at preſent, all the wiſhes of my heart.

Let me aſk, ſaid the Lady (it is for my own private ſatisfaction) Were ſuch a happy event, as to Clementina, to take place, could you, would you, think yourſelf bound by your former offers?

When I made thoſe offers, madam, the ſituation on your ſide was the ſame that it is now: Lady Clementina was unhappy in her mind. My fortune, it is true, is higher: It is indeed as high as I wiſh it to be. I then declared, That if you would give me your Clementina, without inſiſting on one hard, on one indiſpenſable article, I would renounce her fortune, and truſt to my Father's goodneſs to me for a proviſion. Shall my acceſſion to the eſtate of my anceſtors alter me?—No, madam: I never yet made an offer, that I receded from, the circumſtances continuing the ſame. If, in the article of reſidence, the Marquis, and you, and Clementina, would relax; I would acknowledge myſelf indebted to your goodneſs; but without conditioning for it.

I told you, ſaid ſhe, that I put this queſtion only for

for my own private ſatisfaction: And I told you truth. I never will deceive or miſlead you. Whenever I ſpeak to you, it ſhall be as if, even in your own concerns, I ſpoke to a third perſon; and I ſhall not doubt but you will have the generoſity to adviſe, as *ſuch*, tho' againſt yourſelf.

May I be enabled to act worthy of your good opinion! I, madam, look upon myſelf as bound; You and yours are free.

What a pleaſure is it, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to the proud heart of your friend, that I could ſay this!—Had I ſought, in purſuance of my own *inclinations*, to engage the affections of the admirable Miſs Byron, as I might with honour have endeavoured to do, had not the woes of this noble family, and the unhappy ſtate of mind of their Clementina, ſo deeply affected me; I might have involved myſelf, and that loveliеſt of women, in difficulties which would have made ſuch a heart as mine ſtill more unhappy than it is.

Let me know, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that Miſs Byron is happy. I rejoice, whatever be my own deſtiny, that I have not involved her in my uncertainties. The Counteſs of D. is a worthy woman: The Earl, her Son, is a good young man: Miſs Byron merits ſuch a Mother; the Counteſs ſuch a Daughter. How dear, how important, is her welfare to me?—You know your Grandiſon, my good Dr. Bartlett. Her friendſhip I preſumed to aſk: I dared not to wiſh to correſpond with her. I rejoice for her ſake, that I truſted not my heart with ſuch a propoſal. What difficulties, my dear friend, have I had to encounter with!—God be praiſed, that I have nothing, with regard to theſe two incomparable women, to reproach myſelf with. I am perſuaded that our prudence, if raſhly we throw not ourſelves into difficulties, and if we will exert it, and make a reliance on the proper aſſiſtance, is generally proportioned to our trials.

I aſked the Marchioneſs after Lady Sforza, and her Daughter Laurana; and whether they were at Milan?

You have heard, no doubt, anſwered ſhe, the cruel treatment that my poor child met with from her Couſin Laurana. Lady Sforza juſtifies her in it. We are upon extreme bad terms, on that account. They are both at Milan. The General has vowed, that he never will ſee them more, if he can avoid it. The Biſhop, only as a Chriſtian, can forgive them. You, Chevalier, know the reaſon why we cannot allow our Clementina to take the veil.

The particular reaſons I have not, madam, been inquiſitive about; but have always underſtood them to be family ones, grounded on the dying requeſt of one of her Grandfathers.

Our daughter, Sir, is intitled to a conſiderable eſtate which joins to our own domains. It was purchaſed for her by her two Grandfathers; who vied with each other in demonſtrating their love of her by ſolid effects. One of them (*my* Father) was, in his youth, deeply in love with a young Lady of great merit; and ſhe was thought to love him: But, in a fit of *pious bravery*, as he uſed to call it, when everything between themſelves, and between the friends on both ſides, was concluded on, ſhe threw herſelf into a Convent; and paſſing ſteadily thro' the probationary forms, took the veil; but afterwards repented, and took pains to let it be known that ſhe was unhappy. This gave him a diſguſt againſt the ſequeſtered life, tho' he was, in other reſpects, a zealous Catholic. And Clementina having always a ſerious turn; in order to deter her from embracing it (both Grandfathers being deſirous of ſtrengthening their houſe, as well in the female as male line) they inſerted a clauſe in each of their wills, by which they gave the eſtate deſigned for her, in caſe ſhe took the veil, to Laurana, and her deſcendants; Laurana to enter into poſſeſſion of it on the day that Clementina ſhould be profeſſed. But if Clementina married, Laurana was then to be intitled only to a handſome legacy, that

ſhe

ſhe might not be entirely diſappointed: For the reverſion, in caſe Clementina had no Children, was to go to our eldeſt ſon; who, however, has been always generouſly ſolicitous to have his Siſter marry.

Both Grandfathers were rich. Our Son Giacomo, on my Father's death, as he had willed, entered upon a conſiderable eſtate in the kingdom of Naples, which had for ages been in my Family: He is therefore, and will be, greatly provided for. Our ſecond Son has great proſpects before him, in the Church: But you know *he* cannot marry. Poor Jeronymo! We had not, *before* his misfortune, any great hopes of ſtrengthening the family by his means: He, alas! (as *you* well know, who took ſuch laudable pains to reclaim him, before we knew you) with great qualities, imbibed free notions from bad company, and declared himſelf a deſpiſer of marriage. This the two Grandfathers knew, and often deplored; for Jeronymo and Clementina were equally their favourites. To him and the Biſhop they bequeathed great legacies.

We ſuſpected not till very lately, that Laurana was deeply in Love with the Count of Belvedere; and that her Mother and ſhe had views to drive our ſweet child into a convent, that Laurana might enjoy the eſtate; which they hoped would be an inducement to the Count to marry her. Cruel Laurana! Cruel Lady Sforza! So much love as they both pretended to our child; and, I believe, *had*, till the temptation, ſtrengthened by power, became *too* ſtrong for them. Unhappy the day that we put her into their hands.

Beſides the eſtate ſo bequeathed to Clementina, we can do great things for her: Few Italian families are ſo rich as ours. Her Brothers forget their own intereſt, when it comes into competition with hers; She is as generous as they. Our four children never knew what a contention was, but who ſhould give up

an advantage to the other. This child, this ſweet child, was ever the delight of us all, and likewiſe of our Brother the Conte della Porretta. What joy would her recovery and nuptials give us?——Dear creature! We have ſometimes thought, that ſhe is the fonder of the ſequeſtered life, as it is that which we wiſh her not to embrace—But can Clementina be perverſe? She cannot. Yet *that* was the life of her choice, when ſhe *had* a choice, her Grandfathers wiſhes notwithſtanding.

Will you now wonder, Chevalier, that neither our Sons nor we can allow Clementina to take the veil? Can we ſo reward Laurana for her cruelty? Eſpecially now, that we ſuſpect the motives for her barbarity? Could I have thought that my Siſter Sforza——But what will not Love and Avarice do, their powers united, to compaſs the ſame end; the one reigning in the boſom of the Mother, the other in that of the Daughter? Alas! alas! they have, between them, broken the ſpirit of my Clementina. The *very* name of Laurana gives her terror—*So* far is ſhe ſenſible. But, O Sir, her ſenſibility appears only when ſhe is harſhly treated! To tenderneſs ſhe had been too much accuſtomed, to make her think an indulgent treatment new, or unuſual.

I dread, my dear Dr. Bartlett, yet am impatient, to ſee the unhappy Lady. I wiſh the General were not to accompany her. I am afraid I ſhall want temper, if he forget his. My own heart, when it tells me, that I have not deſerved ill uſage, (from my equals and ſuperiors in rank, eſpecially) bids me not bear it. I am aſhamed to own to you, my reverend friend, *that* pride of ſpirit, which, knowing it to be my fault, I ought long ago to have ſubdued.

Make my compliments to every one I love. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are of the number.

Charlotte, I hope, is happy. If ſhe is not, it muſt be her own fault. Let her know, that I will not allow,

allow, when my love to both Sifters is equal, that ſhe ſhall give me cauſe to ſay that Lady L. is my beſt Siſter.

Lady Olivia gives me uneaſineſs. I am aſhamed, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that a woman of a rank ſo conſiderable, and who has ſome great qualities, ſhould lay herſelf under obligation to the compaſſion of a man who can *only* pity her. When a woman gets over that delicacy, which is the teſt or bulwark, as I may ſay, of modeſty—Modeſty itſelf may ſoon lie at the mercy of an enemy.

Tell my Emily, that ſhe is never out of my mind; and that, among the other excellent examples ſhe has before her, Miſs Byron's muſt never be out of hers.

Lord L. and Lord G. are in full poſſeſſion of my brotherly love.

I ſhall not at preſent write to my Beauchamp. In writing to you, I write to him.

You know all my heart. If in this or my future Letters, any thing ſhould fall from my pen, that would poſſibly in your opinion affect or give uneaſineſs to any one I love and honour, were it to be communicated; I depend upon your known and unqueſtionable diſcretion to keep it to yourſelf.

I ſhall be glad you will enable yourſelf to inform me of the way Sir Hargrave and his friends are in. They were very ill at Paris; and, it was thought, too weak, and too much bruiſed, to be ſoon carried over to England. Men! Engliſhmen! thus to diſgrace themſelves, and their country!—I am concerned for them!

I expect large pacquets by the next mails from my friends. England, which was *always* dear to me, never was half ſo dear as *now*, to

Your ever-affectionate

GRANDISON.

LETTER XLI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

Bologna, May 11—22.

THE Biſhop ſet out yeſterday for Urbino, in order to inform himſelf of his Siſter's ſtate of health, and perhaps to qualify the General to meet me with temper and politeneſs. Were I ſure the good prelate thought this neceſſary, my pride would be excited.

The Count of Belvedere arrived here yeſterday. He made it his firſt buſineſs to ſee me. He acquainted me, but in confidence, that propoſals of marriage with Lady Laurana had actually been made him: To which he had returned anſwer, that his heart, however hopeleſly, was engaged; and that he never could think of any other woman than Lady Clementina.

He made no ſcruple, he ſaid, of returning ſo ſhort an anſwer, becauſe he had been appriſed of the cruelty with which one of the nobleſt young women in Italy had been treated, by the propoſers; and with their motives for it.

You ſee, Chevalier, ſaid he, that I am open and unreſerved to you. You will oblige me, if you will let me know what it is you propoſe to your-*ſelf* in the preſent ſituation!—But, firſt, I ſhould be glad to hear from your own mouth, what paſſed between you and Clementina, and the family, before you quitted Italy the laſt time. I have had *their* account.

I gave him a very faithful relation of it. He was pleaſed with it. Exactly as it has been repreſented to me! ſaid he. Were Clementina and you of one religion, there could have been no hope for any other man. I adore her for her piety, and for her attachment to *hers*; and am not ſo narrow-minded a man, I but can admire you for *yours*. As her malady is accidental, I never would think of any other woman, could

could I flatter myſelf that ſhe would not, if reſtored, be unhappy with me. But now tell me: I am earneſt to know; Are you come over to us (I *know* you are invited) with an expectation to call her yours, in caſe of her recovery?

I anſwered him as I had done the Marchioneſs.

He ſeemed as much pleaſed with me as I am with him. He is gone back to Parma.

Friday, May 12—23.

THE Biſhop is returned. Lady Clementina has been very ill: A fever. How has ſhe been hurried about! He tells me, that the General and his Lady, and alſo the Conte della Porretta, acknowlege themſelves and their whole family obliged to me for the trouble I have been at to ſerve their Jeronymo.

The fever having left Lady Clementina, ſhe will ſet out in a day or two. The Count and Signor Sebaſtiano, as well as the General and his Lady, will attend her. I am impatient to ſee her. Yet how greatly will the ſight of her afflict me! The Biſhop ſays, ſhe is the picture of ſilent woe: Yet, tho' greatly emaciated, *looks herſelf*, were his words. They told her, that Jeronymo was better than he had been. Your dear Jeronymo, ſaid the General to her. The ſweet echo repeated—Jeronymo—and was again ſilent.

They afterwards propoſed to name me to her. They did. She looked quick about her, as if for Somebody. Laura, her maid, was occaſionally called upon. She ſtarted, and threw her arms about Camilla, as terrified; looking wildly. Camilla doubts not, but by the name Laura, ſhe apprehended the ſavage Laurana to be at hand.

How muſt ſhe have ſuffered from her barbarity!—Sweet Innocent! She, who even in her reveries thought not but of good to the *Soul* of the man whom ſhe honoured with her regard—She, who bore offence without

without reſentment; and by meekneſs only ſought to calm the violence for which ſhe had not given the leaſt cauſe!

But when Camilla and ſhe had retired, ſhe ſpoke to her. The Biſhop gave me the following dialogue between them, as he had it from Camilla:

Did they not name to me the Chevalier Grandiſon? ſaid ſhe.

They did, madam.

See! ſee! ſaid ſhe, before I name him again, if my cruel Couſin hearken not at the door.

Your cruel Couſin, madam, is at many miles diſtance.

She may hear what I ſay, for all that.

My dear Lady Clementina, ſhe cannot hear. She ſhall never more come near you.

So you ſay.

Did I ever deceive you, madam?

I can't remember: My memory is gone; quite gone, Camilla.

She then looked earneſtly at Camilla, and ſcreamed.

What ails you, my deareſt young Lady?

Recovering herſelf—Ah, my own Camilla! It is you. I thought, by the caſt of your eye, your were become Laurana.—Do not, do not give me ſuch another look!

Camilla was not ſenſible of any particularity in her looks.

Here you have me again upon a journey, Camilla: But how do I know that I am not to be carried to my cruel Couſin?

You are really going to your Father's palace at Bologna, madam.

Is my Mother there?

She is.

Who elſe?

The Chevalier, madam.

What Chevalier?

Gran-

Grandiſon.

Impoſſible! Is he not in proud England?

He is come over, madam.

What for?

With a ſkilful Engliſh ſurgeon, in hopes to cure Signor Jeronymo—

Poor Jeronymo!

And to pay his compliments to *you*, madam.

Flatterer! How many hundred times have I been told ſo?

Should you wiſh to ſee him, madam?

See whom?

The Chevalier Grandiſon.

Once I ſhould; and ſighed.

And not now, madam?

No: I have loſt all I had to ſay to him. Yet I wiſh I were allowed to go to that England. We poor women are not ſuffered to go any-whither; while men—

There ſhe ſtopt; and Camilla could not make her ſay any more.

The Biſhop was fond of repeating theſe particulars; as ſhe had not, for ſome time, talked ſo much, and ſo ſenſibly.

Friday Evening.

I PASS more than half my time with Signor Jeronymo; but (that I may not fatigue his ſpirits) at different hours of the day. The Italian ſurgeons and Mr. Lowther happily agree in all their meaſures: They applaud him when his back is turned; and he ſpeaks well of them in their abſence. This mutual return of good offices, which they hear of, unites them. The patient declares, that he had not for months been ſo eaſy as now. Every body attributes a great deal to his heart's being revived by my frequent viſits. To-morrow it is propoſed to make an opening below the moſt difficult wound. Mr. Lowther ſays he will not flatter us, till he ſees the ſucceſs of this operation.

The

The Marquis and his Lady are inexpreſſibly obliging to me. I had yeſterday a viſit from both, on an indiſpoſition that confined me to my chamber; occaſioned, I believe, by a hurry of ſpirits; by fatigue; by my apprehenſions for Jeronymo; my concern for Clementina; and by my too great anxiety for the dear friends I had ſo lately left in England.

You know, Dr. Bartlett, that I have a heart too ſuſceptible for my own peace, tho' I endeavour to *conceal* from *others* thoſe painful ſenſibilities, which they cannot relieve. The poor Olivia was ever to be my diſturbance. Miſs Byron muſt be happy in the rectitude of her own heart. I am ready to think, that ſhe will not be able to reſiſt the warm inſtances of the Counteſs of D. in favour of her Son, who is certainly one of the beſt young men among the nobility. She will be the happieſt woman in the world, as ſhe is one of the moſt deſerving, if ſhe be as happy as I wiſh her.

Emily takes up a large portion of my thoughts.

Our Beauchamp I know muſt be happy: So muſt my Lord W.; my Siſters, and their Lords.—Why then ſhall I not think myſelf ſo? God reſtore Jeronymo, and his Siſter, and I muſt, I *will*; for you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, are ſo: And then I will ſubſcribe myſelf a partaker of the happineſs of all my friends; and particularly

Your ever-affectionate,

GRANDISON.

LETTER XLII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

Bologna, Monday, May 15—26.

LAST night arrived Lady Clementina, the General, his Lady, the Count, and Signor Sebaſtiano.

I had left Jeronymo about an hour. He had had in the morning the intended opening made by Mr. Lowther. He would have me preſent.

The operation was happily performed: But, thro' weakneſs of body, he was ſeveral times in the day troubled with faintings.

I left him tolerably chearful in the evening; and rejoicing in expectation of his Siſter's arrival; and, as the Biſhop had aſſured him of the General's grateful diſpoſition, he longed, he ſaid, to ſee that affectionate Brother and his Lady once more. He had never but once ſeen her before, and then was ſo ill, that he could hardly compliment her on the honour ſhe had done their family.

The Biſhop ſent to tell me that his Siſter was arrived; but that being fatigued and unhappy, Camilla ſhould acquaint me in the morning with the way in which ſhe ſhould then be.

I ſlept not half an hour the whole night. You, my dear friend, will eaſily account for my reſtleſneſs.

I ſent, as uſual, early in the morning, to know how Jeronymo reſted. The anſwer was favourable; returned by Mr. Lowther, who ſat up with him that night, at his own motion: He knew now but ſomething critical might happen.

Camilla came. The good woman was ſo full of her own joy to ſee me once more in Italy, that I could not preſently get a word from her, of what my heart throbbed with impatience to know.

At laſt, You will, ſaid ſhe, have the General and the Biſhop with you. Ah, Sir! my poor young Lady! What has ſhe ſuffered ſince you left us! You will not know her. We are not ſure ſhe will know you. Who ſhall be able to bear the firſt interview? She has now but few intervals. It is all one gloomy confuſion with her. She cares not to ſpeak to anybody. Every ſtranger ſhe ſees, terrifies her. O the vile, thrice vile Lady Laurana!

In

In this manner ran on Camilla: Nor would she enter into any other particulars than the unhappy ones she left me to collect from the broken hints and exclamations thus thrown out. Alas! thought I, the calamities of Clementina have affected the head of the poor Camilla! She hurried away, lest she should be wanted, and lest the General should find her with me.

The two Brothers came soon after. The General took my hand, with a kind of forced politeness: We are all obliged to you, Sir, said he, for your Mr. Lowther. Are the surgeons of England so famous? But the people of your nation have been accustomed to *give* wounds: They should therefore furnish operators to *heal* them. We are obliged to you also, for the trouble you have given yourself in coming over to us in person. Jeronymo has found a revival of spirits upon it: God grant they may not subside! But, alas! our Sister!—Poor Clementina!—*She* is lost!

Would to God, said the Bishop, we had left her to the care of Mrs. Beaumont.

The General himself, having taken her from Florence, would not join in this wish. There was a middle course, he said, that ought to have been taken. But Laurana is a Daughter of the devil, said he! and Lady Sforza ought to be detested for upholding her.

The General expressed himself with coldness on my coming over; but said, that now I *was* on the spot, and as his Sister had been *formerly* desirous of seeing me, an interview might be permitted, in order to satisfy those of the family who had given me the invitation, which it was very good of me to accept: especially as I had the Lady Olivia in England attending my motions: But otherwise he had no opinion—There he stopt.

I looked upon him with indignation, mingled with contempt: And directing myself to the Bishop, You re-

remember, my Lord, ſaid I, the ſtory of Naaman the Syrian (*a*).

What is that, my Lord? ſaid he to the Biſhop.

Far be it from me, continued I, ſtill directing myſelf to the Biſhop, to preſume upon my own conſequence in the application of the ſtory: But your Lordſhip will judge how far the compariſon will hold. Would to God it might *throughout!*

A happy alluſion, ſaid the Biſhop. I ſay, Amen.

I know not who this Naaman is, ſaid the General, nor what is meant by your alluſion, Chevalier: But by your looks I ſhould imagine, that you mean *me* contempt.

My looks, my Lord, generally indicate my heart. You may make light of my intention; and ſo will I of the trouble I have been at, if your Lordſhip make not light of *me*. But were I not, my Lord, in my own lodgings, I would tell you, that you ſeem not to know, in my caſe, what graciouſneſs is. Yet I aſk not for favour from you, but as much for your own ſake, as mine.

Dear Grandiſon! ſaid the Biſhop—My Lord! to his Brother—Did not you promiſe me—Why did you mention Olivia to the Chevalier?

Does that diſturb you, Sir? ſaid the General to me. I cannot make light of a man of your conſequence; eſpecially with Ladies, Sir,—in a ſcornful manner.

The General, you ſee, my Lord, ſaid I, turning to the Biſhop, has an inſuperable ill-will to me. I found, when I attended him at Naples, that he had harboured ſurmiſes that were as injurious to his Siſter, as to me. I was in hopes that I had obviated them; but a rooted malevolence will recur. However, ſatisfied as I am in my own innocence, he ſhall, for *many ſakes*, find it very difficult to provoke me.

For *my own* ſake, among the reſt, Chevalier? with an air of drollery.

(*a*) 2 Kings v.

You are at liberty, returned I, to make your own conſtructions. Allow me, my Lords, to attend you to Signor Jeronymo.

Not till you are cordial friends, ſaid the Biſhop—Brother, give me your hand, offering to take it—Chevalier, yours—

Diſpoſe of mine as you pleaſe, my Lord, ſaid I, holding it out.

He took it, and the General's at the ſame time, and would have joined them.

Come, my Lord, ſaid I, to the General, and ſnatched his reluctant hand, accept of a friendly offer, from a heart as friendly. Let me honour you, from my *own knowledge*, for thoſe great qualities which the world gives you. I demand your favour, from a conſciouſneſs that I deſerve it; and *that* I could not, were I to ſubmit to be treated with indignity by a man. I ſhould be ſorry to look little in *your* eyes; but I will not in *my own*.

Who can bear the ſuperiority this man aſſumes, Brother?

You *oblige* me, my Lord, to aſſert myſelf.

The Chevalier ſpeaks nobly, my Lord. His character is well known. Let me lead you both friends to our Jeronymo. But ſay, Brother,—Say Chevalier, that you are ſo.

I cannot bear, ſaid the General, that the Chevalier Grandiſon ſhould imagine himſelf of ſo much conſequence to my Siſter, as ſome of you ſeem to think him.

You know me not, my Lord. I have at preſent no wiſh but for the recovery of your Siſter, and Signor Jeronymo. Were I able to be of ſervice to them, that ſervice would be my reward. But, my Lord, if it will make you eaſy, and induce you to treat me, as my own heart tells me I *ought* to be treated; I will give you my honour, and let me ſay, that it never yet was forfeited, that whatever turn your Siſter's ma-

malady may take, I will not accept of the higheſt favour that can be done me, but with the joint conſent of the three Brothers, as well as of your Father and Mother. Permit me to add, that I will not enter into any family that ſhall think meanly of me; nor ſubject the woman I love to the contempt of her own relations.

This indeed is nobly ſaid, replied the General. Give me your hand upon it, and I am your friend for ever.

Proud man! He could not bear to think, that a ſimple Engliſh gentleman, as he looks upon me to be, ſhould ally with their family; improbable as it is, in his own opinion, that the unhappy Lady ſhould ever recover her reaſon: But he greatly loves the Count of Belvedere; and all the family was fond of an alliance with that deſerving nobleman.

The Biſhop rejoiced to find us at laſt in a better way of underſtanding each other, than we had hitherto been in; and it was eaſier for me to allow for this haughty man, as Mrs. Beaumont had let me know what the behaviour was that I had to expect from him: And indeed, his Father, Mother, and two Brothers, were very apprehenſive of it: It will therefore be a pleaſure to them, that I have ſo eaſily overcome his prejudices.

They both adviſed me to ſuſpend my viſit to their Brother till the afternoon, that they might have the more time to conſult with one another, and to prepare and diſpoſe their Siſter to ſee me.

At taking leave, the General ſnatched my hand, and with an air of pleaſantry, ſaid, I have a wife, Grandiſon. I wiſhed him joy. You need not, ſaid he; for I *have* it: One of the beſt of women. She longs to ſee you. I think I need not be apprehenſive, becauſe *ſhe* is generous, and *I* ever muſt be grateful: But take care, take care, Grandiſon! I ſhall watch every turn of your eye. Admire her, if you will:

You

You will not be able to help it. But I am glad ſhe ſaw you not before ſhe was mine.

I rejoice, ſaid the Biſhop, that at a meeting, which, notwithſtanding your *promiſes*, Brother, gave me apprehenſions as we came, is followed by ſo pleaſant a parting: Henceforth we are four Brothers again.

Ay, and remember, Chevalier, that my *Siſter* has alſo *four* Brothers.

May the number Four not be leſſened by the death of my Jeronymo; and may Clementina be reſtored; and Providence diſpoſe as it pleaſes of me! I am now going to the palace of Porretta! with what agitations of mind, you, Dr. Bartlett, can better imagine, than I deſcribe.

END of the FOURTH VOLUME.